

VOLUME VIII.

OF THE

AUTHOR'S WORKS,

CONTAINING

Directions to Servants;

AND

Other Pieces in PROSE and VERSE,
published in his Life-time; with several
Poems, Letters, and other Pieces never be-
fore printed.



D U B L I N:

Printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER,
M,DCC,XLVI.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the London Edition.

IT may perhaps be objected against some of the Letters, which will be found in this Volume, that they are too trifling, and were never intended, by the Author, for the Eye of the Publick: But as it was thought it would be an agreeable Entertainment to the Curious, to see how oddly a Man of his great Wit and Humour could now and then descend to amuse himself with his particular Friends, it is hoped this will apologize for the Publication of them,



The P R E F A C E

BY THE
DUBLIN BOOKSELLER.

I *T* would have been needless to have added any Thing to the foregoing Advertisement taken from the London Edition of a great Part of this Volume; had the Author seen this, as he did the Collection of Letters printed at London in 1740; many of which were of the most private Nature, and were made publick without his Knowledge or Consent: However, as soon as that Book reached his Hands, (which was sent by an unknown Person at Bath) he was pleased to bestow it on his Bookseller in Dublin, since it had passed through the Press in England; and as the Printer who could first obtain it here, would have had the same Right to it with any other Person.

Other Letters and Papers being published in the same clandestine Manner in London, under the Author's Name, which had been found in the Closet of one of his Acquaintance after his Death, we have taken the Liberty to collect such as appear to have been written by him: And, however unworthy some Pieces are of that wonderful Genius, we venture to give them to the
World

THE PREFACE.

World as an additional Volume of his Works, merely to prevent any spurious and imperfect Book from being published here by some other Person under that Title.

The Reader however will find in this Edition several Amendments and Additions to the London Copy, which it may be thought necessary to give some Account of. The Verses that the Author wrote on his own Death, with some other Pieces not unworthy of his Pen, which he never disowned, are inserted in this Volume; because we know them to have been written by him, although he gave no Directions for publishing them in the former Volumes of his Works. The Directions to Servants he ordered to be published before his last Illness, in the Way of a Pamphlet: This, with several original Poems he gave the Printer in his Life Time.—At the Request of many Gentlemen of Taste and Learning, we would gladly oblige the Publick with such of his Writings as we could possibly procure; except a few satyrical Pieces on particular Persons; who, notwithstanding they had highly provoked him, yet were pardoned by him afterwards: And the Author laid repeated Commands on his Printer, never to publish such Pieces of private Resentment. There are a few Letters, and also some historical Notes added to this Edition; the Printer hereof having enquired for such Things among the Author's Friends, in Order to give Light into some Letters to Dr. S—n, which seem naturally to raise the Curiosity of impertinent People, or else being such Matters

THE PREFACE.

as are fit to vindicate, in some Sort, the Reputation of that excellent Man; whose Breast was as much inflamed with the sincerest Zeal for the Protestant Settlement on the Throne of these Kingdoms, and the Love of the Publick Good in all other Respects, as the Heart of any Man ever was. His unwearied Application to his Country's Service, and the Interest of that national Church (of which he was an Ornament, and a sincere Member) will appear in a good Measure from several Pieces in the ensuing Volume, as well as from the Substance of his last Will.

The Publick may rest assured, that all Things which can possibly be got towards compleating Dr. Swift's Works, are in the following Sheets, except the History of the Peace of Utrecht; which is very much wished for, as it was written during the Transaſtion of that important Affair, and hath been, as we hear, several Years ago sent by the Author to be published in England.

We shall say no more concerning this Volume, than what the Author himself hath observed in Conjunction with Mr. Pope, in the following Pages, about incorrect and private Papers published without an Author's Permission; of which Crime the Printer hereof humbly hopes the candid Part of the World will judge him innocent. The Words are taken from a Preface to that Collection of Miscellanies published in London by Ben. Motte, 1727, and signed

JONATHAN SWIFT.
ALEXANDER POPE.

' Having

The P R E F A C E.

‘ Having both of us been extreemly ill treated by some Booksellers, (especially one *Edmund Curll*), it was our Opinion, that the best Method we could take for justifying ourselves, would be to publish whatever loose Papers in Prose and Verse, we have formerly written; not only such as have already stolen into the World (very much to our Regret, and perhaps very little to our Credit), but such as in any Probability hereafter may run the same Fate, having been obtained from us by the Importunity, and divulged by the Indiscretion of Friends, although restrained by Promises, which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a Compliment in breaking.

‘ We are ashamed to find so ill a Taste prevail, as to make it a necessary Work to do this Justice to our selves. It is very possible for any Author to write below himself: either his Subject not proving so fruitful, or so fitted for him, as he at first imagined; or his Health, or his Humour, or the present Disposition of his Mind, unqualifying him at that Juncture: However, if he possessed any distinguishing Marks of Style, or Peculiarity of Thinking, there would remain in his least successful Writings, some few Tokens, whereby Persons of Taste might discover him.

‘ But since it hath otherwise fallen out, we think we have sufficiently paid for our Want of Prudence, and determine for the future to

‘ be

The P R E F A C E.

‘ be less communicative : Or, rather, having
‘ done with such Amusements, we are resolved
‘ to give up what we cannot fairly disown,
‘ to the Severity of Criticks, the Malice of
‘ personal Enemies, and the Indulgence of
‘ Friends.

‘ We cannot deny (and perhaps most Wri-
‘ ters of our Kind have been in the same Cir-
‘ cumstances) that in several Parts of our Lives,
‘ and according to the Dispositions we were
‘ in, we have written some Things which we
‘ may wish never to have thought on. Some
‘ Sallies of Levity ought to be imputed to
‘ Youth, (supposed in Charity, as it was in
‘ Truth, to be the Time in which we wrote
‘ them;) Others to the Gaiety of our Minds
‘ at certain Junctures, common to all Men.
‘ The publishing of these which we cannot
‘ quite disown, and without our Consent, is I
‘ think, a greater Injury, than that of ascribe-
‘ ing to us the most stupid Productions which
‘ we can wholly deny.

‘ This hath been usually practised in other
‘ Countries, after a Man’s Decease; which in
‘ a great Measure accounts for that manifest *In-*
‘ *equality* found in the Works of the best Au-
‘ thors; the Collectors only considering, that
‘ so many more Sheets raise the Price of the
‘ Book; and the greater Fame a Writer is
‘ in Possession of, the more of such Trash he
‘ may bear to have tacked to him. Thus it is
‘ apparently the Editor’s Interest to insert,
‘ what

The P R E F A C E.

what the Author's Judgment had rejected;
and Care is always taken to intersperse these
Additions in such a Manner, that scarce any
Book of Consequence can be bought, without
purchasing something unworthy of the
Author along with it.

But in our own Country it is still worse:
Those very Booksellers who have supported
themselves upon an Author's Fame while he
lived, have done their utmost after his Death to
lessen it by such Practices: Even a Man's last
Will is not secure from being exposed in
Print; whereby his most particular Regards,
and even his dying Tenderesses are laid open.
It hath been humourously said, that some
have fished the very Jakes, for Papers left
there by Men of Wit: But it is no Jest to
affirm, that the Cabinets of the Sick, and
the Closets of the Dead, have been broke
open and ransacked, to publish our *private*
Letters, and divulge to all Mankind the most
secret Sentiments and Intercourses of Friend-
ship.

We are therefore compelled, in respect to
Truth, to submit to a very great Hardship;
to own such Pieces as in our stricter Judge-
ment we would have suppressed for ever:
We are obliged to confess, that this whole
Collection, in a Manner, consists of what
we not only thought unlikely to reach the
future, but unworthy even of the *present*
Age;

The P R E F A C E.

‘ Age; not our Studies, but our Follies; not
‘ our Works, but our Idlenesses.

‘ Some Comfort however it is, that all of
‘ them are Innocent, and most of them, slight
‘ as they are, had yet a moral Tendency; ei-
‘ ther to soften the Virulence of Parties against
‘ each other; or to laugh out of Countenance
‘ some Vice or Folly of the Time; or to dis-
‘ credit the Impositions of Quacks and false
‘ Pretenders to Science; or to humble the Ar-
‘ rogance of the ill-natured and envious: In
‘ a Word, to lessen the *Vanity*, and promote
‘ the good *Humour* of Mankind.

Dublin, Jan. 27, 1745.

Just published by George Faulkner, Printer

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T H E
Last WILL and TESTAMENT
O F T H E

Rev'd. Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

As far as it concerns the Publick to
know it.

IN the Name of GOD, *Amen.* I JONATHAN SWIFT, Doctor in Divinity, and Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. *Patrick, Dublin,* being at this Present of sound Mind, although weak in Body, do here make my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all my former Wills.

Imprimis, I bequeath my Soul to GOD, (in humble Hopes of his Mercy through *Jesus Christ*) and my Body to the Earth. And, I desire that my Body may be buried in the great Isle of the said Cathedral, on the South Side, under the Pillar next to the Monument of Primate *Narcissus Marsh*, three Days after my Decease, as privately as possible, and at Twelve o'Clock at Night: And, that a Black Marble of Feet square, and seven Feet from the Ground, fixed to the Wall, may be erected, with the following Inscription in large Letters, deeply cut, and strongly gilded. *HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS JONATHAN SWIFT, S. T. D. HUIUS ECCLESIAE CATHEDRALIS DECANI, UBI SÆVA*
* INDIGNATIO

INDIGNATIO ULTERIUS COR LACE-
RARE NEQUIT. ABI VIATOR, ET
IMITARE, SI POTERIS, STRENUUM
PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICATO-
REM. OBIIT ANNO MENSIS DIE
ÆTATIS ANNO

Item: I give and bequeath to my Executors all my worldly Substance, of what Nature or Kind soever (excepting such Part thereof as is herein after particularly devised) for the following Uses and Purposes, that is to say, to the Intent that they, or the Survivors or Survivor of them, his Executors, or Administrators, as soon as conveniently may be after my Death, shall turn it all into ready Money, and lay out the same in purchasing Lands of Inheritance in Fee-simple, situate in any Province of *Ireland*, except *Connaught*, but as near to the City of *Dublin*, as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with, or subject to any Leases for Lives renewable, or any Terms for Years longer than Thirty-one: That the yearly Profits of the said Lands when purchased, and until such Purchase be made, the yearly Income and Interest of my said Fortune devised as aforesaid to my Executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a Piece of * Land, situate near Dr. *Stevens's* Hospital, or if it cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the City of *Dublin*,
large

* Piece of Land has been laid out for this charitable Purpose by the Governors of Dr. *Steven's* Hospital, agreeable to the Dean's Desire in his Life-time.

large enough for the Purposes herein after mentioned, and in building thereon an Hospital large enough for the Reception of as many Idiots and Lunaticks as the annual Income of the said Lands and worldly Substance shall be sufficient to maintain: And, I desire that the said Hospital may be called *St. Patrick's Hospital*, and may be built in such a manner, that another Building may be added unto it, in case the Endowment thereof should be enlarged; so that the additional Building may make the whole Edifice regular and compleat. And my further Will and Desire is, that when the said Hospital shall be built, the whole yearly Income of the said Lands and Estate, shall, for ever after, be laid out in providing Victuals, Cloathing, Medicines, Attendance, and all other Necessaries for such *Idiots* and *Lunaticks*, as shall be received into the same; and in repairing and enlarging the Building, from Time to Time, as there may be Occasion. And, if a sufficient Number of *Idiots* and *Lunaticks*, cannot readily be found, I desire that *Incurables* may be taken into the said Hospital to supply such Deficiency: But that no Person shall be admitted into it, that labours under any infectious Disease: And that all such Idiots, Lunaticks and Incurables, as shall be received into the said Hospital, shall constantly live and reside therein, as well in the Night as in the Day; and that the *Salaries* of Agents, Receivers, Officers, Servants, and Attendants, to be employed in the Business of the said Hospital, shall not in the

whole exceed *one Fifth Part* of the clear yearly Income, or Revenue thereof. And, I further desire that my Executors, the Survivors or Survivor of them, or the Heirs of such, shall not have Power to demise any Part of the said Lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with Consent of the *Lord Primate*, the *Lord High Chancellor*, the *Lord Archbishop of Dublin*, the *Dean of Christ-Church*, the *Dean of St. Patrick's*, the *Physician to the State*, and the *Surgeon-General*, all for the Time being, or the greater Part of them, under their Hands in Writing; and that no Leases of any Part of the said Lands, shall ever be made other than Leases for Years not exceeding Thirty-one, in Possession, and not in Reversion or Remainder, and not dispunishable of Waste, whereon shall be reserved the best and most improved Rents, that can reasonably and moderately, without racking the Tenants, be gotten for the same, without Fine. Provided always, and it is my Will and earnest Desire, that no Lease of any Part of the said Lands, so to be purchased as aforesaid, shall ever be made to, or in Trust for any Person any way concerned in the Execution of this Trust, or to, or in Trust for *any Person* any way *related or allied*, either by Consanguinity or Affinity, to any of the Persons who shall at that Time be concerned in the Execution of this Trust: And, that if any Leases shall happen to be made contrary to my Intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no Effect. And I further desire
until

until the *Charter* herein after mentioned be obtained, my Executors, or the Survivors or Survivor of them, his Heirs, Executors, or Administrators, shall not act in the Execution of this Trust, but with the Consent and Approbation of the said seven additional Trustees, or the greater Part of them, under their Hands in Writing, and shall, with such Consent and Approbation as aforesaid, have Power from time to time to make Rules, Orders and Regulations for the Government and Direction of the said Hospital. And, I make it my Request to my said Executors, that they may in convenient Time apply to his Majesty for a *Charter* to incorporate them, or such of them as shall be then living, and the said *additional Trustees*, for the better Management and Conduct of this Charity, with a Power to purchase Lands; and to supply by Election such Vacancies happening in the Corporation, as shall not be supplied by Succession, and such other Powers as may be thought expedient for the due Execution of this Trust, according to my Intention herein before expressed. And when such Charter shall be obtained, I desire that my Executors, or the Survivors or Survivor of them, or the Heirs of such Survivor, may convey to the Use of such Corporation in Fee-simple for the Purposes aforesaid, all such Lands and Tenements, as shall be purchased in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my Will and Intention, that my Executors, until the said Charter, and afterwards the Corporation to be hereby incorporated,

porated, shall out of the yearly Profits of the said Lands when purchased, and out of the yearly Income of my said Fortune devised to my Executors as aforesaid, until such Purchase be made, have Power to reimburse themselves for all such Sums of their own Money, as they shall necessarily expend in the Execution of this Trust. And that until the said Charter be obtained, all Acts which shall at any Time be done in Execution of this Trust by the greater Part of my Executors then living, with the Consent of the greater Part of the said additional Trustees under their Hands in Writing, shall be as valid and effectual, as if all my Executors had concurred in the same.

Item: Whereas I purchased the Inheritance of the Tythes of the Parish of *Effernock* near *Trim* in the County of *Meath*, for Two Hundred and Sixty Pounds *Sterling*; I bequeath the said Tythes to the Vicars of *Laracor* for the Time being, that is to say, so long as the present *Episcopal Religion* shall continue to be the National Established Faith and Profession in this *Kingdom*: But whenever any other *Form* of *Christian Religion* shall become the Established Faith in this Kingdom, I leave the said Tythes of *Effernock* to be bestowed, as the Profits come in, to the Poor of the said Parish of *Laracor*, by a weekly Proportion, and by such Officers as may then have the Power of distributing Charities to the Poor of the said Parish, while Christianity under any Shape shall be tolerated among us, still excepting professed *Jews*, *Atheists* and *Infidels*.

Item :

Item: Whereas I have the Lease of a Field in Trust for me; commonly called the *Vineyard*, let to the Reverend Doctor *Francis Corbet*, and the Trust declared by the said Doctor; the said Field, with some Land on this Side of the Road, making in all about three Acres, for which I pay yearly to the Dean and Chapter of *St. Patrick's* * * *.

Whereas I have built a strong Wall round the said Piece of Ground, eight or nine Feet high, faced to the South Aspect with Brick, which cost me above Six Hundred Pounds *Sterling*: And likewise another Piece of Ground as aforesaid, of half an Acre, adjoining to the Burial Place called *the Cabbage-Garden*, now tenanted by *William White*, Gardener: My Will is, that the Ground inclosed by the great Wall, may be sold for the Remainder of the Lease, at the highest Price my Executors can get for it, in Belief and Hopes, that the said Price will exceed Three Hundred Pounds at the lowest Value: For which my Successor in the Deanry shall have the first Refusal; and it is my earnest Desire, that the succeeding Deans and Chapters may preserve the said *Vineyard* and Piece of Land adjoining, where the said *White* now liveth, so as to be always in the Hands of the succeeding Deans during their Office, by each Dean lessening One Fourth of the Purchase Money to each succeeding Dean, and for no more than the present Rent.

And

(viii)

And I appoint the Honourable * *Robert Lynd-
say*, one of the Judges of the Court of Com-
mon-Pleas; *Henry Singleton*, Esq; Prime-Ser-
geant to his Majesty; the Reverend Doctor *Pa-
trick Delany*, Chancellor of *St. Patrick's*;
the Reverend Doctor * *Francis Wilson*, Preben-
dary of *Kilmacktolway*; *Eaton Stannard*, Esq;
Recorder of the City of *Dublin*; the Reverend
Mr. * *Robert Grattan*, Prebendary of *St. Aude-
on's*; the Reverend Mr. *John Grattan*, Preben-
dary of *Clonmethan*; the Reverend Mr. *James
Stopford*, Vicar of *Finglass*; the Reverend Mr.
James King, Prebendary of *Tipper*; and *Alex-
ander M^c Aullay*, Esq; my Executors.

In Witness whereof, I have hereunto set my
Hand and Seal, and published and declared this
as my last Will and Testament, this Third Day
of *May*, 1740 forty.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

* Those three Executors are since dead.

20 JY63

DIRECTIONS

TO

SERVANTS.

By the Revd. Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.



DUBLIN:

Printed by and for GEORGE FAULKNER,
M,DCC,XLVI.

DIRECTIONS

TO

SERVANTS



DUBLIN

Printed by and for George Vallance,
M.DCC.XLIV.

The Publisher's Preface.

THE following Treatise of Directions to Servants was began some Years ago by the Author, who had not Leisure to finish and put it into proper Order, being engaged in many other Works of greater Use to his Country, as may be seen by most of his Writings. But, as the Author's Design was to expose the Villanies and Frauds of Servants to their Masters and Mistresses, we shall make no Apology for its Publication; but give it our Readers in the same Manner as we find it, in the Original, which may be seen in the Printer's Custody. The few Tautologies that occur in the Characters left unfinished, will make the Reader look upon the Whole as a rough Draught with several Outlines only drawn: However, that there may appear no Daubing or Patch-Work by other Hands, it is thought most adviseable to give it in the Author's own Words.

It is imagined, that he intended to make a large Volume of this Work; but as Time and Health would not permit him, the Reader may draw from what is here exhibited, Means to detect the many Vices and Faults, to which People in that Kind of low Life are subject.

If Gentlemen would seriously consider this Work, which is written for their Instruction, (altho' ironically) it would make them better OEconomists, and preserve their Estates and Families from Ruin.

It may be seen by some scattered Papers (wherein were given Hints for a Dedication and Preface, and a List of all Degrees of Servants) that the Author intended to have gone through all their Characters.

This is all that need be said as to this Treatise, which can only be looked upon as a Fragment.

20 JY63

G. F.

Dublin, Nov. 8,

1745.

RULES

THAT CONCERN

All SERVANTS in general.

WHEN your Master or Lady call a Servant by Name, if that Servant be not in the Way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no End of your Drudgery : And Masters themselves allow, that if a Servant cometh when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a Fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave your self as if you were the injured Person ; this will immediately put your Master or Lady off their Mettle.

If you see your Master wronged by any of your Fellow-servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a *Tell-tale* : However, there is one Ex-
 A 3 ception,

ception, in case of a favourite Servant, who is justly hated by the whole Family ; you are therefore bound in Prudence to lay all the Faults you can upon the Favourite.

The Cook, the Butler, the Groom, the Market-man, and every other Servant, who is concerned in the Expences of the Family, should act as if his Master's whole Estate ought to be applied to that Servant's particular Business. For Instance, if the Cook computeth his Master's Estate to be a thousand Pounds a Year ; he reasonably concludeth, that a thousand Pounds a Year will afford Meat enough, and therefore, he need not be sparing ; the Butler maketh the same Judgment ; so may the Groom and the Coachman ; and thus every Branch of Expence will be filled to your Master's Honour.

When you are chid before Company, (which, with Submission to our Masters and Ladies, is an unmannerly Practice) it often happeneth that some Stranger will have the Good-nature to drop a Word
in

in your Excuse; in such a Case, you will have a good Title to justify your self, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chideth you afterwards on other Occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which Opinion you will be the better confirmed by stating the Case to your Fellow-servants in your own Way, who will certainly decide in your Favour: Therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happeneth that Servants sent on Messages, are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the Message requireth, perhaps, two, four, six, or eight Hours, or some such Trifle, (for the Temptation to be sure was great, and Flesh and Blood cannot always resist :) When you return, the Master storms, the Lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off, is the Word: But here you ought to be provided with a Set of Excuses, enough to serve on all Occasions: For Instance, your Uncle came four-score Miles to Town this Morning, on

purpose to see you, and goeth back by Break of Day To-morrow: A Brother-Servant, that borrowed Money of you when he was out of Place, was running away to *Ireland*: You were taking Leave of an old Fellow-servant, who was shipping for *Barbados*: Your Father sent a Cow to you to sell, and you could not get a Chapman till Nine at Night: You were taking Leave of a dear Cousin who is to be hanged next *Saturday*: You wrencht your Foot against a Stone, and were forced to stay three Hours in a Shop, before you could stir a Step: Some Nastiness was thrown on you out of a Garret Window, and you were ashamed to come Home before you were cleaned, and the Smell went off: You were pressed for the Sea-service, and carried before a Justice of Peace, who kept you three Hours before he examined you, and you got off with much a-do: A Bailiff by Mistake Seized you for a Debtor, and kept you the whole Evening in a Spunging-house: You were told your Master had gone
to

to a Tavern, and came to some Mis-
chance, and your Grief was so great
that you inquired for his Honour in a
hundred Taverns between *Pall-mall* and
Temple-bar.

Take all Tradesmens Parts against
your Master ; and when you are sent to
buy any Thing, never offer to cheapen
it, but generously pay the full Demand.
This is highly to your Master's Honour ;
and may be some Shillings in your
Pocket ; and you are to consider, if
your Master hath paid too much, he
can better afford the Loss than a poor
Tradesman.

Never submit to stir a Finger in any
Business but that for which you were
particularly hired. For Example, if
the Groom be drunk or absent, and the
Butler be ordered to shut the Stable
Door, the Answer is ready, *An please
your Honour, I don't understand Horses*;
If a Corner of the Hanging wanteth a
single Nail to fasten it, and the Foot-
man be directed to tack it up, he may
say, *He doth not understand that Sort*
of

of Work, but his Honour may send for the Upholsterer.

Masters and Ladies are usually quarrelling with the Servants for not shutting the Doors after them: But neither Masters nor Ladies consider, that those Doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the Labour is double to open and shut the Doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest Way is to do neither. But if you are so often teized to shut the Door, that you cannot easily forget it; then give the Door such a Clap as you go out, as will shake the whole Room, and make every Thing rattle in it, to put your Master and Lady in Mind that you observe their Directions.

If you find yourself to grow into Favour with your Master or Lady, take some Opportunity, in a very mild Way, to give them Warning; and when they ask the Reason, and seem loth to part with you; answer, That you would rather live with them, than any Body else, but a poor Servant is not to be blamed
if

All Servants in general.

7

if he striveth to better himself; that Service is no Inheritance, that your Work is great, and your Wages very small: Upon which, if your Master hath any Generosity, he will add five or ten Shillings a Quarter rather than let you go: But, if you are baulked, and have no Mind to go off, get some Fellow-servant to tell your Master, that he hath prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good Bits you can pilfer in the Day, save them to junket with your Fellow-servants at Night, and take in the Butler, provided he will give you Drink.

Write your own Name and your Sweet-heart's with the Smoak of a Candle on the Roof of the Kitchen, or the Servants Hall, to shew your Learning.

If you are a young fightly Fellow, whenever you whisper your Mistress at the Table, run your Nose full in her Cheek; or if your Breath be good, breathe full in her Face; this I have known

known to have had very good Consequences in some Families.

Never come until you have been called three or four Times ; for none but Dogs will come at the first Whistle ; And when the Master calls [*Who's there ?*] no Servant is bound to come ; for [*Who's there*] is no Body's Name.

When you have broken all your earthen Drinking Vessels below Stairs (which is usually done in a Week) the Copper Pot will do as well ; it can boil Milk, heat Porridge, hold Small-Beer, or in Case of Necessity serve for a Jordan ; therefore apply it indifferently to all these Uses ; but never wash or scour it, for Fear of taking off the Tin.

Although you are allowed Knives for the Servants Hall at Meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make Use only of your Master's.

Let it be a constant Rule, that no Chair, Stool or Table in the Servants Hall, or the Kitchen, shall have above three Legs ; which hath been the antient,

tient, and constant Practice in all the Families I ever knew, and is said to be founded upon two Reasons ; first, to shew that Servants are ever in a tottering Condition ; secondly, it was thought a Part of Humility, that the Servants Chairs and Tables should have at least one Leg fewer than those of their Masters. I grant there hath been an Exception to this Rule, with regard to the Cook, who by old Custom was allowed an easy Chair to sleep in after Dinner ; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three Legs. Now this epidemical Lameness of Servants Chairs is by Philosophers imputed to two Causes, which are observed to make the greatest Revolutions in States and Empires : I mean, Love and War. A Stool, a Chair, or a Table, is the first Weapon taken up in a general Romping or Skirmish ; and after a Peace, the Chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the Conduct of an Amour ; the Cook being usually fat

fat and heavy, and the Butler a little in Drink.

I could never endure to see Maid-Servants so ungenteel as to walk the Streets with their Pettycoats pinned up : it is a foolish Excuse to alledge, their Pettycoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a Remedy as to walk three or four Times down a clean Pair of Stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony Servant in the same Street, leave your own Street-Door open, that you may get in without knocking, when you come back ; otherwise your Mistress may know you are gone out, and you may be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to Unanimity and Concord. But mistake me not : You may quarrel with each other as much as you please ; only bear in Mind that you have a common Enemy, which is your Master and Lady, and you have a common Cause to defend. Believe an old Practitioner ; whoever out of Malice to a Fellow-servant,

servant, carries a Tale to his Master, shall be ruined by a general Confederacy against him.

The general Place of Rendezvous for all the Servants, both in Winter and Summer, is the Kitchen; there the grand Affairs of the Family ought to be consulted; whether they concern the Stable, the Dairy, the Pantry, the Laundry, the Cellar, the Nursery, the Dining-room, or my Lady's Chamber: There, as in your own proper Element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full Security.

When any Servant cometh home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your Master, that he is gone to Bed very sick; upon which your Lady will be so good-natured, as to order some comfortable Thing for the poor Man or Maid.

When your Master and Lady go abroad together, to Dinner, or on a Visit for the Evening, you need leave only one Servant in the House; unless you have a Black-guard-boy to answer

at

at the Door, and attend the Children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long Cuts, and the Stayer at home may be comforted by a Visit from a Sweet-heart, without Danger of being caught together. These Opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and you are always safe enough while there is a Servant in the House.

When your Master or Lady cometh home, and wanteth a Servant who happeneth to be abroad, your Answer must be, that he but just that Minute stept out, being sent for by a Cousin who was dying.

If your Master calleth you by Name, and you happen to answer at the fourth Call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a Fault, as you go out of the Room, and down
Stairs,

Stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard ; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your Master or Lady when they are abroad, never burthen your Memory with the Persons Name, for indeed you have too many other Things to remember. Besides, it is a Porter's Business, and your Master's Fault he doth not keep one ; and who can remember Names ? and you will certainly mistake them ; and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a Lye to your Master or Lady, unless you have some Hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an Hour. When a Servant is turned off, all his Faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his Master or Lady ; and all Mischiefs done by others, charge to him. [Instance them.] And when they ask any of you, why you never acquainted them before ? The Answer is, Sir, or Madam, really I was afraid it would

make you angry ; and besides perhaps you might think it was Malice in me. Where there are little Masters and Misses in a House, they are usually great Impediments to the Diversions of the Servants ; the only Remedy is to bribe them with Goody Goodyes, that they may not tell Tales to Papa and Mamma.

I advise you of the Servants, whose Master lives in the Country, and who expect Vails, always to stand Rank and File when a Stranger is taking his Leave ; so that he must of Necessity pass between you ; and he must have more Confidence, or less Money, than usual, if any of you let him escape, and, according as he behaves himself ; remember to treat him the next Time he comes.

If you are sent with ready Money to buy any Thing at a Shop, and happen at that Time to be out of Pocket, sink the Money and take up the Goods on your Master's Account. This is for the Honour of your Master and yourself ;
for

for he becomes a Man of Credit at your Recommendation.

When your Lady sends for you up to her Chamber, to give you any Orders, be sure to stand at the Door, and keep it open, fiddling with the Lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the Button in your Hand for fear you should forget to shut the Door after you.

If your Master or Lady happen once in their Lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy Servant, for you have nothing more to do, than for every Fault you commit, while you are in their Service, to put them in Mind of that false Accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present Case.

When you have a Mind to leave your Master, and are too bashful to break the Matter for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual Behaviour, until he finds it necessary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his Lady such a Character to all your Brother-servants,

who are out of Place, that none will venture to offer their Service.

Some nice Ladies who are afraid of catching Cold, having observed that the Maids and Fellows below Stairs often forget to shut the Door after them, as they come in or go out into the back Yards, have contrived that a Pulley and Rope with a large Piece of Lead at the End, should be so fixt as to make the Door shut of itself, and require a strong Hand to open it; which is an immense Toil to Servants, whose Business may force them to go in and out fifty Times in a Morning: But Ingenuity can do much, for prudent Servants have found out an effectual Remedy against this insupportable Grievance, by tying up the Pulley in such a Manner, that the Weight of the Lead shall have no Effect; however, as to my own Part, I would rather chuse to keep the Door always open, by laying a heavy Stone at the Bottom of it.

The Servants Candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for
ever :

ever : But, you may find out many Expedients : You may conveniently stick your Candle in a Bottle, or with a Lump of Butter against the Wainscot, in a Powder-horn, or in an old Shoe, or in a cleft Stick, or in the Barrel of a Pistol, or upon its own Grease on a Table, in a Coffee Cup or a Drinking Glass, a Horn Can, a Tea Pot, a twisted Napkin, a Mustard Pot, an Ink-horn, a Marrowbone, a Piece of Dough, a Bundle of Shavings, or you may cut a Hole in the Loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring Servants to junket with you at home in an Evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the Kitchen Window, which you may hear ; but not your Master or Lady, whom you must take Care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable Hours.

Lay all Faults on a Lap-dog, a favourite Cat, a Monkey, a Parrot, a Magpye, a Child, or on the Servant who was last turned off : By this Rule you will excuse yourself, do no Hurt to any

Body else, and save your Master or Lady from the Trouble and Vexation of chiding.

When you want proper Instruments for any Work you are about, use all Expedients you can invent, rather than leave your Work undone. For Instance, if the Poker be out of the Way or broken, stir up the Fire with the Tongs; if the Tongs be not at Hand, use the Muzzle of the Bellows, the wrong End of the Fire-Shovel, the Handle of the Fire-Brush, the End of a Mop, or your Master's Cane. If you want Paper to finge a Fowl, tear the first Book you see about the House. Wipe your Shoes for want of a Clout, with the Bottom of a Curtain, or a Damask Napkin. Strip your Livery Lace for Garters. If the Butler wants a Jordan, he may use the great Silver Cup.

There are several Ways of putting out Candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: You may run the Candle End against the Wainscot, which puts the Snuff out immediately:

You

You may lay it on the Ground, and tread the Snuff out with your Foot: You may hold it upside down until it is choaked with its own Grease; or cram it into the Socket of the Candlestick: You may whirl it round in your Hand till it goes out: When you go to Bed, after you have made Water, you may dip the Candle End into the Chamber-Pot: You may spit on your Finger and Thumb, and pinch the Snuff until it goes out: The Cook may run the Candle's Nose into the Meal Tub, or the Groom into a Vessel of Oats, or a Lock of Hay, or a Heap of Litter: The House-maid may put out her Candle by running it against a Looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as Candle Snuff: But the quickest and best of all Methods, is to blow it out - with your Breath, which leaves the Candle clear and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a Family as a *Tell-Tale*, against whom it must be the principal Business of you, all to unite: Whatever Office he serveth

in

in, take all Opportunities to spoil the Business he is about, and to cross him in every Thing. For Instance, if the Butler be the *Tell-Tale*, break his Glasses whenever he leaves the Pantry Door open ; or lock the Cat or the Mastiff in it, who will do as well : Mislay a Fork or a Spoon, so as he may never find it. If it be the Cook, whenever she turns her Back, throw a Lump of Soot or a Handful of Salt in the Pot, or smoaking Coals into the Dripping-Pan, or daub the roast Meat with the Back of the Chimney, or hide the Key of the Jack. If a Footman be suspected, let the Cook daub the Back of his new Livery ; or when he is going up with a Dish of Soup, let her follow him softly with a Ladle-full, and drible it all the Way up Stairs to the Dining-room, and then let the House-maid make such a Noise, that her Lady may hear it. The Waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this Fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself. In this Case, the Landress must be sure to tear her Smocks in

in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and, when she complains, tell all the House that she sweateth so much, and her Flesh is so nasty, that she fouleth a Smock more in one Hour, than the Kitchen-maid doth in a Week.

DIRECTIONS

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20 JULY

DIRECTIONS

DIRECTIONS T O SERVANTS.

CHAP. I

Directions *to the* BUTLER.

IN my Directions to Servants, I find from my long Observation, that you, Butler, are the principal Person concerned.

Your Business being of the greatest Variety, and requiring the greatest Exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run thro' the several Branches of your Office, and order my Instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the Side-board, take all possible Care to save your own Trouble, and your Master's Drinking Glasses: Therefore, first, since those who dine at the same Table are supposed to be Friends, let them all drink out
of

of the same Glass without washing, which will save you much Pains, as well as the Hazard of breaking them; give no Person any Liquor until he hath called for it thrice at least; by which means, some out of Modesty, and others out of Forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your Master's Liquor be saved.

If any one desireth a Glass of Bottled-Ale, first shake the Bottle, to see whether any thing be in it, then taste it, to see what Liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken, and lastly, wipe the Mouth of the Bottle with the Palm of your Hand, to shew your Cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the Cork in the Belly of the Bottle than in the Mouth; and, if the Cork be musty, or white Fryers in your Liquor, your Master will save the more.

If an humble Companion, a Chaplain, a Tutor, or a dependent Cousin happen to be at Table, whom you find to be little regarded by the Master, and the Company, (which no Body is readier to discover and observe than we Servants) it must be the Business of you and the Footman, to follow the Example of your Betters, by treating him many Degrees worse than any of the rest; and you cannot please your Master better, or at least your Lady.

If any one calls for Small-beer towards the end of Dinner, do not give yourself the Pains of going down to the Cellar, but gather the Droppings and Leavings out of the several Cups, and Glasses, and Salvers into one; but turn
your

your Back to the Company, for Fear of being observed: On the contrary, when any one calls for Ale towards the end of Dinner, fill the largest Tankard-cup top-full, by which you will have the greatest Part left to oblige your Fellow-servants without the Sin of stealing from your Master.

There is likewise a Perquisite full as honest, by which you have a Chance of getting every Day the best Part of a Bottle of Wine for your self; for, you are to suppose that Gentlefolks will not care for the Remainder of a Bottle; therefore, always set a fresh one before them after Dinner, although there hath not been above a Glass drank of the other.

Take special Care that your Bottles be not musty before you fill them; in order to which, blow strongly into the Mouth of every Bottle; and then, if you smell nothing but your own Breath, immediately fill it.

If you are sent down in haste to draw any Drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the Trouble of opening a Vent, but blow strongly into the Foffet, and you will find it immediately pour into your Mouth; or take out the Vent; but do not stay to put it in again, for fear your Master should want you.

If you are curious to taste some of your Master's choice Bottles, empty as many of them just below the Neck as will make the Quantity you want; but then take Care to fill them up again

again with clean Water, that you may not lessen your Master's Liquor.

There is an excellent Invention found out of late Years in the Management of Ale and Small-beer at the Side-board: For Instance, a Gentleman calls for a Glas of Ale, and drinks but half; another calls for Small-beer, you immediately teem out the Remainder of the Ale into the Tankard, and fill the Glas with Small-beer, and so backwards and forwards as long as Dinner lasts; by which you answer three great Ends: First, you save your self the Trouble of washing, and consequently the Danger of breaking your Glasses: Secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving Gentlemen the Liquor they call for: And, lastly, by this Method you are certain that nothing is lost.

Because Butlers are apt to forget to bring up their Ale and Beer Time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two Hours before Dinner; and place them in the sunny Part of the Room, to let People see that you have not been negligent.

Some Butlers have a Way of decanting (as they call it) bottled Ale, by which they lose a good Part of the Bottom: Let your Method be to turn the Bottle directly upside down, which will make the Liquor appear double the Quantity; by this means, you will be sure not to lose one Drop, and the Froth will conceal the Muddiness.

Clean

Clean your Plate, wipe your Knives, and rub the dirty Tables, with the Napkins and Table-cloths used that Day; for, it is but one washing, and besides it will save you wearing out the coarse Rubbers: and in Reward of such good Husbandry, my Judgement is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest Damask Napkins for Night-caps for yourself.

When you clean your Plate, leave the Whiteing plainly to be seen in all the Chinks, for fear your Lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the Skill of a Butler more appears, than in the Management of Candles, whereof, although some Part may fall to the Share of the other Servants, yet you being the principal Person concerned, I shall direct my Instructions upon this Article to you only, leaving to your Fellow-Servants to apply them upon Occasion.

First, to avoid burning Day-light, and to save your Master's Candles, never bring them up until Half an Hour after it be dark, altho' they are called for never so often.

Let your Sockets be full of Grease to the Brim, with the old Snuff at the Top, and then stick on your fresh Candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the Candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before Company. At other Times, for Variety, put your Candles loose in the Sockets, to shew they are clean to the Bottom.

When

When your Candle is too big for the Socket, melt it to a right Size in the Fire; and, to hide the Smoke, wrap it in Paper half way up.

You cannot but observe of late Years the great Extravagancy among the Gentry upon the Article of Candles, which a good Butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own Pains and his Master's Money: This may be contrived several Ways: As when you are ordered to put Candles into the Sconces.

Sconces are great Wasters of Candles, and you, who are always to consider the Advantage of your Master, should do your utmost to discourage them: Therefore, your Business must be to press the Candle with both your Hands into the Socket, so as to make it lean in such a manner, that the Grease may drop all upon the Floor, if some Lady's Head-dress or Gentleman's Perriwig be not ready to intercept it: You may likewise stick the Candle so loose that it will fall upon the Glass of the Sconce, and break it into Shatters; this will save your Master many a fair Penny in the Year, both in Candles, and to the Glass-man, and yourself much Labour, for the Sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the Candles burn too low, but give them as a lawful Perquisite to your Friend the Cook, to increase her Kitchen-stuff; or if this be not allowed in your House, give them
in

in Charity to the poor Neighbours, who often run on your Errands.

When you cut Bread for a Toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the Coals, and mind your other Business; then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burned Side, and serve it up.

When you dress up your Side-board, set the best Glasses as near the Edge of the Table as you can; by which Means they will cast a double Lustre, and make a much finer Figure; and the Consequence can be, at most, but the breaking half a Dozen, which is a Trifle in your Master's Pocket.

Wash the Glasses with your own Water, to save your Master's Salt.

When any Salt is spilt on the Table, do not let it be lost, but when Dinner is done, fold up the Table-cloth, with the Salt in it, then shake the Salt out into the Salt-cellar, to serve next Day: But the shortest and surest Way is, when you remove the Cloth, to wrap the Knives, Forks, Spoons, Salt-cellars, broken Bread, and Scraps of Meat, altogether in the Table-cloth, by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the Window amongst the Beggars, that they may with more Convenience eat the Scraps.

Leave the Dregs of Wine, Ale, and other Liquors, in the Bottles: To rince them is but Loss of Time, since all will be done at once

in a general washing; and you will have a better Excuse for breaking them.

If your Master hath any musty, or very foul and crufted Bottles, I advise you in Point of Conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next Ale-house for Ale or Brandy.

When a Message is sent to your Master, be kind to your Brother-servant who brings it; give him the best Liquor in your Keeping, for your Master's Honour; and with the first Opportunity he will do the same to you.

After Supper, if it be dark, carry your Plate and China together in the same Basket, to save Candle-light; for you know your Pantry well enough to put them up in the Dark.

When Company is expected at Dinner, or in the Evenings, be sure to be Abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your Key, by which your Master will save his Liquor, and not wear out his Plate.

I come now to a most important Part of your Oeconomy, the Bottling of a Hoghead of Wine, wherein I recommend three Virtues, Cleanliness, Frugality, and brotherly Love. Let your Corks be of the longest Kind you can get; which will save some Wine in the Neck of every Bottle: As to your Bottles, chuse the smallest you can find, which will increase the Number of Dozens, and please your Master; for a Bottle of Wine is always a Bottle of Wine, whether it hold more or less; and if

your

your Master hath his proper Number of Dozens, he cannot complain.

Every Bottle must be first rinsed with Wine, for fear of any Moisture left in the Washing; some out of mistaken Thrift will rince a Dozen Bottles with the same Wine; but I would advise you, for more Caution, to change the Wine at every second Bottle; a Jill may be enough. Have Bottles ready by you to save it; and it will be a good Perquisite, either to sell or drink with the Cook.

Never draw your Hoghead too low; nor tilt it for fear of disturbing your Liquor. When it begins to run slow, and before the Wine grows cloudy, shake the Hoghead, and carry a Glass of it to your Master, who will praise you for your Discretion, and give you all the rest as a Perquisite of your Place: You may tilt the Hoghead the next Day, and in a Fortnight get a Dozen or two of good clear Wine, to dispose of as you please.

In bottling Wine, fill your Mouth full of Corks, together with a large Plug of Tobacco, which will give the Wine the true Taste of the Weed, so delightful to all good Judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a suspicious Bottle, if a Pint be out, give your Hand a dextrous Shake, and shew it in a Glass, that it begins to be muddy.

When a Hoghead of Wine, or any other Liquor, is to be bottled off, wash your Bottles

immediately before you begin ; but, be sure not to drain them, by which good Management your Master will save some Gallons in every Hoghead.

This is the Time, that, in Honour to your Master, you ought to shew your Kindness to your Fellow-servants, and especially to the Cook ; for what signifies a few Flaggons out of a whole Hoghead ? But make them drunk in your Presence ; for fear they should be given to other Folks, and so your Master be wronged : But, advise them, if they get drunk, to go to Bed, and leave Word they are sick, which last Caution I would have all the Servants observe, both Male and Female.

If your Master finds the Hoghead to fall short of his Expectation, what is plainer, than that the Vessel leaked : That, the Wine-Cooper had not filled it in proper Time : That the Merchant cheated him with a Hoghead below the common Measure ?

When you are to get Water on for Tea after Dinner, (which in many Families is Part of your Office) to save Firing, and to make more Haste, pour it into the Tea-kettle, from the Pot where Cabbage or Fish have been boiling, which will make it much wholsomer, by curing the acid and corroding Quality of the Tea.

Be saving of your Candles, and let those in the Sconces, the Hall, the Stairs, and in the Lanthorn, burn down into the Sockets, until they go out of themselves ; for which your Master

ster and Lady will commend your Thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the Snuff.

If a Gentleman leaveth a Snuff-box or Pick-tooth-case on the Table after Dinner, and goeth away, look upon it as part of your Vails; for so it is allowed by all Servants, and you do no Wrong to your Master or Lady.

If you serve a Country 'Squire, when Gentlemen and Ladies come to dine at your House, never fail to make their Servants drunk, and especially the Coachman, for the Honour of your Master; to which, in all your Actions, you must have a special Regard; as being the best Judge: For the Honour of every Family is deposited in the Hands of the Cook, the Butler, and the Groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the Candles at Supper as they stand on the Table, which is much the securest Way; because, if the burning Snuff happens to get out of the Snuffers, you have a Chance that it may fall into a Dish of Soup, Sack-posset, Rice-milk, or the like; where it will be immediately extinguished with very little Stink.

When you have snuffed the Candle, always leave the Snuffers open, for the Snuff will of itself burn away to Ashes, and cannot fall out and dirty the Table, when you snuff the Candles again.

That the Salt may lie smooth in the Salt-cellar, press it down with your moist Palm.

When a Gentleman is going away after dining with your Master, be sure to stand full in View, and follow him to the Door, and as you have Opportunity look full in his Face, perhaps it may bring you a Shilling; but, if the Gentleman hath lain there a Night, get the Cook, the House-maid, the Stable-men, the Scullion, and the Gardener, to accompany you, and to stand in his Way to the Hall in a Line on each Side him: If the Gentleman performeth handsomely, it will do him Honour, and cost your Master nothing.

You need not wipe your Knife to cut Bread for the Table, because, in cutting a Slice or two it will wipe itself.

Put your Finger into every Bottle, to feel whether it be full, which is the surest Way; for *Feeling hath no Fellow*.

When you go down to the Cellar to draw Ale or Small-beer, take care to observe directly the following Method: Hold the Vessel between the Finger and Thumb of your right Hand, with the Palm upwards, then hold the Candle between your Fingers, but a little leaning towards the Mouth of the Vessel, then take out the Spiggot with your Left-hand, and clap the Point of it in your Mouth, and keep your Left-hand to watch Accidents; when the Vessel is full withdraw the Spiggot from your Mouth, well wetted with Spittle, which being of a slimy Consistence will make it stick faster in the Fisset: If any Tallow drops into the Vessel

fel you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a Spoon, or rather with your Finger.

Always lock up a Cat in the Closet where you keep your *China* Plates, for fear the Mice may steal in and break them.

A good Butler always breaks off the Point of his Bottle-screw in two Days, by trying which is hardest, the Point of the Screw, or the Neck of the Bottle: In this Case, to supply the Want of a Screw, after the Stump hath torn the Cork in Pieces, make use of a Silver Fork, and when the Scraps of the Cork are almost drawn out, flirt the Mouth of the Bottle into the Cistern until you quite clear it.

If a Gentleman dineth often with your Master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several Methods to shew him some Marks of your Displeasure, and quicken his Memory: If he calls for Bread or Drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him: If he asketh for Wine, let him stay awhile, and then send him Small-beer; give him always foul Glasses; send him a Spoon when he wants a Knife; wink at the Footman to leave him without a Plate: By these, and the like Expedients, you may probably be a better Man by half a Crown before he leaves the House, provided you watch an Opportunity of standing by when he is going.

If your Lady loveth Play, your Fortune is fixed for ever: Moderate Gaming will be a Perquisite

Perquisite of ten Shillings a Week ; and in such a Family I would rather chuse to be Butler than Chaplain, or even rather than be Steward : It is all ready Money, and got without Labour, unless your Lady happens to be one of those, who either obligeth you to find Wax-Candles, or forceth you to divide it with some favourite Servant ; but at worst, the old Cards are your own ; and, if the Gamesters play deep, or grow peevish, they will change the Cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable Advantage by selling to Coffee-Houses, or Families who love Play, but cannot afford better than Cards at second-hand : When you attend at the Service, be sure to leave new Packs within the Reach of the Gamesters, which, those who have ill Luck will readily take to change their Fortune ; and now and then an old Pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on Play-nights, and ready with your Candles to light out your Company, and have Salvers of Wine at Hand to give them when they call ; but manage so with the Cook, that there be no Supper, because it will be so much saved in your Master's Family ; and, because a Supper will considerably lessen your Gains.

Next to Cards there is nothing so profitable to you as Bottles, in which Perquisite you have no Competitors, except the Footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for Pots of Beer : But you are bound to prevent any such Abuses
in

in your Master's Family : The Footmen are not to answer for what are broken at a general Bottling ; and those may be as many as your Discretion will make them.

The Profit of Glasses is so very inconsiderable, that it is hardly worth mentioning : It consists only in a small Present made by the Glassman, and about four Shillings in the Pound added to the Prices for your Trouble and Skill in chusing them. If your Master hath a large Stock of Glasses, and you or your Fellow-servants happen to break any of them without your Master's Knowledge, keep it a Secret, until there are not enough left to serve the Table, then tell your Master that the Glasses are gone ; this will be but one Vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a Week ; and it is the Office of a good Servant to discompose his Master and his Lady as seldom as he can ; and here the Cat and Dog will be of great Use to take the Blame from you. *Note*, That Bottles missing are supposed to be half stolen by Stragglers and other Servants, and the other half broken by Accident, and a general Washing.

Whet the Backs of your Knives until they are as sharp as the Edge, which will have this Advantage, that when Gentlemen find them blunt on one Side, they may try the other ; and to shew you spare no Pains in sharpening the Knives, whet them so long, until you wear out a good Part of the Iron, and even the Bot-

tom

tom of the Silver Handle. This doth Credit to your Master, for it shews good House-keeping, and the Goldsmith may one Day make you a Present.

Your Lady, when she finds the Small-beer or Ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the Peg into the Vent-hole. This is a great Mistake, nothing being plainer, than that the Peg keeps the Air in the Vessel, which spoils the Drink, and therefore ought to be let out; but if she insisteth upon it, to prevent the Trouble of pulling out the Vent, and putting it in a Dozen Times a Day, which is not to be born by a good Servant, leave the Spiggot half out at Night, and you will find with only the Loss of two or three Quarts of Liquor, the Vessel will run freely.

When you prepare your Candles, wrap them up in a Piece of brown Paper, and so stick them into the Socket: Let the Paper come half way up the Candle, which looks handsome, if any Body should come in.

Do all in the Dark to save your Master's Candles.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

Directions to the C O O K.

ALthough I am not ignorant that it hath been a long Time since the Custom began among People of Quality to keep Men-cooks, and generally of the *French* Nation; yet because my Treatise is chiefly calculated for the general Run of Knights, Esquires, and Gentlemen both in Town and Country, I shall therefore apply to you Mrs. Cook, as a Woman: However, a great Part of what I intend, may serve for either Sex; and your Part naturally follows the former, because the Butler and you are joined in Interest; your Vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed: You can junket together at Nights upon your own Progg, when the rest of the House are abed; and have it in your Power to make every Fellow-servant your Friend; you can give a good Bit or a good Sup to the little Masters and Misses, and gain their Affections: A Quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal Case, perhaps, it will not be so easy in some Time to cotton with another.

another. And now, Mrs. Cook, I proceed to give you my Instructions, which I desire you will get some Fellow-servant in the Family to read to you constantly one Night in every Week when you are going to Bed, whether you serve in Town or Country; for my Lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your Lady forgets at Supper that there is any cold Meat in the House, do not you be so officious as to put her in mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next Day, say, she gave you no Orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a Lye, dispose of it with the Butler, or any other Crony, before you go to Bed.

Never send up a Leg of a Fowl at Supper, while there is a Cat or a Dog in the House, that can be accused of running away with it: But, if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the Rats, or a strange Greyhound.

It is ill Housewifery to foul your Kitchen Rubbers with wiping the Bottoms of the Dishes you send up, since the Table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every Meal.

Never clean your Spits after they have been used; for the Grease left upon them by Meat, is the best Thing to preserve them from Rust; and when you make use of them again, the same Grease will keep the Inside of the Meat moist.

If you live in a rich Family, roasting and boiling are below the Dignity of your Office,
and

and which it becometh you to be ignorant of; therefore leave that Work wholly to the Kitchen Wench, for fear of disgracing the Family you live in.

If you are employed in Marketing, buy your Meat as cheap as you can, but when you bring in your Accounts, be tender of your Master's Honour, and set down the highest Rate; which besides is but Justice, for no body can afford to sell at the same Rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge safely; swear that you gave no more than what the Butcher and Poulterer asked. If your Lady orders you to set up a Piece of Meat for Supper, you are not to understand, that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the Butler.

Good Cooks cannot abide what they justly call fidling Work, where Abundance of Time is spent and little done: Such, for Instance, is the dressing small Birds, requiring a world of Cookery and Clutter, and a second or third Spit, which by the Way is absolutely needless; for it will be a very ridiculous Thing indeed, if a Spit which is strong enough to turn a Sirloyn of Beef, should not be able to turn a Lark; however, if your Lady be nice, and is afraid that a large Spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the Dripping-pan, where the Fat of roasted Mutton or Beef falling on the Birds, will serve to baste them, and so save both Time and Butter; for what Cook of any Spirit
would

would lose her Time in picking Larks, Wheat-ears, and other small Birds; therefore, if you cannot get the Maids, or the young Misses to assist you, e'en make short Work, and either singe or flay them; there is no great Loss in the Skins, and the Flesh is just the same.

If you are employed in Marketing, do not accept a Treat of a Beef-stake and Pot of Ale from the Butcher, which I think in Conscience is no better than wronging your Master; but do you always take that Perquisite in Money, if you do not go in Trust, or in Poundage when you pay the Bills.

The Kitchen Bellows being usually out of Order, by stirring the Fire with the Muzzle to save the Tongs and Poker, borrow the Bellows out of your Lady's Bed-chamber, which being least used, are commonly the best in the House; and if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a Chance to have them left entirely for your own Use.

Let a Blackguard Boy be always about the House to send on your Errands, and go to Market for you in rainy Days, which will save your Cloaths, and make you appear more creditable to your Mistress.

If your Mistress alloweth you the Kitchen-stuff, in return of her Generosity, take care to boil and roast your Meat sufficient. If she keeps it for her own Profit, do her Justice, and rather than let a good Fire be wanting, enliven

enliven it now and then with the Dripping and the Butter that happens to turn to Oil.

Send up your Meat well stuck with Scewers, to make it look round and plump; and an Iron Skewer, rightly employed now and then, will make it look handsomer.

When you roast a long Joint of Meat, be careful only about the Middle, and leave the two extreme Parts raw, which may serve another Time, and will also save Firing.

When you scour your Plates and Dishes, bend the Brim inward, so as to make them hold the more.

Always keep a large Fire in the Kitchen when there is a small Dinner, or the Family dines abroad, that the Neighbours seeing the Smoak, may commend your Master's House-keeping: But, when much Company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your Coals, because a great deal of the Meat being half raw will be saved, and serve next Day.

Boil your Meat constantly in Pump Water, because you may sometimes want River or Pipe Water, and then your Mistress observing your Meat of a different Colour, will chide you when you are not in Fault.

When you have Plenty of Fowl in the Larder, leave the Door open, in Pity to the poor Cat, if she be a good Mouser.

If you find it necessary to market in a wet Day, take out your Mistress's Riding-hood and Cloak to save your Cloaths.

Get

Get three or four Char-women to attend you constantly in the Kitchen, whom you pay at small Charges, only with the broken Meat, a few Coals, and all the Cinders.

To keep troublesome Servants out of the Kitchen, always leave the Winder sticking on the Jack to fall on their Heads.

If a Lump of Soot falls into the Soup; and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the Soup a high *French* Taste.

If you melt your Butter to Oil, be under no Concern, but send it up; for Oil is a genteeler Sauce than Butter.

Scrape the Bottoms of your Pots and Kettles with a Silver Spoon, for fear of giving them a Taste of Copper.

When you send up Butter for Sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half Water; which is also much wholesomer.

Never make use of a Spoon in any thing that you can do with your Hands, for fear of wearing out your Master's Plate.

When you find that you cannot get Dinner ready at the Time appointed, put the Clock back, and then it may be ready to a Minute.

Let a red hot Coal now and then fall into the Dripping-pan, that the Smoak of the Dripping may ascend, and give the roasted Meat a high Taste.

You are to look upon your Kitchen as your Dressing-room; but, you are not to wash your Hands, until you have gone to the Necessary-house

house, and spitted your Meat, trussed your Fowl, pickt your Sallad; nor indeed until after you have sent up your second Course; for your Hands will be ten times fouler with the many Things you are forced to handle; but when your Work is over, one Washing will serve for all.

There is but one Part of your Dressing that I would admit while the Victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing, I mean the combing your Head, which loseth no Time; because you can stand over your Cookery, and watch it with one Hand, while you are using your Comb in the other.

If any of the Combings happen to be sent up with the Victuals, you may safely lay the Fault upon any of the Footmen that hath vexed you: As those Gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious if you refuse them a Sop in the Pan, or a Slice from the Spit; much more when you discharge a Ladle-full of hot Porridge on their Legs, or send them up to their Masters with a Dish-clout pinned at their Tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the Kitchen-maid to bring none but the large Coals, and save the small ones for the Fires above Stairs; the first are properest for dressing Meat, and When they are out, if you happen to miscarry in any Dish, you may lay the Fault upon want of Coals: Besides, the Cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your Master's Housekeeping, where they do not find Plenty of large Cinders

mixt with fresh large Coals: Thus you may dress your Meat with Credit, do an Act of Charity, raise the Honour of your Master, and sometimes get Share of a Pot of Ale for your Bounty to the Cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second Course, you have nothing to do in a great Family until Supper: Therefore, scoure your Hands and Face, put on your Hood and Scarfe, and take your Pleasure among your Cronies, until Nine or Ten at Night——But dine first.

Let there be always a strict Friendship between you and the Butler, for it is both your Interests to be united: The Butler often wants a comfortable Tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool Cup of good Liquor. However, be cautious of him, for he is sometimes an inconstant Lover, because he hath great Advantage to allure the Maids with a Glas of Sack, or White Wine and Sugar.

When you roast a Breast of Veal, remember your Sweet-heart the Butler loveth a Sweet-bread; therefore set it aside until Evening: You can say, the Cat or the Dog hath run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and besides, it looketh as well at the Table without it as with it.

When you make the Company wait long for Dinner, and the Meat be overdone, (which is generally the Case) you may lawfully lay the Fault upon your Lady, who hurried you so to
send

send up Dinner, that you was forced to send it up too much boiled and roasted.

When you are in haste to take down your Dishes, tip them in such a manner, that a Dozen will fall together upon the DRESSER, just ready for your Hand.

To save Time and Trouble, cut your Apples and Onions with the same Knife; and well-bred Gentry love the Taste of an Onion in every thing they eat.

Lump three or four Pounds of Butter together with your Hands, then dash it against the Wall just over the Dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by Pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a Silver Saucepan for the Kitchen Use, let me advise you to batter it well, and keep it always black; this will be for your Master's Honour, for it shews there has been constant good Housekeeping: And make room for the Saucepan by wriggling it on the Coals, &c.

In the same Manner, if you are allowed a large Silver Spoon for the Kitchen, let half the Bowl of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, *This Spoon owes my Master no Service.*

When you send up a Mess of Broth, Water-gruel, or the like, to your Master in a Morning, do not forget with your Thumb and two Fingers to put Salt on the Side of the Plate; for if you make use of a Spoon, or the End

of a Knife, there may be Danger that the Salt would fall, and that would be a Sign of ill Luck. Only remember to lick your Thumb and Fingers clean, before you offer to touch the Salt.

If your Butter, when it is melted, tasteth of Brass, it is your Master's Fault, who will not allow you a Silver Sauce-pan; besides, the less of it will go further, and new tinning is very chargeable: If you have a Silver Sauce-pan, and the Butter smelleth of Smoak, lay the Fault upon the Coals.

If your Dinner miscarieth in almost every Dish, how could you help it: You were teized by the Footmen coming into the Kitchen; and, to prove it true, take Occasion to be angry, and throw a Ladle-full of Broth on one or two of their Liveries; besides, *Friday* and *Childermas-day* are two cross Days in the Week, and it is impossible to have good Luck on either of them; therefore on those two Days you have a lawful Excuse.

C H A P. III.

Directions to the FOOTMAN.

YOUR Employment being of a mixt Nature, extendeth to a great Variety of Business, and you stand in a fair way of being the Favourite of your Master or Mistress, or of the young Masters and Misses; you are the fine Gentleman of the Family, with whom all the Maids are in Love. You are sometimes a Pattern of Dress to your Master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at Table in all Companies, and consequently have the Opportunity to see and know the World, and to understand Men and Manners; I confess your Vails are but few, unless you are sent with a Present, or attend the Tea in the Country; but you are called Mr. in the Neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a Fortune, perhaps your Master's Daughter; and I have known many of your Tribe to have good Commands in the Army. In Town you have a Seat reserved for you in the Play-house, where you have an Opportunity of becoming Wits and Criticks: You

have no profest Enemy except the Rabble, and my Lady's Waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you Skipkennel. I have a true Veneration for your Office, because I had once the Honour to be one of your Order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an Employment in the Custom-house.— But that you, my Brethren, may come to better Fortunes, I shall here deliver my Instructions, which have been the Fruits of much Thought and Observation, as well as of seven Years Experience.

In order to learn the Secrets of other Families, tell them those of your Master's; thus you will grow a Favourite both at home and abroad, and regarded as a Person of Importance.

Never be seen in the Streets with a Basket or Bundle in your Hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your Pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your Calling: To prevent which, always retain a Blackguard Boy to carry your Loads; and if you want Farthings, pay him with a good Slice of Bread or Scrap of Meat.

Let a Shoe-boy clean your own Shoes first, for fear of fouling the Chamber, then let him clean your Master's; keep him on purpose for that Use and to run of Errands, and pay him with Scraps. When you are sent on an Errand, be sure to hedge in some Business of your own, either to see your Sweet-heart, or drink a Pot

of Ale with some Brother-Servants, which is so much Time clear gained.

There is a great Controversy about the most convenient and genteel Way of holding your Plate at Meals ; some stick it between the Frame and the Back of the Chair, which is an excellent Expedient, where the Make of the Chair will allow it ; Others, for fear the Plate should fall, grasp it so firmly, that their Thumb reacheth to the Middle of the Hollow ; which however, if your Thumb be dry, is no secure Method ; and therefore in that Case, I advise your wetting the Bowl of it with your Tongue : As to that absurd Practice of letting the Back of the Plate lye leaning on the Hollow of your Hand, which some Ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many Accidents. Others again, are so refined, that they hold their Plate directly under the left Arm-pit, which is the best Situation for keeping it warm ; but this may be dangerous in the Article of taking away a Dish, where your Plate may happen to fall upon some of the Company's Heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these Ways, which I have frequently tried ; and therefore I recommend a Fourth, which is to stick your Plate up to the Rim inclusive, in the left Side between your Waistcoat and your Shirt : This will keep it at least as warm as under your Arm-pit, or Ockster, (as the *Scotch* call it) this will hide it so, as Strangers may take you for a better Ser-

vant.

vant, too good to hold a Plate; this will secure it from falling; and thus disposed, it lieth ready for you to whip it out in a Moment, ready warmed, to any Guest within your Reach, who may want it. And lastly, there is another Convenience in this Method, that if any Time during your waiting, you find yourselves going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out your Plate, and hold the hollow Part close to your Nose or Mouth, and, thus prevent spitting any Moisture from either, upon the Dishes or the Ladies Head-dress: You see Gentlemen and Ladies observe a like Practice on such an Occasion, with a Hat or a Handkerchief; yet a Plate is less fouled and sooner cleaned than either of these; for, when your Cough or Sneeze is over, it is but returning your Plate to the same Position, and your Shirt will clean it in the Passage.

Take off the largest Dishes, and set them on, with one Hand, to shew the Ladies your Vigour and Strength of Back; but always do it between two Ladies, that if the Dish happens to slip, the Soup or Sauce may fall on their Cloaths, and not daub the Floor: By this Practice, two of our Brethren, my worthy Friends, got considerable Fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashion Words, and Oaths, and Songs, and Scraps of Plays that your Memory can hold. Thus, you will become the Delight of nine Ladies in ten, and the Envy of ninety nine Beaux in a hundred.

Take

Take Care, that at certain Periods, during Dinner, especially, when Persons of Quality are there, you and your Brethren be all out of the Room together, by which you will give yourselves some Ease from the Fatigue of waiting, and at the same Time leave the Company to converse more freely, without being constrained by your Presence.

When you are sent on a Message, deliver it in your own Words, altho' it be to a Duke or a Dutches, and not in the Words of your Master or Lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a Message as well as you, who have been bred to the Employment: But never deliver the Answer until it is called for, and then adorn it with your own Style.

When Dinner is done, carry down a great Heap of Plates to the Kitchen, and when you come to the Head of the Stairs, trundle them all before you: There is not a more agreeable Sight or Sound, especially if they be Silver; besides the Trouble they save you, and there they will lie ready near the Kitchen Door, for the Scullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a Joint of Meat in a Dish, and it falleth out of your Hand, before you get into the Dining Room, with the Meat on the Ground, and the Sauce spilled, take up the Meat gently, wipe it with the Lap of your Coat, then put it again into the Dish, and serve it up; and when your Lady misses the Sauce, tell her, it is to be sent up in a Plate by itself.

When

When you carry up a Dish of Meat, dip your Fingers in the Sauce, or lick it with your Tongue, to try whether it be good, and fit for your Master's Table.

You are the best Judge of what Acquaintance your Lady ought to have, and therefore, if she sendeth you on a Message of Compliment or Business to a Family you do not like, deliver the Answer in such a Manner, as may breed a Quarrel between them not to be reconciled: Or, if a Footman cometh from the same Family on the like Errand, turn the Answer she ordereth you to deliver, in such a Manner, as the other Family may take it for an Affront.

When you are in Lodgings, and no Shoe-boy to be got, clean your Master's Shoes with the Bottom of the Curtains, a clean Napkin, or your Landlady's Apron.

Ever wear your Hat in the House, but when your Master calleth; and as soon as you come into his Presence, pull it off to shew your Manners.

Never clean your Shoes on the Scraper, but in the Entry, or at the Foot of the Stairs, by which you will have the Credit of being at home, almost a Minute sooner, and the Scraper will last the longer.

Never ask Leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle rambling Fellow; whereas, if you go out, and no body observeth, you have a Chance of coming home without being

being missed, and you need not tell your Fellow-servants where you are gone, for they will be sure to say, you were in the House but two Minutes ago, which is the Duty of all Servants.

Snuff the Candles with your Fingers, and throw the Snuff on the Floor, then tread it out to prevent stinking : This Method will very much save the Snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the Tallow, which will make them run, and so encrease the Perquisite of the Cook's Kitchen-Stuff ; for she is the Person you ought in Prudence to be well with.

While Grace is saying after Meat, do you and your Brethren take the Chairs from behind the Company, so that when they go to sit again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry ; but be you so discreet as to hold your Laughter till you get to the Kitchen, and then divert your Fellow-servants.

When you know your Master is most busy in Company, come in and pretend to fettle about the Room ; and if he chideth, say, you thought he rung the Bell. This will divert him from plodding on Business too much, or spending himself in Talk, or racking his Thoughts, all which are hurtful to his Constitution.

If you are ordered to break the Claw of a Crab or a Lobster, clap it between the Sides of the Dining Room Door between the Hinges : Thus you can do it gradually without mashing the
the

the Meat, which is often the Fate of the Street-Door-Key, or the Pestle.

When you take a foul Plate from any of the Guests, and observe the foul Knife and Fork lying on the Plate, shew your Dexterity, take up the Plate, and throw off the Knife and Fork on the Table, without shaking off the Bones or broken Meat that are left: Then the Guest, who hath more Time than you, will wipe the Fork and Knife already used.

When you carry a Glass of Liquor to any Person who hath called for it, do not bob him on the Shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the Glass, that would be unmannerly, as if you had a Mind to force it down one's Throat; but stand at the Person's right Shoulder, and wait his Time; and if he striketh it down with his Elbow by Forgetfulness, that was his Fault and not yours.

When your Mistress sendeth you for a Hackney Coach in a wet Day, come back in the Coach to save your Cloaths and the Trouble of walking; it is better the Bottom of her Pettycoats should be dagged with your dirty Shoes, than your Livery be spoiled, and yourself get a Cold.

There is no Indignity so great to one of your Station, as that of lighting your Master in the Streets with a Lanthorn; and therefore, it is very honest Policy to try all Arts how to evade it: Besides, it sheweth your Master to be either covetous or poor, which are the two worst Qualities you can meet with in any Service. When

I was

I was under these Circumstances, I made use of several wise Expedients, which I here recommend to you. Sometimes I took a Candle so long, that it reached to the very Top of the Lanthorn, and burned it : But, my Master after a good Beating, ordered me to paste the Top with Paper. I then used a middling Candle, but stuck it so loose in the Socket, that it leaned towards one Side, and burned a whole Quarter of the Horn. Then I used a Bit of Candle of half an Inch, which sunk in the Socket, and melted the Solder, and forced my Master to walk half the Way in the Dark. Then he made me stick two Inches of Candle in the Place where the Socket was ; after which, I pretended to stumble, put out the Candle, and broke all the Tin Part to Pieces : At last, he was forced to make use of a Lanthorn-boy out of perfect good Husbandry.

It is much to be lamented, that Gentlemen of our Employment have but two Hands to carry Plates, Dishes, Bottles, and the like out of the Room at Meals ; and the Misfortune is still the greater, because one of those Hands is required to open the Door, while you are encumbered with your Load : Therefore, I advise, that the Door may be always left at jarr, so as to open it with your Foot, and then you may carry out Plates and Dishes from your Belly up to your Chin, besides a good Quantity of Things under your Arms, which will save you many a weary Step ; but take Care that none of the
Burthen

Burthen falls until you are out of the Room, and if possible, out of Hearing.

If you are sent to the Post-Office with a Letter in a cold rainy Night, step to the Ale-house, and take a Pot, until it is supposed you have done your Errand; but take the next fair Opportunity to put the Letter in carefully, as becometh an honest Servant.

If you are ordered to make Coffee for the Ladies after Dinner, and the Pot happeneth to boil over, while you are running up for a Spoon to stir it, or are thinking of something else, or struggling with the Chamber-maid for a Kiss, wipe the Sides of the Pot clean with a Dishclout, carry up your Coffee boldly, and when your Lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it hath not run over; deny the Fact absolutely, swear you put in more Coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an Inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual, because your Mistress had Ladies with her, that the Servants in the Kitchen will justify what you say: Upon this, you will find that the other Ladies will pronounce your Coffee to be very good, and your Mistress will confess that her Mouth is out of Taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding Fault. This I would have you do from a Principle of Conscience, for Coffee is very unwholesome; and out of Affection to your Lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible: And upon this Argument, when you have a Mind

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to treat any of the Maids with a Dish of fresh Coffee, you may, and ought to subtract a third Part of the Powder, on account of your Lady's Health, and getting her Maids Good-will.

If your Master sendeth you with a small trifling Present to one of his Friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a Diamond Ring: Therefore, if the Present be only Half a Dozen Pippins, send up the Servant who received the Message to say, that you were ordered to deliver them with your own Hands. This will shew your Exactness and Care to prevent Accidents or Mistakes; and the Gentleman or Lady cannot do less than give you a Shilling. So when your Master receives the like Present, teach the Messenger who bringeth it to do the same, and give your Master Hints that may stir up his Generosity; for Brother Servants should assist one another, since it is all for your Master's Honour, which is the chief Point to be consulted by every good Servant, and of which he is the best Judge.

When you step but a few Doors off to tattle with a Wench, or take a running Pot of Ale, or to see a Brother Footman going to be hanged, leave the Street Door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your Master discover you are gone out; for a Quarter of an Hour's Time can do his Service no Injury.

When you take away the remaining Pieces of Bread after Dinner, put them on foul Plates, and press them down with other Plates over them,

them, so as no body can touch them ; and so, they will be a good Perquisite to the Blackguard Boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your Master's Shoes with your own Hand, use the Edge of the sharpest Case Knife, and dry them with the Toes an Inch from the Fire, because wet Shoes are dangerous ; and besides, by these Arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some Families the Master often sendeth to the Tavern for a Bottle of Wine, and you are the Messenger : I advise you, therefore, to take the smallest Bottle you can find ; but however, make the Drawer give you a full Quart, then you will get a good Sup for yourself, and your Bottle will be filled. As for a Cork to stop it, you need be at no Trouble, for the Thumb will do as well, or a Bit of dirty chewed Paper.

In all Disputes with Chairmen and Coachmen, for demanding too much, when your Master sendeth you down to chaffer with them, take Pity of the poor Fellows, and tell your Master that they will not take a Farthing less : It is more for your Interest to get Share of a Pot of Ale, than to save a Shilling for your Master, to whom it is a Trifle.

When you attend your Lady in a dark Night, if she useth her Coach, do not walk by the Coach Side, so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper Place, behind it, and so hold the Flambeau sloping forward over the
Coach

Coach Roof; and when it wants snuffing, dash it against the Corners.

When you leave your Lady at Church on *Sundays*, you have two Hours safe to spend with your Companions at the Ale-house, or over a Beef-Stake and a Pot of Beer at Home, with the Cook, and the Maids; and, indeed, poor Servants have so few Opportunities to be happy, that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear Socks when you wait at Meals, on the Account of your own Health, as well as of them who sit at Table; because, as most Ladies like the Smell of young Mens Toes, so it is a sovereign Remedy against the Vapours.

Chuse a Service, if you can, where your Livery Colours are least tawdry and distinguishing: Green and Yellow immediately betray your Office, and so do all Kinds of Lace, except Silver, which will hardly fall to your Share, unless with a Duke, or some Prodigal just come to his Estate. The Colours you ought to wish for, are Blue, or Filemot, turned up with Red; which with a borrowed Sword, a borrowed Air, your Master's Linen, and a natural and improved Confidence, will give you what Title you please, where you are not known.

When you carry Dishes or other Things out of the Room at Meals, fill both your Hands as full as possible; for, although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the Year's End, you have made great Dispatch, and saved abundance of Time.

If your Master or Mistress happens to walk the Streets, keep on one Side, and as much on the Level with them as you can, which People observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their Companions; but, if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the Necessity to take off your Hat, use but your Thumb and one Finger, and scratch your Head with the rest.

In Winter Time light the Dining-Room Fire but two Minutes before Dinner is served up, that your Master may see, how saving you are of his Coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the Fire, clean away the Ashes from between the Bars with the Fire-Brush.

When you are ordered to call a Coach, although it be Midnight, go no further than the Door, for Fear of being out of the Way when you are wanted; and there stand bawling, *Coach, Coach*, for half an Hour.

Although you Gentlemen in Livery have the Misfortune to be treated scurvily by all Mankind, yet you make a Shift to keep up your Spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable Fortunes. I was an intimate Friend to one of our Brethren, who was Footman to a Court-Lady: She had an honourable Employment, was Sister to an Earl, and the Widow of a Man of Quality. She observed something so polite in my Friend, the Gracefulness with which he

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stript before her Chair, and put his Hair under his Hat, that she made him many Advances; and one Day taking the Air in her Coach with *Tom* behind it, the Coachman mistook the Way, and stopt at a priviledged Chapel, where the Couple were married, and *Tom* came home in the Chariot by his Lady's Side: But he unfortunately taught her to drink Brandy, of which she died; after having pawned all her Plate to purchase it; and *Tom* is now a Journeyman Malster.

Boucher, the famous Gamester, was another of our Fraternity, and when he was worth 50,000*l.* he dunned the Duke of *B—g—m* for an Arrear of Wages in his Service: And I could instance many more; particularly another, whose Son had one of the chief Employments at Court; and is sufficient to give you the following Advice, which is to be pert and sawcy to all Mankind, especially to the Chaplain, the Waiting-woman, and the better Sort of Servants in a Person of Quality's Family, and value not now and then a Kicking, or a Caneing; for your Insolence will at last turn to good Account; and from wearing a Livery, you may probably soon carry a Pair of Colours.

When you wait behind a Chair at Meals, keep constantly wriggling the Back of the Chair, that the Person behind whom you stand, may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a Parcel of China Plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent Misfor-

tune, your Excuse must be, that a Dog ran across you in the Hall ; that the Chamber-maid accidentally pushed the Door against you ; that a Mop stood across the Entry, and tript you up ; that your Sleeve stuck against the Key, or Button of the Lock.

When your Master and Lady are talking together in the Bed-chamber, and you have some Suspicion that you or your Fellow-servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the Door for the publick Good of all the Servants, and join all to take proper Measures for preventing any Innovations that may hurt the Community.

Be not proud in Prosperity : You have heard that Fortune turneth on a Wheel ; if you have a good Place, you are at the Top of the Wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of Doors, your Wages all taken up beforehand, and spent in translated red-heeled Shoes, second-hand Toupees, and repaired Lace Ruffles, besides a swingeing Debt to the Alewife and the Brandy-shop. The neighbouring Tapster, who before would beckon you over to a savoury Bit of Ox-cheek in the Morning, give it you *gratis*, and only score you up for the Liquor, immediately after you were packt off in Disgrace, carried a Petition to your Master, to be paid out of your Wages, whereof not a Farthing was due, and then pursued you with Bailiffs into every blind Cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, thread-bare, and

and out-at-heels ; was forced to borrow an old Livery Coat, to make your Appearance, while you were looking for a Place ; and sneak to every House where you have an old Acquaintance to steal you a Scrap, to keep Life and Soul together ; and, upon the whole, were in the lowest Station of Human Life ; which, as the old Ballad says, is that of a Skipkennel turned out of Place : I say, remember all this now in your flourishing Condition. Pay your Contributions duly to your late Brothers the Cadets, who are left to the wide World : Take one of them as your Dependant, to send on your Lady's Messages, when you have a Mind to go to the Ale-house ; slip him out privately now and then a Slice of Bread, and a Bit of cold Meat, your Master can afford it ; and if he be not yet put upon the Establishment for a Lodging, let him lye in the Stable, or the Coach-house, or under the Back-stairs, and recommend him to all the Gentlemen who frequent your House, as an excellent Servant.

To grow old in the Office of a Footman, is the highest of all Indignities: Therefore, when you find Years coming on, without Hopes of a Place at Court, a Command in the Army, a Succession to the Stewardship, an Employment in the Revenue (which two last you cannot obtain without Reading and Writing) or running away with your Master's Niece or Daughter ; I directly advise you to go upon the Road, which is the only Post of Honour left you : There

you will meet many of your old Comrades, and live a short Life and a merry one, and make a Figure at your *Exit*, wherein I will give you some Instructions.

The last Advice I give you, relateth to your Behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your Master, for House-breaking, or going upon the High-way, or in a drunken Quarrel, by killing the first Man you meet, may very probably be your Lot, and is owing to one of these three Qualities, either a Love of good Fellowship, a Generosity of Mind, or too much Vivacity of Spirits. Your good Behaviour on this Article, will concern your whole Community: Deny the Fact with all Solemnity of Imprecations: A hundred of your Brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the Bar, and be ready upon Demand to give you a good Character before the Court: Let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the Promise of a Pardon for discovering your Comrades: But, I suppose all this to be in vain, for if you escape now, your Fate will be the same another Day. Get a Speech to be written by the best Author of *Newgate*: Some of your kind Wenches will provide you with a *Holland* Shirt, and white Cap crowned with a crimson or black Ribbon: Take Leave cheerfully of all your Friends in *Newgate*: Mount the Cart with Courage: Fall on your Knees: Lift up your Hands: Hold a Book in your Hands, although you cannot read a Word: Deny

Deny the Fact at the Gallows : Kiss and forgive the Hangman, and so Farewel : You shall be buried in Pomp, at the Charge of the Fraternity : The Surgeon shall not touch a Limb of you ; and your Fame shall continue until a Successor of equal Renown succeedeth in your Place.

C H A P. IV.

Directions to the COACHMAN.

YOU are strictly bound to nothing, but to step into the Box, and carry your Master or Lady.

Let your Horses be so well trained, that when you attend your Lady at a Visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring Ale-house, to take a Pot with a Friend.

When you are in no Humour to drive, tell your Master that the Horses have got a Cold ; that they want Shoeing ; that Rain does them Hurt, and roughens their Coat, and rots the Harness. This may likewise be applied to the Groom.

If your Master dineth with a Country Friend, drink as much as you can get ; because, it is allowed, that a good Coachman never driveth so well as when he is drunk ; and then shew your

Skill, by driving to an Inch by a Precipice ; and say, you never drive so well as when drunk.

If you find any Gentleman fond of one of your Horses, and willing to give you a Consideration beside the Price ; perswade your Master to sell him, because he is so vicious, that you cannot undertake to drive with him, and is foundered into the Bargain.

Get a Black-guard Boy to watch your Coach at the Church Door on *Sundays*, that you and your Brother-Coachmen may be merry together at the Ale-house, while your Master and Lady are at Church.

Take Care that your Wheels be good ; and get a new Set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your Perquisite or not : In one Case, it will turn to your honest Profit, and in the other, it will be a just Punishment on your Master's Covetousness ; and probably the Coach-maker will consider you too.

C H A P. V.

Directions to the G R O O M.

YOU are the Servant upon whom the Care of your Master's Honour in all Journies entirely dependeth : Your Breast is the sole Repository of it. If he travelleth the Country, and lodgeth at Inns, every Dram of Brandy, every Pot of Ale extraordinary that you drink, raiseth his Character; and therefore, his Reputation ought to be dear to you ; and, I hope, you will not stint yourself in either. The Smith, the Sadler's Journeyman, the Cook at the Inn, the Ostler, and the Boot-catcher, ought all, by your Means, to partake of your Master's Generosity : Thus, his Fame will reach from one County to another ; and what is a Gallon of Ale, or a Pint of Brandy in his Worship's Pocket ? And, although he should be in the Number of those who value their Credit less than their Purse, yet your Care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His Horse wanted two Removes ; your Horse wanted Nails ; his Allowance of Oats and Beans was greater than the Journey required ; a third Part may be retrenched, and turned into Ale or Brandy ; and thus his Honour

Honour may be preserved by your Discretion, and less Expence to him; or, if he travelleth with no other Servant, the Matter is easily made up in the Bill between you and the Tapster.

Therefore, as soon as you alight at the Inn, deliver your Horses to the Stable-boy, and let him gallop them to the next Pond; then call for a Pot of Ale, for it is very fit that a Christian should drink before a Beast. Leave your Master to the Care of the Servants in the Inn, and your Horses to those in the Stable: Thus both he and they are left in the properest Hands; but you are to provide for yourself; therefore get your Supper, drink freely, and go to Bed without troubling your Master, who is in better Hands than yours. The Ostler is an honest Fellow, and loveth Horses in his Heart; and would not wrong the dumb Creatures for the World. Be tender of your Master, and order the Servants not to wake him too early. Get your Breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you; make the Ostler tell him the Roads are very good, and the Miles short; but advise him to stay a little longer until the Weather cleareth up, for he is afraid there will be Rain, and he will be Time enough after Dinner.

Let your Master mount before you, out of Good-manners. As he is leaving the Inn, drop a good Word in Favour of the Ostler, what Care he took of the Cattle; and add, that you never saw civiller Servants. Let your
Master

Master ride on before, and do you stay until your Landlord hath given you a Dram ; then gallop after him thro' the Town or Village with full Speed, for fear he should want you, and to shew your Horsemanship.

If you are a Piece of a Farrier, as every good Groom ought to be, get Sack, Brandy, or Strong-beer to rub your Horses Heels every Night, and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose of it.

Consider your Master's Health, and rather than let him take long Journies, say the Cattle are weak, and fallen in their Flesh with hard Riding ; tell him of a very good Inn five Miles nearer than he intended to go ; or leave one of his Horses Fore-Shoes loose in the Morning ; or contrive that the Saddle may pinch the Beast in his Withers ; or keep him without Corn all Night and Morning, so that he may tire on the Road ; or wedge a thin Plate of Iron between the Hoof and the Shoe, to make him Halt ; and all this in perfect Tenderneſs to your Master.

When you are going to be hired, and the Gentleman asketh you, Whether you are apt to be drunk ? Own freely, that you love a Cup of good Ale ; but that it is your Way, drunk or sober, never to neglect your Horses.

When your Master hath a Mind to ride out for the Air, or for Pleasure, if any private Business of your own maketh it inconvenient for you to attend him ; give him to understand, that

that the Horses want bleeding or purging; that his own Pad hath got a Surfeit; or, that the Saddle wanteth stuffing; and his Bridle is gone to be mended: This you may honestly do, because it will be no Injury to the Horses or your Master; and at the same time sheweth the great Care you have of the poor dumb Creatures.

If there be a particular Inn in the Town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the Ostler or Tapster, and the People of the House; find Fault with the other Inns, and recommend your Master thither; it may probably be a Pot and a Dram or two more in your Way, and to your Master's Honour.

If your Master sendeth you to buy Hay, deal with those who will be the most liberal to you; for Service being no Inheritance, you ought not to let slip any lawful and customary Perquisite. If your Master buyeth it himself, he wrongeth you; and to teach him his Duty, be sure to find Fault with the Hay as long as it lasteth; and, if the Horses thrive with it, the Fault is yours.

Hay and Oats in the Management of a skilful Groom, will make excellent Ale as well as Brandy; but this I only hint.

When your Master dineth, or lieth at a Gentleman's House in the Country, altho' there be no Groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the Horses have been quite neglected; be sure employ some of the Servants to hold the Horse
when

when your Master mounteth. This I would have you do, when your Master only alighteth, to call in for a few Minutes: For Brother-servants must always befriend one another, and that also concerneth your Master's Honour; because he cannot do less than give a Piece of Money to him who holdeth his Horse.

In long Journies, ask your Master Leave to give Ale to the Horses; carry two Quarts full to the Stable, pour Half a Pint into a Bowl, and if they will not drink it, you and the Ostler must do the best you can; perhaps, they may be in a better Humour at the next Inn, for I would have you never fail to make the Experiment.

When you go to air your Horses in the Park, or the Fields, give them to a Horse-boy, or one of the Black-guards, who being lighter than you, may be trusted to run Races with less Damage to the Horses, and teach them to leap over Hedges and Ditches, while you are drinking a friendly Pot with your Brother-Grooms: But sometimes you and they may run Races yourselves for the Honour of your Horses, and of your Masters.

Never stint your Horses at home in Hay and Oats, but fill the Rack to the Top, and the Manger to the Brim: For you would take it ill to be stinted yourself, although, perhaps, they may not have the Stomach to eat; consider, they have no Tongues to ask. If the Hay be
thrown

thrown down, there is no Loss, for it will make Litter and save Straw.

When your Master is leaving a Gentleman's House in the Country, where he hath lain a Night; then consider his Honour: Let him know how many Servants there are of both Sexes, who expect Vails; and give them their Cue to attend in two Lines as he leaveth the House; but, desire him not to trust the Money with the Butler, for fear he should cheat the rest: This will force your Master to be more generous; and then you may take Occasion to tell your Master, that Squire such a one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much apiece to the common Servants, and so much to the House-keeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give; but, be sure to tell the Servants what a good Office you did them: This will gain you Love, and your Master Honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the Coachman, whatever he pretendeth to alledge in his own Behalf, because you hazard no Body's Neck but your own; for, the Horse will probably take so much Care of himself, as to come off with only a Strain, or a Shoulder-slip.

When you carry your Master's Riding-Coat in a Journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a Strap, but turn your Master's Inside out, to preserve the Outside from Wet and Dirt; thus, when it begins to rain,

rain, your Master's Coat will be first ready to be given him ; and, if it get more Hurt than yours, he can afford it better, for your Livery must always serve its Year's Apprenticeship.

When you come to your Inn with the Horses wet and dirty after hard Riding, and are very hot ; make the Ostler immediately plunge them into Water up to their Bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please ; but, be sure to gallop them full-speed a Mile at least, to dry their Skins and warm the Water in their Bellies. The Ostler understandeth his Business, leave all to his Discretion, while you get a Pot of Ale and some Brandy at the Kitchen Fire to comfort your Heart.

If your Horse drop a Fore-Shoe, be so careful to alight and take it up : Then ride with all the Speed you can (the Shoe in your Hand that every Traveller may observe your Care) to the next Smith on the Road, make him put it on immediately, that your Master may not wait for you, and that the poor Horse may be as short a Time as possible without a Shoe.

When your Master lieth at a Gentleman's House, if you find the Hay and Oats are good, complain aloud of their Badness ; this will get you the Name of a diligent Servant ; and be sure to cram the Horses with as much Oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some Days at the Inns, and turn the Oats into Ale. When you leave the Gentleman's House, tell
your

your Master what a covetous Huncks that Gentleman was, that you got nothing but Butter-milk or Water to drink; this will make your Master out of Pity allow you a Pot of Ale the more at the next Inn: But, if you happen to get drunk in a Gentleman's House, your Master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present Condition, and let him know it is both for his and the Gentleman's Honour to make a Friend's Servant welcome.

A Master ought always to love his Groom, to put him into a handsome Livery, and to allow him a Silver-laced Hat. When you are in this Equipage, all the Honours he receiveth on the Road are owing to you alone: That he is not turned out of the Way by every Carrier, is caused by the Civility he receiveth at second Hand from the Respect paid to your Livery.

You may now and then lend your Master's Pad to a Brother Servant, or your favourite Maid, for a short Jaunt, or hire him for a Day, because the Horse is spoiled for want of Exercise: And if your Master happeneth to want his Horse, or hath a Mind to see the Stable, curse that Rogue the Helper who is gone out with the Key.

When you want to spend an Hour or two with your Companions at the Ale-House, and that you stand in need of a reasonable Excuse for your Stay; go out of the Stable Door, or

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the back Way, with an old Bridle, Girth, or Stirrup Leather in your Pocket, and on your Return, come home by the Street Door with the same Bridle, Girth, or Stirrup Leather dangling in your Hand, as if you came from the Saddler's, where you were getting the same mended; (if you are not missed all is well), but, if you are met by your Master, you will have the Reputation of a careful Servant. This I have known practised with good Success.

C H A P. VI.

Directions to the HOUSE STEWARD,
and LAND STEWARD.

LORD *Peterborough's* Steward that pulled down his House, sold the Materials, and charged my Lord with Repairs. Take Money for Forbearance from Tenants. Renew Leases and get by them, and sell Woods. Lend my Lord his own Money. (*Gilblas* said much of this, to whom I refer.)

CHAP. VII.

Directions to the PORTER.

IF your Master be a Minister of State, let him be at Home to none but his Pimp, or Chief Flatterer, or one of his Pensionary Writers, or his hired Spy, and Informer, or his Printer in ordinary, or his City Solicitor, or a Land-Jobber, or his Inventor of new Funds, or a Stock-Jobber.

CHAP. VIII.

Directions to the CHAMBER-MAID.

THE Nature of your Employment differeth according to the Quality, the Pride, or the Wealth of the Lady you serve; and this Treatise is to be applied to all Sorts of Families; so, that I find myself under great Difficulty to adjust the Business for which you are hired. In a Family, where there is a tolerable

nable Estate, you differ from the House-Maid; and in that View I give my Directions. Your particular Province is your Lady's Chamber, where you make the Bed, and put Things in Order; and if you live in the Country, you take Care of Rooms where Ladies lie who come into the House, which bringeth in all the Vails that fall to your Share. Your usual Lover, as I take it, is the Coachman; but, if you are under Twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a Footman may cast his Eyes on you.

Get your favourite Footman to help you in making your Lady's Bed.

Do not carry down the necessary Vessels for the Fellows to see, but empty them out of the Window, for your *Lady's Credit*. It is highly improper for Men Servants to know that fine Ladies have Occasion for such Utensils; and do not scour the Chamber-pot, because the Smell is wholesome.

If you happen to break any China with the Top of the Whisk on the Mantle-tree or the Cabinet, gather up the Fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest, so that when your Lady cometh to discover them, you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the Service. This will save your Lady many an Hour's Vexation.

It sometimes happens that a Looking-Glass is broken by the same Means, while you are

looking another Way, as you sweep the Chamber, the long End of the Brush striketh against the Glas, and breaketh it to Shivers. This is the extremest of all Misfortunes, and all Remedy desperate in Appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal Accident once happened in a great Family where I had the Honour to be a Footman; and I will relate the Particulars, to shew the Ingenuity of the poor Chamber-maid on so sudden and dreadful an Emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your Invention, if your evil Star should ever give you the like Occasion. The poor Girl had broken a large Japan Glas of great Value, with a Stroke of her Brush: She had not considered long, when by a prodigious Presence of Mind, she locked the Door, stole into the Yard, brought a Stone of three Pound Weight into the Chamber, laid it on the Hearth just under the Looking-Glas, then broke a Pane in the Sash Window that looked into the same Yard, so shut the Door, and went about her other Affairs. Two Hours after, the Lady goeth into the Chamber, sees the Glas broken, the Stone lying under, and a whole Pane in the Window destroyed; from all which Circumstances, she concluded just as the Maid could have wished, that some idle Straggler in the Neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the Out-Servants, had through Malice, Accident, or Carelesness, flung in the Stone and done the Mischief. Thus far all Things
went

went well, and the Girl concluded herself out of Danger : But, it was her ill Fortune, that a few Hours after in came the Parson of the Parish, and the Lady (naturally) told him the Accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her ; but the Minister, who happened to understand Mathematicks, after examining the Situation of the Yard, the Window, and the Chimney, soon convinced the Lady, that the Stone could never reach the Looking-Glass without taking three Turns in its Flight from the Hand that threw it ; and the Maid being proved to have swept the Room the same Morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty upon her Salvation, offering to take her Oath upon the Bible, before his Reverence, that she was innocent as the Child unborn ; yet the poor Wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard Treatment, considering her Ingenuity : However, this may be a Direction to you in the like Case, to contrive a Story that will better hang together. For Instance, you might say, that while you were at Work with the Mop, or Brush, a Flash of Lightning came suddenly in at the Window, which almost blinded you ; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken Glass on the Hearth ; that, as soon as you recovered your Eyes, you saw the Looking-Glass all broken to Pieces : Or, you may alledge, that observing the Glass a little covered with Dust, and going very gently to wipe

it, you suppose the Moisture of the Air had dissolved the Glue or Cement, which made it fall to the Ground: Or, as soon as the Mischief is done, you may cut the Cords that fastened the Glass to the Wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the Ground; run out in a Fright, tell your Lady, curse the Upholsterer; and declare how narrowly you escaped, that it did not fall upon your Head. I offer these Expedients, from a Desire I have to defend the Innocent; for Innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the Glass on purpose, which I would by no Means excuse, except upon great Provocations.

Oil the Tongs, Poker, and Fire-shovel up to the Top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling People from wasting your Master's Coals with stirring the Fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the Dust into a Corner of the Room, but leave your Brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

Never wash your Hands, or put on a clean Apron, until you have made your Lady's Bed, for fear of rumpling your Apron, or fouling your Hands again.

When you bar the Window-shuts of your Lady's Bed-chamber at Nights, leave open the Sashes, to let in the fresh Air, and sweeten the Room against Morning.

In the Time when you leave the Windows open for Air, leave Books, or something else on the Window-seat, that they may get Air too.

When you sweep your Lady's Room, never stay to pick up foul Smocks, Handkerchiefs, Pinners, Pin-cushions, Tea-spoons, Ribbons, Slippers, or whatever lieth in your Way; but sweep all into a Corner, and then you may take them up in a Lump, and save Time.

Making Beds in hot Weather is a very laborious Work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the Drops running down from your Forehead, wipe them off with a Corner of the Sheet, that they may not be seen on the Bed.

When your Lady sendeth you to wash a *China*-cup, and it happen to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your Hand, when it broke into *three Halves*: And here I must inform you, as well as your fellow Servants, that you ought never to be without an Excuse; it doth no Harm to your Master, and it lesseneth your Fault: As in this Instance; I do not commend you for breaking the Cup; it is certain you did not break it on purpose, and the Thing is possible, that it might break in your Hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a Funeral, a Quarrel, a Man going to be hanged, a Wedding, a Bawd carted, or the like: As they pass by in the Street, you lift up the Sash suddenly; there

there by Misfortune it sticks: This was no Fault of yours; young Women are curious by Nature; you have no Remedy, but to cut the Cord; and lay the Fault upon the Carpenter, unless no Body saw you, and then you are as innocent as any Servant in the House.

Wear your Lady's Smock when she hath thrown it off; it will do you Credit, save your own Linen, and be not a Pin the worse.

When you put a clean Pillow-case on your Lady's Pillow, be sure to fasten it well with three corking Pins, that it may not fall off in the Night.

When you spread Bread and Butter for Tea, be sure that all the Holes in the Loaf be left full of Butter, to keep the Bread moist against Dinner; and let the Mark of your Thumb be seen only upon one End of every Slice, to shew your Cleanliness.

When you are ordered to open or lock any Door, Trunk, or Cabinet, and miss the proper Key, or cannot distinguish it in the Bunch; try the first Key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your Strength until you open the Lock, or break the Key; for your Lady will reckon you a Fool to come back and do nothing.

CHAP. IX.

Directions to the WAITING MAID.

TWO Accidents have happened to lessen the Comforts and Profits of your Employment; First, that execrable Custom got among Ladies, of trucking their old Cloaths for *China*, or turning them to cover easy Chairs, or making them into patch-work for Screens, Stools, Cushions, and the like. The Second is, the Invention of small Chests and Trunks, with Lock and Key, wherein they keep the Tea and Sugar, without which it is impossible for a Waiting-maid to live: For, by this means, you are forced to buy brown Sugar, and pour Water upon the Leaves, when they have lost all their Spirit and Taste: I cannot contrive any perfect Remedy against either of these two Evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general Confederacy of all the Servants in every Family, for the publick Good, to drive those *China* Hucksters from the Doors; and as to the latter, there is no other Method to relieve your selves, but by a false Key, which is a Point both difficult and dangerous

dangerous to compass; but, as to the Circumstance of Honesty in procuring one, I am under no Doubt, when your Mistress giveth you so just a Provocation, by refusing you an ancient and legal Perquisite. The Mistress of the Tea-shop may now and then give you half an Ounce, but that will be only a Drop in the Bucket: Therefore, I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your Sisters, to run in Trust, and pay for it out of your Wages, as far as they will go, which you can easily make up other ways, if your Lady be handsome, or her Daughters have good Fortunes.

If you are in a great Family, and my Lady's Woman, my Lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own Lady. In this Case, take Care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest Liberty, not the squeezing of your Hand, unless he puts a Guinea into it; so, by degrees, make him pay accordingly for every new Attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the Concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your Lady, although you receive his Money: Five Guineas for handling your Breast is a cheap Pennyworth, although you seem to resist with all your Might; but never allow him the last Favour under a hundred Guineas, or a Settlement of twenty Pounds a Year for Life.

In

In such a Family, if you are handsome, you will have the Choice of three Lovers; the Chaplain, the Steward, and my Lord's Gentleman. I would first advise you to chuse the Steward; but, if you happen to be young with Child by my Lord, you must take up with the Chaplain. I like my Lord's Gentleman the least of the three; for he is usually vain and sawcy from the Time he throweth off his Livery; and, if he misseeth a Pair of Colours, or a Tide-waiter's Place, he hath no Remedy but the Highway.

I must caution you particularly against my Lord's eldest Son: If you are dextrous enough, it is odds that you may draw him in to marry you, and make you a Lady: If he be a common Rake, or a Fool, (and he must be one or t'other) but, if the former, avoid him like *Satan*; for he standeth in less Awe of a Mother, than my Lord doth of a Wife; and, after ten thousand Promises, you will get nothing from him, but a *big Belly*, or a *Clap*, and probably both together.

When your Lady is ill, and after a very bad Night, is getting a little Nap in the Morning, if a Footman comes with a Message to enquire how she doth; do not let the Compliment be lost, but shake her gently until she wakes; then deliver the Message, receive her Answer, and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young Lady with a great Fortune, you must be an ill Manager if you cannot get five or six hundred Pounds for disposing of her. Put her of-

ten

ten in Mind, that she is rich enough to make any Man happy; that there is no real Happiness but in Love; that she hath Liberty to chuse wherever she pleaseth, and not by the Direction of Parents, who never give Allowances for an innocent Passion; that there are a World of handsome, fine, sweet young Gentlemen in Town, who would be glad to die at her Feet; that the Conversation of two Lovers is a Heaven upon Earth; that Love, like Death, equals all Conditions; that if she should cast her Eyes upon a young Fellow below her Birth and Estate, his marrying her would make him a Gentleman; that you saw Yesterday on the *Mall*, the prettiest Ensign; and, that if you had forty thousand Pounds it should be at his Service. Take care that every Body should know what Lady you live with; how great a Favourite you are; and, that she always taketh your Advice. Go often to St. *James's* Park, the fine Fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a Letter into your Sleeve or your Bosom; Pull it out in a Fury, and throw it on the Ground, unless you find at least two Guineas along with it; but in that Case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the Wag with you: When you come home, drop the Letter carelessly in your Lady's Chamber; she findeth it, is angry; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember, that a Gentleman in the Park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the Letter

in your Sleeve or Pettycoat; and, indeed, he was as pretty a Man as ever she saw: That she may burn the Letter if she pleaseth. If your Lady be wise, she will burn some other Paper before you, and read the Letter when you are gone down. You must follow this Practice as often as you safely can; but, let him who pays you best with every Letter, be the handsomest Man. If a Footman presumeth to bring a Letter to the House, to be delivered to you, for your Lady, although it come from your best Customer, throw it at his Head; call him impudent Rogue and Villain, and shut the Door in his Face; run up to your Lady, and, as a Proof of your Fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this Subject, but I trust to your own Discretion.

If you serve a Lady who is a little disposed to Gallantries, you will find it a Point of great Prudence how to manage: Three Things are necessary. First, how to please your Lady; Secondly, how to prevent Suspicion in the Husband, or among the Family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own Advantage. To give you full Directions in this important Affair, would require a large Volume. All Assignations at home are dangerous, both to your Lady and your self; and therefore contrive as much as possible, to have them in a third Place; especially, if your Lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertaineth more Lovers
than

than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand Husbands; and, very unlucky Rencounters may often happen under the best Management. I need not warn you to employ your good Offices chiefly in favour of those, whom you find most liberal; yet, if your Lady should happen to cast an Eye upon a handsome Footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her Humour, which is no Singularity, but a very natural Appetite: It is still the safest of all home Intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late Years it hath grown more common. The great Danger is, lest this Kind of Gentry, dealing too often in bad Ware, may happen not to be found; and then, your Lady and you are in a very bad Way, although not altogether desperate.

But, to say the Truth, I confess it is a great Presumption in me, to offer you any Instructions in the Conduct of your Lady's Amours, wherein your whole Sisterhood is already so expert, and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compass, than that Assistance which my Brother Footmen give their Masters, on the like Occasion; and therefore, I leave this Affair to be treated by some abler Pen.

When you lock up a Silk Mantua, or laced Head in a Trunk or Chest, leave a Piece out, that when you open the Trunk again, you may know where to find it.

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

Directions to the HOUSE-MAID.

IF your Master and Lady go into the Country for a Week or more, never wash the Bed-chamber or Dining-room, until just the Hour before you expect them to return: Thus, the Rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the Trouble to wash them so soon again.

I am very much offended with those Ladies, who are so proud and lazy, that they will not be at the Pains of stepping into the Garden to pluck a Rose, but keep an odious Implement, sometimes in the Bed-chamber itself, or at least in a dark Closet adjoining, which they make Use of to ease their worst Necessities; and, you are the usual Carriers away of the Pan, which maketh not only the Chamber, but even their Cloaths offensive, to all who come near. Now, to cure them of this odious Practice, let me advise you, on whom this Office lieth, to convey away this Utenfil, that you will do it openly, down the great Stairs, and in the Presence of the Footmen; and, if any Body knocketh, to
open

open the Street-door, while you have the Vessel filled in your Hands: This, if any Thing can, will make your Lady take the Pains of evacuating her Person in the proper Place, rather than expose her Filthiness to all the Men Servants in the House.

Leave a Pail of dirty Water with the Mop in it, a Coal-box, a Bottle, a Broom, a Chamber-pot, and such other unsightly Things, either in a blind Entry, or upon the darkest Part of the Back-stairs, that they may not be seen; and, if People break their Shins by trampling on them, it is their own Fault.

Never empty the Chamber-pots until they are quite full: If that happeneth in the Night, empty them into the Street; if, in the Morning, into the Garden; for it would be an endless Work to go a dozen Times from the Garrets and upper Rooms, down to the Back-sides; but, never wash them in any other Liquor except their own: What cleanly Girl would be dabbling in other Folks Urine? And besides, the Smell of Stale, as I observed before, is admirable against the Vapours; which, a hundred to one, may be your Lady's Case.

Brush down the Cobwebs with a Broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the Parlour Hearth in a Morning, throw the last Night's Ashes into a Sieve; and what falls thorough, as you carry it down,

down; will serve instead of Sand for the Room and the Stairs.

When you have scoured the Brasses and Irons in the Parlour Chimney, lay the foul wet Clout upon the next Chair; that your Lady may see you have not neglected your Work: Observe the same Rule, when you clean the Brass Locks, only with this addition, to leave the Marks of your Fingers on the Doors, to shew you have not forgot.

Leave your Lady's Chamber-pot in the Bed-chamber Window, all Day to air.

Bring up none but large Coals to the Dining-room and your Lady's Chamber; they make the best Fires, and, if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the Marble Hearth.

When you go to Bed, be sure take care of Fire; and therefore blow the Candle out with your Breath, and then thrust it under your Bed. *Note*, The Smell of the Snuff is very good against Vapours.

Persuade the Footman who got you with Child, to marry you before you are six Months gone; and, if your Lady asketh you, why you would take a Fellow who was not worth a Groat? Let your Answer be, That Service is no Inheritance.

When your Lady's Bed is made, put the Chamber-pot under it, but in such a manner, as to thrust the Valance along with it, that it may be full in Sight, and ready for your Lady when she hath Occasion to use it.

Lock

Lock up a Cat or a Dog in some Room or Closet, so as to make such a Noise all over the House, as may frighten away the Thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the Rooms towards the Street, over Night, throw the foul Water out of the Street Door; but, be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the Water lighteth, might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpose. If he who suffereth, breaks the Windows in revenge, and your Lady chideth you, and giveth positive Orders that you should carry the Payl down, and empty it in the Sink, you have an easy Remedy. When you wash an upper Room, carry down the Payl so as to let the Water dribble on the Stairs all the way down to the Kitchen; by which, not only your Load will be lighter, but you will convince your Lady, that it is better to throw the Water out of the Windows, or down the Street-Door Steps: Besides, this latter Practice will be very diverting to you and the Family in a frosty Night, to see a hundred People falling on their Noses, or Back-sides before your Door, when the Water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the Marble Hearths and Chimney-pieces with a Clout dipt in Grease; nothing makes them shine so well; and, it is the Business of the Ladies to take Care of their Pettycoats.

If your Lady be so nice that she will have the Room scoured with Freestone, be sure to leave the Marks of the Freestone six Inches deep round the Bottom of the Wainscot, that your Lady may see your Obedience to her Orders.

C H A P. XI.

Directions to the DAIRY-MAID.

FATIGUE of making Butter: Put scalding Water in your Churn, although in Summer, and churn close to the Kitchen Fire, and with Cream of a Week old. Keep Cream for your Sweet-heart,

C H A P. XII.

Directions to the CHILDRENS-MAID.

IF a Child be sick, give it whatever it wanteth to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the Doctor: For what we long for in Sickness, will do us good; and throw the Physick out of the Window; the Child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your Lady when she longeth for any thing in Sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your Mistres cometh to the Nursery, and offereth to whip a Child, snatch it out of her Hands in a Rage, and tell her, she is the cruellest Mother you ever saw: She will chide, but love you the better. Tell the Children Stories of Spirits, when they offer to cry, &c.

Be sure to wean the Children, &c.

C H A P. XIII.

Directions to the NURSE.

IF you happen to let the Child fall, and lame it, be sure never confess it; and, if it dieth, all is safe.

Contrive to be with Child as soon as you can, while you are giving Suck, that you may be ready for another Service, when the Child you nurse dieth, or is weaned,

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Directions to the LAUNDRESS.

IF you singe the Linnen with the Iron, rub the Place with Flour, Chalk, or white Powder; and if nothing will do, wash it so long, till it be either not to be seen, or torn to Rags. Always wash your own Linen first.

About tearing Linnen in washing.

When your Linnen is pinned on the Line, or on a Hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, &c. But the Place for hanging them, is on young Fruit Trees, especially in Blossom; the Linnen cannot be torn, and the Trees give them a fine Smell.

C H A P. XV.

Directions to the HOUSE-KEEPER.

YOU must always have a favourite Footman whom you can depend upon; and order him to be very watchful when the Second Course is taken off, that it be brought safely to your Office, that you and the Steward may have a Tit-bit together.

C H A P. XVI.

Directions to the TUTORESS, or GOVERNESS.

SAY the Children have sore Eyes; Miss Betty won't take to her Book, &c.

Make the Misses read *French* and *English* Novels, and *French* Romances, and all the Comedies writ in King *Charles II.* and King *William's* Reigns, to soften their Nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c.

F I N I S.

Directions to the House-keeper, &c. 27

CHAP. XV.

Directions to the HOUSE-KEEPER.

YOU must always have a favourite Foot-
man whom you can depend upon; and
order him to be very watchful when the Se-
cond Course is taken off, that he be brought
quickly to your Office, that you and the Stew-
ard may have a Tip-dit together.

CHAP. XVI.

Directions to the TUTOR, &c.
GOVERNNESS.

SAY the Children have lost Eyes, Miss
Betsy won't talk Books, &c.
Make the Misses read French and English
Novels, and French Romances, and all the Co-
medies writ in King Charles II. and King
William's Reigns, to lessen their Nature, and
make them tender-hearted, &c.

P I N I S

R E A S O N S

Humbly offered to the

PARLIAMENT of *IRELAND*,

For REPEALING the

SACRAMENTAL TEST,

In FAVOUR of

The CATHOLICKS, otherwise called ROMAN-CATHOLICKS, and by their Ill-willers, PAPISTS.

D R A W N

Partly from Arguments as they are CATHOLICKS,

A N D

Partly from Arguments common to them with their Brethren the Dissenters.

Written in the Style of a *Roman Catholic*.

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1734. And,

DUBLIN: Printed in the Year 1743.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the Years 1732, and 1733, an Attempt was made for repealing the Test Act in Ireland, introductory of a like Attempt in England. The various Arguments for it were answered in every Shape; but no way more effectually than by examining what Pretence the Presbyterians had to share in all the Privileges of Government, either from their own Principles and Behaviour, or compared with those of other Sectaries. Under the former Head they were fully silenced by our Author in *The Presbyterians Plea of Merit* impartially examined. They are now put in the Ballance with Papists, whom although they have sometimes styled their Brethren in Adversity, yet when placed in Competition, they will hate as Brethren likewise. But let them here dispute the Preference, and then put in their Claim to be a Part of the Establishment.



REASONS

Humbly offered to the

PARLIAMENT of *IRELAND*

For REPEALING the

SACRAMENTAL TEST, &c.

IT is well known, that the first Conquerors of this Kingdom were *English Catholicks*, Subjects to *English Catholick* Kings, from whom, by their Valour and Success, they obtained large Portions of Land given them as a Reward for their many Victories over the *Irish*: To which Merit our *Brethren* the Dissenters of any Denomination whatsoever, have not the least Pretensions.

It is confessed, that the Posterity of those first victorious *Catholicks* were often forced to rise in their own Defence, against new Colonies from *England*, who treated them like mere native *Irish*, with innumerable Oppressions;
de-

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depriving them of their Lands, and driving them by Force of Arms into the most desolate Parts of the Kingdom; until in the next Generation, the Children of these Tyrants were used in the same manner by new *English* Adventurers, which Practice continued for many Centuries. But, it is agreed on all Hands, that no Insurrections were ever made, except after great Oppressions by fresh Invaders. Whereas, all the Rebellions of *Puritans*, *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, and other Sectaries, constantly began before any Provocations were given, except that they were not suffered to change the Government in Church and State, and seize both into their own Hands; which, however, at last they did, with the Murder of their King, and of many Thousands of his best Subjects.

The *Catholicks* were always Defenders of Monarchy, as constituted in these Kingdoms. Whereas our *Brethren* the *Dissenters* were always Republicans, both in Principle and Practice.

It is well known that all the *Catholicks* of these Kingdoms, both Priests and Laity, are true *Whigs* in the best and most proper Sense of the Word; bearing as well in their Hearts, as in their outward Profession, an entire Loyalty to the Royal House of *Hanover*, in the Person and Posterity of *George II.* against the *Pretender* and all his Adherents; To which
they

they think themselves bound in Gratitude as well as Conscience, by the Lenity wherewith they have been treated since the Death of Queen *Anne*, so different from what they suffered in the four last Years of that Princess, during the Administration of that *wicked* Minister, the Earl of *Oxford*.

The *Catholicks* of this Kingdom humbly hope, that they have at least as fair a Title as any of their *Brother* Dissenters, to the Appellation of *Protestants*. They have always *protested* against the selling, dethroning, or murdering their Kings: Against the Usurpations and Avarice of the Court of *Rome*: Against *Deism*, *Atheism*, *Socinianism*, *Quakerism*, *Muggletonianism*, *Fanaticism*, *Brownism*, as well as against all *Jews*, *Turks*, *Infidels*, and *Hereticks*. Whereas, the Title of *Protestants* assumed by the whole Herd of Dissenters (except ourselves) dependeth entirely upon their *Protesting* against *Archbishops*, *Bishops*, *Deans*, and *Chapters*, with their *Revenues*; and the whole *Hierarchy*; which are the very Expressions used in *The Solemn League and Covenant*, where the Word *Popery* is only mentioned *ad invidiam*; because the *Catholicks* agree with the Episcopal Church in those Fundamentals.

Although the *Catholicks* cannot deny, that in the great Rebellion against King *Charles I.* more Soldiers of their Religion were in the Parliament Army than in his Majesty's Troops; and

and that many Jesuits and Fryars went about in the Disguise of *Presbyterian* and *Independent* Ministers, to preach up Rebellion, as the best Historians of those Times inform us; yet, the Bulk of *Catholicks* in both Kingdoms preserved their Loyalty entire.

The *Catholicks* have some Reason to think it a little hard, when their Enemies will not please to distinguish between the rebellious Riot committed by that brutal Ruffian, Sir *Phelim O Neal* with his tumultuous Crew of Rabble; and the Forces raised afterwards by the *Catholic* Lords and Gentlemen of the *English* Pale, in Defence of the King after the *English* Rebellion began. It is well known, that His Majesty's Affairs were in great Distraction some time before, by an Invasion of the *Covenanting, Scottish, Kirk Rebels*, and by the base Terms the King was forced to accept, that they might be kept in quiet, at a Juncture when he was every Hour threatned at home by that Fanatick Party, which soon after set all in a Flame. And, if the *Catholic* Army in *Ireland* fought for their King against the Forces sent over by the Parliament, then in actual Rebellion against him; what Person of loyal Principles can be so partial to deny, that they did their Duty, by joining with the Marquis of *Ormond*, and other Commanders, who bore their Commissions from the King? For which, great Numbers of them lost their
Lives,

Lives, and forfeited their Estates; a great Part of the latter being now possessed by many Descendants from those very Men who had drawn their Swords in the Service of that rebellious Parliament, which cut off his Head, and destroyed Monarchy. And, what is more amazing, although the same Persons, when the *Irish* were entirely subdued, continued in Power under the *Rump*; were chief Confidants, and faithful Subjects to *Cromwell*, yet being wise enough to foresee a *Restoration*, they seized the Forts and Castles here out of the Hands of their *old Brethren in Rebellion*, for the Service of the King; just saving the Tide, and putting in a Stock of Merit, sufficient not only to preserve the Lands which the *Catholicks* lost by their Loyalty; but likewise to preserve their Civil and Military Employments, or be higher advanced.

Those Insurrections wherewith the *Catholicks* are charged from the Beginning of the Seventeenth Century to the great *English* Rebellion, were occasioned by many Oppressions they lay under. They had no Intention to introduce a *new* Religion, but to enjoy the Liberty of preserving the *old*; the very same which their Ancestors professed from the Time that *Christianity* was first introduced into this Island, which was by *Catholicks*; but whether mingled with Corruptions, as some pretend, doth not belong to the Question. They had no
Design

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Design to change the Government; they never attempted to fight against, to imprison, to betray, to sell, to bring to a Tryal, or to murder their King. The Schismatics acted by a Spirit directly contrary; they united in a *Solemn League and Covenant*, to alter the whole System of Spiritual Government, established in all Christian Nations, and of Apostolick Institution; concluding the Tragedy with the Murder of the King in cold Blood, and upon mature Deliberation; at the same time changing the Monarchy into a Commonwealth.

We allow the *Catholicks* to be *Brethren* of the Dissenters; some People, indeed, (which we cannot allow) would have them to be our Children, because *we* both dissent from the Church established, and both agree in abolishing this persecuting Sacramental Test; by which *negative Discouragement* we are both rendered incapable of Civil and Military Employments. However, we cannot but wonder at the bold Familiarity of these Schismatics, in calling the Members of the National Church their *Brethren* and *Fellow Protestants*. It is true, that all these Sects (except the *Catholicks*) are *Brethren* to each other in Faction, Ignorance, Iniquity, Perverseness, Pride, and (if we except the *Quakers*) in Rebellion. But, how the Churchmen can be styled their *Fellow Protestants*, we cannot comprehend. Because, when the whole *Babel* of Sectaries joined

ed against the Church, the King, and the Nobility for twenty Years, in a MATCH AT FOOT BALL; where the Proverb expressly tells us, that *All are FELLOWS*; while the three Kingdoms were tossed to and fro, the Churches, and Cities, and Royal Palaces shattered to Pieces by their *Balls*, their *Buffets*, and their *Kicks*; the Victors would allow no more FELLOWS AT FOOT BALL: But murdered, sequestered, plundered, deprived, banished to the Plantations, or enslaved all their Opposers who had *lost the Game*.

It is said the World is governed by *Opinion*; and Politicians assure us, that all Power is founded thereupon. Wherefore, as all human Creatures are fond to Distraction of their own Opinions; and so much the more, as those Opinions are absurd, ridiculous, or of little Moment; it must follow, that they are equally fond of Power. But, no Opinions are maintained with so much Obstinacy as those in Religion, especially by such Zealots who never bore the least Regard to Religion, Conscience, Honour, Justice, Truth, Mercy, or common Morality, farther than in outward Appearance; under the Mask of Hypocrisy, to promote their diabolical Designs. And, therefore, Bishop Burnet, one of their Oracles, tells us honestly, that the *Saints* of those Fanatick Times, pronounced themselves above Morality; which they reckoned among *beggarly Elements*; but the

the Meaning of those two last Words thus applied, we confess to be above our Understanding.

Among those Kingdoms and States which first embraced the Reformation, *England* appears to have received it in the most regular Way; where it was introduced in a peaceable Manner, by the supreme Power of a King, and the three Estates in Parliament; to which, as the highest legislative Authority, all Subjects are bound passively to submit: Neither was there much Blood shed on so great a Change of Religion. But, a considerable Number of Lords, and other Persons of Quality through the Kingdom, still continued in their old Faith, and were, notwithstanding their Difference in Religion, employed in Offices Civil as well as Military, more or less in every Reign, until the Test Act in the Time of King *Charles II.* However, from the Time of the Reformation, the Number of *Catholicks* gradually and considerably lessened. So, that in the Reign of King *Charles I.* *England* became, in a great Degree, a Protestant Kingdom, without taking the Sectaries into the Number; the Legality whereof, with respect to human Laws, the *Catholicks* never disputed: But, the *Puritans*, and other Schismatics, without the least Pretence to any such Authority, by an open Rebellion, destroyed that legal Reformation, as we observed before, murdered their King, and changed the Monarchy
into

into a Republick. It is therefore not to be wondered at, if the *Catholicks*, in such a *Babel* of Religions, chose to adhere to their own Faith left them by their Ancestors, rather than seek for a better among a Rabble of hypocritical, rebellious, deluding Knaves, or deluded Enthusiasts.

We repeat once more, that if a national Religion be changed by the supreme Legislative Power, we cannot dispute the human Legality of such a Change. But, we humbly conceive, that if any considerable Party of Men which differs from an Establishment, either old or new, can deserve Liberty of Conscience; it ought to consist of those who for want of Conviction, or of a right understanding the Merits of each Cause, conceive themselves bound in Conscience to adhere to the Religion of their Ancestors; because they are of all others least likely to be Authors of Innovations, either in Church or State.

On t'other Side; If the Reformation of Religion be founded upon Rebellion against the King, without whose Consent, by the Nature of our Constitution, no Law can pass: If this Reformation be introduced by only one of the three Estates, I mean the Commons, and not by one half even of those Commons; and this by the Assistance of a rebellious Army: Again, if this Reformation were carried on by the Exclusion of Nobles both Lay and Spiritual (who
con-

constitute the two other Parts of the three Estates) by the Murder of their King, and by abolishing the whole System of Government; the *Catholicks* cannot see why the Successors of those Schismatics, who are universally accused by all Parties except themselves, and a few infamous Abettors, for still retaining the same Principles in Religion and Government, under which their Predecessors acted; should pretend to a better Share of Civil or Military Trust, Profit and Power than the *Catholicks*, who during all that Period of twenty Years, were continually persecuted with utmost Severity, merely on account of their Loyalty and constant Adherence to kingly Power.

We now come to those Arguments for repealing the Sacramental Test, which equally affect the *Catholicks*, and their Brethren the Dissenters.

First, We agree with our Fellow-Dissenters; that * *Persecution merely for Conscience Sake, is against the Genius of the Gospel.* And so likewise is any Law for depriving Men of their natural and civil Rights which they claim as Men. We are also ready enough to allow, that the *smallest negative Discouragements for Uniformity's Sake are so many Persecutions.* Because, it cannot be denied, that the Scratch of a Pin is in some Degree a real Wound, as much as a
Stab

* Vid. Reasons for the Repeal of the Sacramental Test.

Stab through the Heart. In like manner, an Incapacity by Law for any Man to be made a Judge, a Colonel, or Justice of the Peace, *merely on a Point of Conscience, is a negative Discouragement*, and consequently a real Persecution: For, in this Case, the Author of the Pamphlet quoted in the † Margin puts a very pertinent and powerful Question: That, *If God be the sole Lord of the Conscience, why should the Rights of Conscience be subject to human Jurisdiction?* Now to apply this to the Catholics: The Belief of Transubstantiation *is a Matter purely of Religion and Conscience, which doth not affect the political Interest of Society as such. Therefore, Why should the Rights of Conscience, whereof GOD is the sole LORD, be subject to human Jurisdiction?* And why should GOD be deprived of this Right over a Catholic's Conscience, any more than over that of any other Dissenter?

And, whereas another Author among our Brethren the Dissenters, hath very justly complained, that by this persecuting Test Act, great Numbers of *true Protestants* have been forced to leave the Kingdom, and fly to the Plantations, rather than stay here BRANDED with an Incapacity for Civil and Military Employments; we do affirm, that the *Catholics* can bring many more Instances of the same
L Kind;

† Vide, Reasons for the Repeal of the Sacramental Test.

94 *The ROMAN CATHOLICKS Reasons*

Kind; some Thousands of their Religion having been forced by the Sacramental Test, to retire into other Countries, rather than live here under the Incapacity of wearing Swords, sitting in Parliament, and getting that Share of Power and Profit which belongs to them as *Fellow Christians*, whereof they are deprived *merely upon Account of Conscience*, which would not allow them to take the Sacrament after the manner prescribed in the Liturgy. Hence it clearly follows in the Words of the same * Author, That if we Catholicks are incapable of Employments, we are punished for our Dissent, that is, for our Conscience; which wholly turns upon political Considerations.

The Catholicks are willing to acknowledge the King's Supremacy, whenever their Brethren the Dissenters shall please to shew them an Example.

Further, The Catholicks, whenever their Religion shall come to be the national established Faith, are willing to undergo the same Test offered by the Author already quoted. His Words are these: *To end this Debate, by putting it upon a Foot which I hope will appear to every impartial Person a fair and equitable one; We Catholicks propose, with Submission to the proper Judges, that effectual Security be taken against Persecution, by obliging all who are admitted into Places of Power and Trust, whatever their religious*

* See Reasons against the Test.

religious Profession be, in the most solemn manner to disclaim persecuting Principles. It is hoped the Publick will take Notice of these Words; *Whatever their religious Profession be*; which plainly includes the *Catholicks*; and for which we return Thanks to *our Dissenting Brethren*.

And, whereas it is objected by those of the established Church, that if the Schismatics and Fanatics were once put into a Capacity of possessing Civil and Military Employments; they would never be at ease till they had raised their own way of Worship into the National Religion through all His Majesty's Dominions, equal with the *true Orthodox Scottish Kirk*; which, when they had once brought to pass, they would no more allow Liberty of Conscience to Episcopal Dissenters, than they did in the Time of the great *English Rebellion*, in the succeeding Fanatick Anarchy, until the King was restored. There is another very learned schismatical * Pamphleteer, who in answer to a malignant Libel, called, *The Presbyterians Plea of Merit, &c.* clearly wipes off this Aspersions; by assuring all Episcopal Protestants of the present Church, upon his own Word, and to his own Knowledge, that our Brethren the Dissenters will never offer at such an Attempt. In like manner, the *Catholicks* when legally required, will openly declare *upon their Words and Honours*, that as soon as their

* Vindication of the Protestant Dissenters.

negative Discouragements and their *Persecution* shall be removed by repealing the Sacramental Test, they will leave it entirely to the Merits of the Cause, whether the Kingdom shall think fit to make their Faith the established Religion or not.

And again, Whereas our *Presbyterian Brethren* in many of their Pamphlets, take much Offence, that the great Rebellion in *England*, the Murder of the King, with the entire Change of Religion and Government, are perpetually objected against them both in and out of Season, by our common Enemy, the present Conformists: We do declare in the Defence of our said Brethren, that the Reproach aforesaid is *an old worn-out thread-bare Cant*, which they always disdained to answer: And, I very well remember, that, having once told a certain Conformist, how much I wondered to hear him and his Tribe, dwelling perpetually on so beaten a Subject; he was pleased to divert the Discourse with a foolish Story, which I cannot forbear telling to his Disgrace. He said, there was a Clergyman in *Yorkshire*, who for fifteen Years together preached every *Sunday* against Drunkenness: Whereat the Parishioners being much offended, complained to the Archbishop; who, having sent for the Clergyman, and severely reprimanded him, the Minister had no better an Answer, than by confessing the Fact; adding, that all the Parish were Drunkards; that he desired to reclaim them from one Vice
before

before he would begin upon another; and, since they still continued to be as great Drunkards as before, he resolved to go on, except his Grace would please to forbid him.

- We are very sensible how heavy an Accusation lyeth upon the *Catholicks of Ireland*; that some Years before King *Charles II.* was restored, when theirs and the King's Forces were entirely reduced, and the Kingdom declared by the Rump to be settled; after all His Majesty's Generals were forced to fly to *France*, or other Countries, the Heads of the said *Catholicks* who remained here in an enslaved Condition, joined to send an Invitation to the Duke of *Lorrain*; engaging, upon his appearing here with his Forces, to deliver up the whole Island to his Power, and declare him their Sovereign; which, after the Restoration, was proved against them by Dean *Boyle*, since Primate, who produced the very original Instrument at the Board. The *Catholicks* freely acknowledge the Fact to be true; and, at the same Time appeal to all the World, whether a wiser, a better, a more honourable, or a more justifiable Project could have been thought of. They were then reduced to Slavery and Beggary by the *English* Rebels, many Thousands of them murdered, the rest deprived of their Estates, and driven to live on a small Pittance in the Wilds of *Connaught*; at a Time when either the *Rump* or *Cromwell* absolutely governed the three Kingdoms. And the Question will turn upon this, Whe-

Whether the *Catholicks*, deprived of all their Possessions, governed with a Rod of Iron, and in utter Despair of ever seeing the Monarchy restored, for the Preservation of which they had suffered so much, were to be blamed for calling in a foreign Prince of their own Religion, who had a considerable Army to support them; rather than submit to so infamous an Usurper as *Cromwell*, or such a bloody and ignominious Conventicle as the *Rump*. And, I have often heard, not only our Friends the Dissenters, but even our common Enemy the Conformists, who are conversant in the History of those Times, freely confess, that considering the miserable Situation the *Irish* were then in, they could not have thought of a braver or more virtuous Attempt; by which they might have been Instruments of restoring the lawful Monarch, at least to the Recovery of *England* and *Scotland*, from those Betrayers, and Sellers, and Murderers of his Royal Father.

To conclude, Whereas the last quoted Author complains very heavily and frequently of a BRAND that lyes upon them, it is a great Mistake: For, the first original BRAND hath been long taken off. Only we confess, *the Scar* will probably remain and be visible for ever to those who know the Principles by which they acted, and until those Principles shall be openly renounced; else it must continue to all Generations, like the Mark set upon *Cain*, which some Authors say, descended to all his Posterity:

Or, like the *Roman Nose* and *Austrian Lip*, or like the long Bag of Flesh hanging down from the Gills of the People in *Piedmont*. But, as for any *Brands* fixed on Schismatics for several Years past, they have been all made with *cold Iron*; like Thieves, who by the BENEFIT OF THE CLERGY are condemned to be only burned in the Hand; but escape the Pain and the Mark, by being in *Fee* with the JAYLOR. Which Advantage the Schismatical Teachers will never want; who, as we are assured, and of which there is a *very fresh Instance*, have the Souls, and Bodies, and Purfes of their People a hundred times more at their Mercy, than the *Catholick* Priests could ever pretend to.

Therefore, upon the whole, the *Catholicks* do humbly petition (*without the least Insinuation of Threatening*) that upon this *favourable* Juncture, their Incapacity for Civil and Military Employments may be wholly taken off, for the very same Reasons (besides others more cogent) that are now offered by their *Brethren* the *Dissenters*.

*And your Petitioners, as in Duty bound,
shall ever pray, &c.*

Dublin, Nov. 1733.

SOME

Or, like the Roman Jack and his wife, or
 like the long Bag of Fish hanging down from
 the Gilt of the People in Parliament. But as
 for any Bishops, fixed on Settlements for several
 years past, they have been all made with will
 and pleasure, who by the favour of
 the Clergy are condemned to be only pious
 in the stand; but escape the Pain and the
 shame, by being in the wish of the
 World. Advantage the Schismatical Teachers
 will never want; who, as we are told, and
 of which there is a very good instance, have
 the Book, and Books, and Papers, and
 Papers a hundred times more at their choice,
 than the Catholics. But if could ever proceed to
 therefore, upon the whole, the Catholics
 do hereby petition (against the said Information
 of Treason) that upon this favourable Juncture,
 their Inequality for Civil and Military Em-
 ployment may be wholly taken off, for the
 very same Reasons (besides others more cogent)
 that are now offered by their Brethren the Dis-

And your Petitioners, as in Duty bound,
 Shall ever pray, &c.

London, 1733.
 20/11/33

SOME
REASONS
AGAINST THE
BILL

FOR

Settling the Tythe of *Hemp*,
Flax, &c. by a *Modus*.



Written in the Year 1734.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the Year 1734, a Bill was brought into the House of Commons, to settle a Modus, instead of the Tythe on Flax, &c. upon which many eminent Clergymen, who opposed that Scheme, applyed themselves to the Dean to write against it, which he readily consented to, upon their giving him some Hints; and in two Days after, the following Reasons were presented to several Members of Parliament, and had so good an Effect, that the Bill was dropped.



S O M E
R E A S O N S
A G A I N S T

The BILL for settling the Tythe of
Hemp, Flax, &c. by a *Modus*.

THE Clergy did little expect to have any Cause of Complaint against the present House of Commons; who, in the last Sessions were pleased to throw out a Bill sent them from the Lords, which that Reverend Body apprehended would be very injurious to them, if it passed into a Law: And who, in the present Sessions, defeated the Arts and Endeavours of *Schismaticks* to repeal the *Sacramental Test*.

For, although it hath been allowed on all Hands, that the former of those Bills might, by its necessary Consequences, be very displeasing to the Lay Gentlemen of the Kingdom, for many Reasons purely Secular; and, that this last Attempt for repealing the *Test*, did much more affect, at present, the Temporal Interest

Interest than the Spiritual ; yet the whole Body of the lower Clergy have, upon both those Occasions, expressed equal Gratitude to that honourable House, for their Justice and Steadiness, as if the Clergy alone were to receive the Benefit.

It must needs be therefore a great Addition to the Clergy's Grief, that such an Assembly as the present House of Commons ; should now, with an Expedition more than usual, agree to a Bill for encouraging the Linen Manufacture ; with a Clause, whereby the Church is to lose two Parts in three, of the legal Tythe in Flax and Hemp.

Some Reasons why the Clergy think such a Law will be a great Hardship on them, are, I conceive, those that follow. I shall venture to enumerate them with all Deference due to that honourable Assembly.

First, The Clergy suppose, that they have not, by any Fault or Demerit, incurred the Displeasure of the Nation's Representatives : Neither can the declared Loyalty of the present Set, from the highest Prelate to the lowest Vicar, be in the least disputed : Because, there are hardly ten Clergymen through the whole Kingdom, for more than nineteen Years past, who have not been either preferred entirely upon account of their declared Affection to the *Hanover* Line ; or higher promoted as the due Reward of the same Merit.

There

There is not a Landlord in the whole Kingdom, residing some Part of the Year at his Country Seat, who is not, in his own Conscience, fully convinced, that the Tythes of his Minister have gradually sunk, for some Years past, one Third, or at least one Fourth of their former Value, exclusive of all Nonfolvencies.

The Payment of Tythes in this Kingdom, is subject to so many Frauds, Brangles, and other Difficulties, not only from *Papists* and *Dissenters*, but even from those who profess themselves *Protestants*; that by the Expence, the Trouble, and Vexation of collecting or bargaining for them, they are, of all other Rents, the most precarious, uncertain, and ill paid.

The Landlords in most Parishes expect, as a Compliment, that they shall pay little more than half the Value of their Tythes for the Lands they hold in their own Hands; which often consists of large Domains: And, it is the Minister's Interest to make them easy upon that Article, when he considers what Influence those Gentlemen have upon their Tenants.

The Clergy cannot but think it extremely severe, that in a Bill for encouraging the Linen Manufacture, they alone must be the Sufferers, who can least afford it: If, as I am told, there be a Tax of three thousand Pounds a Year, paid by the Publick, for a further Encouragement to the said Manufacture; are not the Clergy equal Sharers in the Charge with the
rest

rest of their Fellow Subjects? What satisfactory Reason can be therefore given, why they alone should bear the whole additional Weight, unless it will be alledged, that their Property is not upon an equal Foot with the Properties of other Men. They acquire their own small Pittance, by at least as honest Means as their Neighbours the Landlords possess their Estates; and, have been always supposed, except in rebellious or fanatical Times, to have as good a Title: For, no Families now in being, can shew a more ancient. Indeed, if it be true, that some Persons (I hope they were not many) were seen to laugh when the Rights of the Clergy were mentioned; in this Case, an Opinion may possibly be soon advanced, that they have no Right at all. And, this is likely enough to gain Ground, in Proportion as the Contempt of all Religion shall increase, which is already in a very forward Way.

It is said, there will be also added in this Bill, a Clause for diminishing the Tythe of Hops, in order to cultivate that useful Plant among us: And here, likewise, the Load is to lye entirely on the Shoulders of the Clergy, while the Landlords reap all the Benefit. It will not be easy to foresee where such Proceedings are like to stop: Or, whether by the same Authority, in civil Times, a Parliament may not as justly challenge the same Power, in reducing all Things tytheable, not below the tenth Part of the Product (which is, and ever will

will be the Clergy's equitable Right) but from a tenth Part to a sixtieth or eightieth, and from thence to nothing.

I have heard it granted by skilful Persons, that the Practice of taxing the Clergy by Parliament, without their own Consent, is a new thing, not much above the Date of seventy Years: Before which Period, in Times of Peace, they always taxed themselves. But things are extremely altered at present: It is not now sufficient to tax them in common with their Fellow Subjects, without imposing an additional Tax upon them, from which, or from any thing equivalent, all their Fellow Subjects are exempt; and this in a Country professing *Christianity*.

The greatest Part of the Clergy throughout this Kingdom, have been stripped of their Glebes by the Confusion of Times, by Violence, Fraud, Oppression, and other unlawful Means: All which Glebes are now in the Hands of the Laity; so that, they now are generally forced to lye at the Mercy of Landlords, for a small Piece of Ground in their Parishes, at a most exorbitant Rent, and usually for a short Term of Years; whereon to build a House, and enable them to reside. Yet, in Spight of these Disadvantages, I am a Witness that they are generally more constant Residents than their Brethren in *England*; where the meanest Vicar hath a convenient Dwelling, with a Barn, a Garden, and a Field or two for his Cattle;
be-

besides the Certainty of his little Income from honest Farmers, able and willing not only to pay him his Dues, but likewise to make him Presents, according to their Ability, for his better Support. In all which Circumstances, the Clergy of *Ireland* meet with a Treatment directly contrary.

It is hoped the honourable House will consider, that it is impossible for the most ill-minded, avaricious, or cunning Clergyman, to do the least Injustice to the meanest Cottager in his Parish, in any Bargain for Tythes, or other Ecclesiastical Dues. He can, at the utmost, only demand to have his Tythe fairly laid out; and doth not once in a hundred Times obtain his Demand. But every Tenant, from the poorest Cottager to the most substantial Farmer, can, and generally doth, impose upon the Minister, by Fraud, by Theft, by Lyes, by Perjuries, by Insolence, and sometimes by Force; notwithstanding the utmost Vigilance and Skill of himself and his Proctor. Infomuch, that it is allowed, that the Clergy in general receive little more than one half of their legal Dues; not including the Charges they are at in collecting or bargaining for them.

The Land Rents of *Ireland* are computed to about two Millions, whereof one Tenth amounts to two hundred thousand Pounds. The beneficed Clergymen, excluding those of this City, are not reckoned to be above five hundred; by which Computation, they should each of them possess

possess two hundred Pounds a Year, if those Tythes were equally divided, although in well cultivated Corn Countries it ought to be more; whereas, they hardly receive one half of that Sum, with great Defalcations, and in very bad Payments. There are indeed, a few Glebes in the North pretty considerable; but, if these, and all the rest, were in like manner equally divided, they would not add five Pounds a Year to every Clergyman. Therefore, whether the Condition of the Clergy in general among us be justly liable to Envy, or able to bear a heavy Burthen, which neither the Nobility, nor Gentry, nor Tradesmen, nor Farmers, will touch with one of their Fingers; this, I say, is submitted to the honourable House.

One terrible Circumstance in this Bill, is that of turning the Tythe of *Flax* and *Hemp* into what the Lawyers call a *Modus*, or a certain Sum in lieu of a tenth Part of the Product: And, by this Practice of claiming a *Modus* in many Parishes by antient Custom, the Clergy in both Kingdoms have been almost incredible Sufferers. Thus, in the present Case, the Tythe of a tolerable Acre of *Flax*, which by a Medium is worth twelve Shillings, is by the present Bill reduced to four Shillings. Neither is this the worst Part in a *Modus*; every determinate Sum must, in process of Time, sink from a fourth to a four and twentieth Part, or a great deal lower, by that necessary Fall attending the Value of Money, which is now at least nine

Tenths lower all over *Europe* than it was four hundred Years ago, by a gradual Decline; and even a third Part, at least, within our own Memories, in purchasing almost every thing required for the Necessities or Conveniencies of Life; as any Gentleman can attest, who hath kept House for twenty Years past: And this will equally affect poor Countries, as well as rich. For, although I look upon it as an Impossibility that this Kingdom should ever thrive under its present Disadvantages, which without a Miracle must still increase; yet, when the whole Cash of the Nation shall sink to fifty thousand Pounds, we must in all our Traffick abroad, either of Import or Export, go by the general Rate at which Money is valued in those Countries that enjoy the common Privileges of human Kind. For this Reason, no Corporation (if the Clergy may presume to call themselves one) should by any means grant away their Properties in Perpetuity upon any Consideration whatsoever: Which is a Rock that many Corporations have split upon, to their great Impoverishment, and sometimes to their utter Undoing. Because, they are supposed to subsist for ever; and, because no Determination of Money is of any certain perpetual intrinsic Value. This is known enough in *England*, where Estates let for ever, some hundred Years ago, by several antient noble Families, do not at this present pay their Posterity

a twentieth Part of what they are now worth at an easy Rent.

A Tax affecting one Part of a Nation, which already bears its full Share in all Parliamentary Impositions, cannot possibly be just, except it be inflicted as a Punishment upon that Body of Men which is taxed, for some great Demerit, or Danger to the Publick, apprehended from those upon whom it is laid: Thus, the *Papists* and *Non-Jurors* have been doubly taxed for refusing to give proper Securities to the Government; which cannot be objected against the Clergy. And therefore, if this Bill should pass; I think it ought to be with a Preface, shewing wherein they have offended, and for what Disaffection or other Crime they are punished.

If an additional Excise upon Ale, or a Duty upon Flesh and Bread, were to be enacted, neither the Victualler, Butcher, or Baker would bear any more of the Charge, than for what themselves consumed; but, it would be an equal general Tax through the whole Kingdom: Whereas, by this Bill, the Clergy alone are avowedly condemned to be deprived of their antient, inherent, undisputed Rights, in order to encourage a Manufacture, by which all the rest of the Kingdom are supposed to be Gainers.

This Bill is directly against *Magna Charta*, whereof the first Clause is for confirming the inviolable Rights of Holy Church; as well as

contrary to the Oath taken by all our Kings at their Coronation, where they swear to defend and protect the Church in all Rights.

A Tax laid upon Employments is a very different Thing. The Possessors of Civil and Military Employments are no Corporation; neither are they any Part of our Constitution: Their Salaries, Pay, and Perquisites are all changeable at the Pleasure of the Prince who bestows them, although the Army be paid from Funds raised and appropriated by the Legislature: But, the Clergy, as they have little Reason to expect, so they desire no more than their ancient legal Dues; only indeed with the Removal of many grievous Impediments in the Collection of them; which, it is to be feared, they must wait for until more favourable Times. It is well known, that they have already, of their own Accord, shewn great Indulgence to their People upon this very Article of *Flax*, seldom taking above a fourth Part of their Tythe for small Parcels, and oftentimes nothing at all from new Beginners; waiting with Patience until the Farmers were able, and until greater Quantities of Land were employed in that Part of Husbandry; never suspecting that their good Intentions should be perverted in so singular a Manner to their Detriment, by that very Assembly, which, during the Time that Convocations (which are an original Part of our Constitution, ever since *Christianity* became National among us) are thought fit to be suspended

pended, GOD knows for what Reason, or from what Provocations; I say from that very Assembly, who, during the Intervals of Conventions, should rather be supposed to be Guardians of the Rights and Properties of the Clergy, than to make the least Attempt upon either.

I have not heard, upon Enquiry, that any of those Gentlemen, who, among us without Doors, are called the Court-Party, discover the least Zeal in this Affair. If they had Thoughts to interpose, it might be conceived they would shew their Displeasure against this Bill, which must very much lessen the Value of the King's Patronage upon Promotion to vacant Sees; in the Disposal of Deanries, and other considerable Preferments in the Church, which are in the Donation of the Crown; whereby the Viceroys will have fewer good Preferments to bestow on their Dependents, as well as upon the Kindred of Members, who may have a sufficient Stock of that Sort of Merit, whatever it may be, which may in future Times most prevail.

The *Dissenters*, by not succeeding in their Endeavours to procure a Repeal of the *Test*, have lost nothing, but continue in a full Enjoyment of their Toleration; while the Clergy, without giving the least Offence, are by this Bill deprived of a considerable Branch of their antient legal Rights, whereby the Schismatical Party will have the Pleasure of gratifying their Revenge, *Hoc Graii voluere.*

The

The Farmer will find no Relief by this *Modus*, because when his present Lease shall expire, his Landlord will infallibly raise the Rent in an equal Proportion, upon every Part of Land where Flax is sown, and have so much a better Security for Payment at the Expence of the Clergy.

If we judge by Things past, it little avails that this Bill is to be limited to a certain Time of ten, twenty, or thirty Years. For no Landlord will ever consent that a Law shall expire, by which he finds himself a Gainer; and of this there are many Examples as well in *England* as in this Kingdom.

The great End of this Bill, is, by proper Encouragement, to extend the Linnen Manufacture into those Counties where it hath hitherto been little cultivated: But, this Encouragement of *lessening the Tythe of Flax and Hemp*, is one of such a Kind as, it is to be feared, will have a directly contrary Effect: Because, if I am rightly informed, no Set of Men hath, for their Number and Fortunes, been more industrious and successful than the Clergy, in introducing that Manufacture into Places which were unacquainted with it; by persuading their People to sow *Flax* and *Hemp*, by procuring Seed for them, and by having them instructed in the Management thereof; and, this they did not without reasonable Hopes of increasing the Value of their Parishes after some time, as well as of promoting the Benefit of the Publick.

lick. But, if this *Modus* should take Place, the Clergy will be so far from gaining, that they will become Losers by any extraordinary Care, by having their best arable Lands turned to *Flax* and *Hemp*, which are reckoned great Impoverishers of Land: They cannot therefore be blamed, if they should shew as much Zeal to prevent its being introduced or improved in their Parishes, as they hitherto have shewed in the introducing and improving it. This, I am told, some of them have already declared, at least so far as to resolve not to give themselves any more Trouble than other Men about promoting a Manufacture, by the Success of which, they only, of all Men, are to be Sufferers. Perhaps the giving them even a further Encouragement than the Law doth, as it now stands, to a Set of Men who might on many Accounts be so useful to this Purpose, would be no bad Method of having the great End of the Bill more effectually answered: But, this is what they are far from desiring; all they petition for, is no more than to continue on the same Footing with the rest of their Fellow Subjects.

If this *Modus* of paying by the Acre be to pass into a Law, it were to be wished that the same Law would appoint one or more sworn Surveyors in each Parish, to measure the Lands on which *Flax* and *Hemp* are sown, as also would settle the Price of Surveying, and determine whether the Incumbent or Farmer is to pay
for

for each annual Survey. Without something of this Kind, there must constantly be Disputes between them, and the neighbouring Justices of Peace must be teized as often as those Disputes happen.

I had written thus far, when a Paper was sent to me with several Reasons against the Bill; some whereof, although they have been already touched, are put in a better Light, and the rest did not occur to me. I shall deliver them in the Author's own Words.

N. B. *Some Alterations have been made in the Bill about the Modus, since the above Paper was wrote; but they are of little Moment.*

SOME

S O M E
Further R E A S O N S
A G A I N S T

The BILL for settling the Tythe of
Hemp, Flax, &c.

I. **T**HAT Tythes are the Patrimony of the Church : And, if not of Divine Original, yet at least of great Antiquity.

II. That all Purchases and Leases of Tytheable Lands, for many Centuries past, have been made and taken, subject to the Demand of Tythes, and those Lands sold and taken just so much the cheaper on that Account.

III. That, if any Lands are exempted from Tythes; or the legal Demands of such Tythes lessened by Act of Parliament, so much Value is taken from the Proprietor of the Tythes, and vested in the Proprietor of the Lands, or his head Tenants.

IV. That no innocent unoffending Person
can

118 *Further* REASONS *against settling*

can be so deprived of his Property, without the greatest Violation of common Justice.

V. That to do this upon a Prospect of encouraging the Linnen or any other Manufacture, is acting upon a very mistaken and unjust Supposition, inasmuch as the Price of the Lands so occupied, will be no way lessened to the Farmer by such a Law.

VI. That the Clergy are content chearfully to bear (as they now do) any Burthen in common with their Fellow Subjects, either for the Support of his Majesty's Government, or the Encouragement of the Trade of the Nation; but think it very hard, that they should be singled out to pay heavier Taxes than others, at a Time when by the Decrease of the Value of their Parishes, they are less able to bear them.

VII. That the Legislature hath heretofore distinguished the Clergy by Exemptions, and not by additional Loads, and the present Clergy of the Kingdom hope they have not deserved worse of the Legislature than their Predecessors.

VIII. That by the original Constitution of these Kingdoms, the Clergy had the sole Right of taxing themselves, and were in Possession of that Right as low as the Restoration: And, if that Right be now devolved upon the Commons by the Cession of the Clergy, the Commons can be considered in this Case in no other Light than as the Guardians of the Clergy.

IX. That besides those Tythes always in the Possession of the Clergy, there are some Porti-

ons

ons of Tythes lately come into their Possession by Purchase; that, if this Clause should take Place, they would not be allowed the Benefit of these Purchases upon an equal Foot of Advantage with the rest of their Fellow Subjects. And that some Tythes in the Hands of Impro priators are under Settlements and Mortgages.

X. That the Gentlemen of this House should consider, that loading the Clergy is loading their own younger Brothers and Children, with this additional Grievance, that it is taking from the younger and poorer, to give to the elder and richer; and

Lastly, That, if it were at any time just and proper to do this, it would however be too severe to do it now, when all the Tythes of the Kingdom are known for some Years past to have sunk almost above one third Part in their Value.

Any Income in the Hands of the Clergy, is at least as useful to the Publick, as the same Income in the Hands of the Laity.

It were more reasonable to grant the Clergy in three Parts of the Nation an additional Support, than to diminish the present Subsistence.

Great Employments are, and will be in the Hands of *Englishmen*; nothing left for the younger Sons of *Irishmen* but Vicarages, Tide-Waiters Places, &c. therefore no reason to make them worse.

The *Modus* upon the *Flax* in *England*, affects only

only Lands reclaimed since the Year 1690, and is at the Rate of five Shillings the *English* Acre, which is equivalent to eight Shillings and eight Pence *Irish*, and that to be paid before the Farmer removed it from the Field. *Flax* is a Manufacture of little Consequence in *England*, but is the Staple in *Ireland*; and, if it encreaseth (as it probably will) must in many Places jostle out Corn, because it is more gainful.

The Clergy of the established Church have no Interest, like those of the Church of *Rome*, distinct from the true Interest of their Country, and therefore ought to suffer under no distinct Impositions or Taxes of any kind.

The Bill for settling the *Modus* of *Flax* in *England* was brought in, in the first Year of the Reign of King *George I.* when the Clergy lay very unjustly under the Imputation of some Disaffection; and to encourage the bringing in of some Fens in *Lincolnshire*, which were not to be continued under *Flax*, but it left all Lands where *Flax* had been sown before that Time, under the same Condition of Tything, in which they were before the passing of that Bill. Whereas, this Bill takes away what the Clergy are actually possessed of.

That the Woollen Manufacture is the Staple of *England*, as the Linnen is that of *Ireland*, yet no Attempt was ever made in *England* to reduce the Tythe of Wool for the Encouragement of that Manufacture. This Manufacture
hath

the Tythe of HEMP, &c. by a Modus. 121

hath already been remarkably favoured by the Clergy, who have hitherto been generally content with less than half, some with six Pence a Garden, and some have taken nothing.

Employments, they say, have been taxed; the Reasons for which Taxation will not hold with regard to Property, at least till Employments become Inheritances. The Commons always have had so tender a Regard to Property, that they never would suffer any Law to pass, whereby any particular Persons might be aggrieved without their own Consent.

THE

THE
Beasts Confession
TO THE
PRIEST,
ON

Observing how most Men mistake their own Talents.

Written in the Year 1732.



Printed in the Year 1743.

The Preface.

I Have been long of Opinion, that there is not a more general and greater Mistake, or of worse Consequences through the Commerce of Mankind, than the wrong Judgments they are apt to entertain of their own Talents: I knew a stuttering Alderman in London, a great Frequenter of Coffee-Houses; who, when a fresh News-Paper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his Brother Citizens; but in a Manner, as little intelligible to the Standers-by as to himself. How many Pretenders to Learning expose themselves by chusing to discourse on those very Parts of Science wherewith they are least acquainted? It is the same Case in every other Qualification. By the Multitude of those who deal in Rhimes from Half a Sheet to Twenty, which come out every Minute, there must be at least five hundred Poets in the City and Suburbs of London; half as many Coffee-House Orators, exclusive of the Clergy; forty thousand Politicians; and four thousand five hundred profound Scholars: Not to mention the Wits, the Railliers, the Smart Fellows, and Criticks; all as illiterate and impudent as a Suburb Whore. What are we to think of the fine dressed Sparks, proud of their own personal Deformities, which appear the more hideous by the

Con-



THE PREFACE.

traft of wearing Scarlet and Gold, with what they call * *Toupees* on their Heads, and all the Frippery of a modern Beau, to make a Figure before Women; some of them with Hump-Backs, others hardly five Foot high, and every Feature of their Faces distorted; I have seen many of these insipid Pretenders entering into Conversation with Persons of Learning, constantly making the grossest Blunders in every Sentence, without conveying one single Idea fit for a rational Creature to spend a Thought on; perpetually confounding all Chronology and Geography even of present Times. I compute, that London hath eleven native Fools of the Beau and Puppy-Kind, for one among us in Dublin; besides two thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown Capital exceeds ours in the Article of Dunces, by forty to one; and, what is more to our further Mortification, there is not one distinguished Fool of Irish Birth or Education, who makes any Noise in that famous Metropolis, unless the London Prints be very partial or defective; whereas, London is seldom without a Dozen of their own educating, who engross the Vogue for half a Winter together, and are never heard of more, but give Place to a new Sett. This hath been the constant Progress for at least thirty Years past, only allowing for the Change of Breed and Fashion.

VOL. VIII.

N

ADVER-

* Wigs with long black Tails, worn for some Years past.
November 1738.

Advertisement.

THE following Poem is grounded upon the universal Folly of Mankind, of mistaking their Talents; by which the Author doth a great Honour to his own Species, almost equalling them with certain Brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth: And, yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four Animals; the Wolf, the Ass, the Swine and the Ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the Article of Cunning: So great is the Pride of Man.

20 JY 63

THE Beasts Confession

TO THE PRIEST, &c.

WHEN Beasts could speak, (the Learned
say

They still can do so every Day)

It seems, they had Religion then,

As much as now we find in Men.

It happen'd when a Plague broke out,

(Which therefore made them more devout)

The King of Brutes (to make it plain,

Of Quadrupeds I only mean)

By Proclamation gave Command,

That ev'ry Subject in the Land

Should to the Priest confess their Sins;

And thus the pious Wolf begins:

Good Father, I must own with Shame,

That, often I have been to blame:

I must confess, on *Friday* last,
Wretch that I was, I broke my Fast :
But, I defy the basest Tongue
To prove I did my Neighbour wrong ;
Or ever went to seek my Food
By Rapine, Theft, or Thirst of Blood.

The Ass approaching next, confess'd,
That in his Heart he lov'd a Jest :
A Wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a Dunce alone :
Sometimes his Friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe :
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a *Wit* both born and bred ;
And, if it be a Sin or Shame,
Nature alone must bear the Blame :
One Fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His Ears are half a Foot too short ;
Which could he to the Standard bring,
He'd shew his Face before the K—— :
Then, for his Voice, there's none disputes
That he's the Nightingale of Brutes.

The Swine with contrite Heart allow'd,
His Shape and Beauty made him proud :
In Diet was perhaps too nice,
But Gluttony was ne'er his Vice :

In

In ev'ry Turn of Life content,
And meekly took what Fortune sent :
Enquire through all the Parish round
A better Neighbour ne'er was found :
His Vigilance might some displease ;
'Tis true, he hated Sloth like Pease.

The mimick Ape began his Chatter,
How evil Tongues his Life bespatter :
Much of the cens'ring World complain'd,
Who said, his Gravity was feign'd :
Indeed, the Strictness of his Morals
Engag'd him in an hundred Quarrels :
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His Zeal was sometimes indiscreet :
He found his Virtues too severe
For our corrupted Times to bear :
Yet, such a leud licentious Age
Might well excuse a Stoick's Rage.

The Goat advanc'd with decent Pace :
And, first excus'd his youthful Face ;
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's Fault) without a Beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To Fondness for the Female Kind ;
Not, as his Enemies object,
From Chance, or natural Defect ;

Not

Not by his frigid Constitution;
 But, thro' a pious Resolution;
 For, he had made a holy Vow
 Of Chastity, as Monks do now;
 Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
 As strictly too; as doth his * Reverence.

Apply the Tale, and you shall find
 How just it suits with Human-kind.
 Some Faults we own: But, can you guess?
 Why?———Virtues carry'd to Excess;
 Wherewith our Vanity endows us,
 Though neither Foe nor Friend allows us.

The Lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
 He never squeez'd a needy Client:
 And, this he makes his constant Rule;
 For which his Brethren call him Fool;
 His Conscience always was so nice,
 He freely gave the Poor Advice;
 By which he lost, he may affirm,
 A hundred Fees last *Easter* Term,
 While others of the learned Robe
 Would break the Patience of a *Job*;
 No Pleader at the Bar could match
 His Diligence and quick Dispatch;
 Ne'er

* The Priest his Confessor.

Ne'er kept a Cause, he well may boast,
Above a Term or two at most.

The cringing Knave, who seeks a Place
Without Success, thus tells his Case :
Why should he longer mince the Matter ?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter :
He had not learn'd to turn his Coat,
Nor for a Party give his Vote :
His Crime he quickly understood ;
Too zealous for the Nation's Good :
He found, the Ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his Heart repent it.

The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the Lawn :
He pass'd his Hours among his Books ;
You find it in his meagre Looks :
He might, if he were wordly-wise,
Preferment get, and spare his Eyes :
But own'd, he had a stubborn Spirit,
That made him trust alone in Merit :
Would rise by Merit to Promotion ;
Alas ! a mere chymeric Notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a Sin, and God forgive him :
Call'd up at Midnight, ran to save
A blind old Beggar from the Grave :

But,

But, see how *Satan* spreads his Snares;
He quite forgot to say his Pray'rs.
He cannot help it for his Heart
Sometimes to act the Parson's Part:
Quotes from the Bible many a Sentence
That moves his Patients to Repentance:
And, when his Med'cines do no Good,
Supports their Minds with heav'nly Food.
At which, however well intended,
He hears the Clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his Back,
To call him Hypocrite and Quack.
In his own Church he keeps a Seat;
Says Grace before, and after Meat;
And calls, without affecting Airs,
His Household twice a Day to Pray'rs.
He shuns Apothecary's Shops;
And hates to cram the Sick with Slops:
He scorns to make his Art a Trade;
Nor bribes my Lady's fav'rite Maid.
Old Nurse-keepers would never hire
To recommend him to the Squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their Shame.

The Statesman tells you with a Sneer,
His Fault is to be too *sincere*;

And,

And, having no finifter Ends,
Is apt to difoblige his Friends.
The Nation's Good, his Master's Glory,
Without Regard to *Whig* or *Tory*,
Were all the Schemes he had in View;
Yet he was feconded by few:
Though some had spread a thouſand Lyes,
'Twas *He* defeated the EXCISE.
'Twas known, though he had born Aſperſion,
That *Standing Troops* were his Averſion:
His Practice was, in ev'ry Station,
To ſerve the King, and pleaſe the Nation.
Though hard to find in ev'ry Caſe
The fitteſt Man to fill a Place:
His Promiſes he ne'er forgot,
But took Memorials on the Spot:
His Enemies, for want of Charity,
Said, he affected Popularity:
'Tis true, the People underſtood,
That all he did was for their Good;
Their kind Affections he has try'd;
No Love is loſt on either Side.
He came to Court with Fortune clear,
Which now he runs out ev'ry Year;
Muſt, at the Rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone.
Oh! if his Maſteſty would pleaſe
To give him but a Writ of Eaſe,

Would

Would grant him Licence to retire,
As it hath long been his Desire,
By fair Accounts it would be found
He's poorer by ten thousand Pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no Sin,
He ne'er was partial to his Kin;
He thought it base for Men in Stations,
To crowd the Court with their Relations;
His Country was his dearest Mother,
And ev'ry virtuous Man his Brother:
Through Modesty, or aukward Shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame)
He found the wisest Men he could,
Without Respect to Friends, or Blood;
Nor ever acts on private Views,
When he hath Liberty to chuse.

The Sharper swore he hated Play,
Except to pass an Hour away;
And, well he might; for to his Cost,
By want of Skill, he always lost:
He heard there was a Club of Cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand Feats;
Could change the Stock, or cog a Dye,
And thus deceive the sharpest Eye:
No Wonder how his Fortune sunk,
His Brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own, the Moral not exact ;
 Besides, the Tale is false in Fact ;
 And, so absurd, that could I raise up
 From Fields *Elyzian*, fabling *Esop* ;
 I would accuse him to his Face,
 For libelling the *Foor-foot* Race.
 Creatures of ev'ry Kind but ours
 Well comprehend their nat'ral Pow'rs ;
 While We, whom *Reason* ought to sway,
 Mistake our Talents ev'ry Day ;
 The Ass was never known so stupid
 To act the Part of *Tray* or *Cupid* ;
 Nor leaps upon his Master's Lap,
 There to be stroak'd, and fed with Pap ;
 As *Esop* would the World persuade ;
 He better understands his Trade :
 Nor comes whene'er his Lady whistles ;
 But, carries Loads, and feeds on Thistles ;
 Our Author's Meaning, I presume, is
 A Creature * *bipes et implumis* ;
 Wherein the Moralist design'd
 A Compliment on Human-kind :
 For, here he owns, that now and then
 † Beasts may *degen'rate* into Men.

THE

* A Definition of Man disapproved by all Logicians : Homo est Animal bipes, inplume, erecto vultu.

† Vide Gulliver in his Account of the Houyhnhnms.

I own, the Moral necessity of
Bodily the Tale of the Prince
And, to admit that could I see
From Field's History, finding that
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the Foreign Race
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural Powers
While we, whom Reason ought to sway
Mistake our Talents every Day
The Age was never known so stupid
To act the Part of Traytor & Coward
Nor leaps upon his Master's Lap
There to be break'd, and fed with Pap
As Egypt would the World persuade
He better understands his Trade
Nor comes where'er his Lady whistles
But carries Loads, and treads on Thistles
Our Author's Meaning, I presume, is
A Creature of such an impure
Within the Moralist's design
A Compliment on Human-kind
Nor, here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into Men.

THE

A Dissertation of Man as expressed by all Languages: Homage to
Animal, human, and divine, created by
+ Not a Creature is the subject of the Hierarchy.

THE
L I F E
AND
Genuine CHARACTER
OF THE
Rev. Dr. S---t, D. S. P. D.

Written by Himself.



Printed in the Year 1743.

Advertisement:

THE *Verses on the Death of Dr. SWIFT*, written by himself, being very much enquired after by his Friends, many of whom pretended to have genuine Copies, although he never suffered any of them to take one; the following was published with Breaks, Dashes and Triplets, (which the Author never made Use of) to disguise his Manner of Writing; by which, however, they were deceived, although the genuine one was not published until the Year 1739: But, in Order to oblige the Reader, we publish the following (altho' he would not own it;) which, the best Judges allow, hath many fine Strokes of Wit and Humour.



To the Reader.

THIS Poetical Account of the Life and Character of the Reverend Dean SWIFT, so celebrated through the World for his many ingenious Writings, was occasioned by a Maxim of Rochefaucault; and is now published from the Author's last corrected Copy, being Dedicated by the Publisher, To ALEXANDER POPE, of Twickenham, Esq;



TO

ALEXANDER POPE, *Esq;*

OF

Twickenham in the County of *Middlesex*.

AS You have been long an *intimate Friend* of the *Author* of the following *Poem*, I thought you would not be displeased with being informed of some Particulars, how *he* came to write it, and how *I*, very innocently, procured a *Copy*.

It seems the D——n, in Conversation with some *Friends*; said, he could guess the Discourse of the World concerning his *Character* after his Death, and thought it might be no improper *Subject* for a *Poem*. This happened above a Year before he finished it; for it was written by small Pieces, just as *Leisure* or *Humour* allowed him.

He shewed some Parts of it to *several Friends*, and when it was compleated, he seldom refused the sight of it to any *Visiter*: So that, probably, it hath been perused by *fifty Persons*; which, being against his *usual Practice*, many People judged, likely enough, that he had a desire to make the People of *Dublin* impatient to see it *published*, and at the same time resolved

to

to *disappoint* them; For, he never would be prevailed on to grant a *Copy*, and yet several Lines were *retained* by *Memory*, and are often repeated in *Dublin*.

It is thought, that one of his *Servants* in whom he had great *confidence*, and who had access to his *Closet*, took an opportunity, while his *Master* was riding some miles out of town, to *transcribe* the whole *Poem*: And, it is probable, that the *Servant* lent it to *others*, who were not *trusty*, (as it is generally the case.) By this accident, I, having got a very *correct* *Copy*, from a *Friend* in *Dublin*, lye under no obligation to conceal it.

I have shewn it to very good *Judges*, *Friends* of the *Dean*, (if I may venture to say so to You, who are such a *Superior* *Judge* and *Poet*,) who are well acquainted with the *Author's* *Stile*, and *Manner*, and they all allow it to be *Genuine*, as well as perfectly *finished* and *correct*; his particular *Genius* appearing in every Line, together with his *peculiar* way of *thinking* and *writing*.

I should be very sorry to offend the *Dean*, although I am a perfect *Stranger* to his *Person*: But, since the *Poem* will infallibly be soon printed, either *here*, or in *Dublin*, I take myself to have the best *Title* to send it to the *Press*; and, I shall direct the *Printer* to commit as few *Errors* as possible.

I am, SIR, with the greatest *Respect*,
Your most *Obedient* and

From my *Chambers*
in the *Inner Temple*,
Lond. Apr. 1. 1733.

Most *Humble* *Servant*,

L. M.
THE

THE
LIFE *and* CHARACTER
OF
Dean S* * * * t.

Upon a *Maxim* in *Rochefoucault*.

WISE *Rochefoucault* a *Maxim* writ,
Made up of *Malice*, *Truth*, and *Wit* :
If what he says be not a *Joke*,
We *Mortals* are strange kind of *Folk*.

But hold — : Before we farther go, §
'Tis fit the *Maxim* we should know.

He says, ' Whenever *Fortune* sends
' *Disasters* to our dearest *Friends*,
' Although we *outwardly* may grieve,
' We oft are *Laughing* in our *Sleeve*. 10
And, when I think upon't, this Minute,
I fancy, there is something in it.

We see a *Comrade* get a Fall,
Yet laugh our Hearts out, *one and all*.

Tom for a *wealthy Wife* looks round,
A *Nymph*, that brings *ten thousand Pound*:
He no where could have better pick'd;
A *Rival* comes, and Tom——is nick'd——
See, how behave his *Friends* profest,
They turn the *Matter* to a *Jest*;
Loll out their *Tongues*, and, thus they talk,
Poor Tom has got a *plaguy Baulk*——!

I could give *Instances* enough,
That *Human Friendship* is but *Stuff*.
Whene'er a *flatt'ring Puppy* cries
You are his *Dearest Friend*——; he *lies*:
To lose a *Guinea* at *Picquet*
Wou'd make him *rage*, and *storm*, and *fret*,
Bring from his Heart *sincerer Groans*,
Than if he heard you *broke your Bones*.

Come, tell me truly, wou'd you take well,
Suppose your *Friend* and *You* were *Equal*,
To see him always *foremost* stand,
Affect to take the *upper Hand*,
And strive to pass in *publick View*,
For much a *better Man* than *You*?
Envy, I doubt, wou'd pow'ful prove,
And get the *better* of your *Love*;

'Twou

'Twould please your Palate, *like a Feast*;
To see him *mortify'd* at least——.

'Tis true, we talk of *Friendship* much;
But, who are they that can *keep touch*——?
True *Friendship* in two Breasts requires
The same *Aversions*, and *Desires*;
My *Friend* should have, when I complain, 45
A *Fellow-feeling* of my *Pain*.

Yet, by *Experience*, oft we find,
Our *Friends* are of a *diff'rent* Mind;
And, were I tortur'd with the *Gout*,
They'd *laugh* to see me make a *Rout*;
Glad, that themselves cou'd *walk* about. }

Let me suppose, two special *Friends*,
And, each to *Poetry* pretends:
Wou'd either *Poet* take it well;
To hear, the other *bore the Bell*——? 55
His *Rival*, for the *Chieftest* reckon'd,
Himself, pass only for the *Second*——?

When you are *Sick*, your *Friends*, you say,
Will send their *Howd'ye's* every Day:
Alas! that gives you small *Relief*——! 60
They send for *Manners*——; not for *Grief*——:
Nor, if you dy'd, wou'd fail to go
That Ev'ning to a *Puppet-Show*——:

Yet, come in time to *shew* their *Loves*,
And get a *Hatband*, *Scarf*, and *Gloves*. 65

To make these *Truths* the better known,
Let me suppose the *Case* my *own*.

The Day will come, when't shall be said,
' D'ye hear the *News*—? the *Dean* is dead—!
' *Poor Man*! he went, all on a sudden—! 70
H'as drop'd, and given the *Crow* a *Pudding*!
What *Money* was behind him found?
' I hear about *two thousand* Pound—
' 'Tis own'd he was a *Man* of *Wit*—,
Yet many a *foolish Thing* he writ—; 75
' And, sure he must be *deeply* learn'd—!
That's more than ever I discern'd—;
' I know his *nearest Friends* complain,
' He was too *airy* for a *Dean*—.
' He was an *honest Man*, I'll swear— 80
Why, Sir, I differ from you there,
For, I have heard another *Story*,
He was a most *confounded Tory*!
' Yet here we had a strong *Report*,
' That he was *well-received* at *Court*—. 85
Why, then it was, I do assert,
Their *Goodness*, more than his *Desert*—.
He grew, or else his *Comrades* ly'd,
Confounded *Dull*—, before he dy'd.

He hop'd to have a *Lucky Hit*,
Some *Medals* sent him for his *Wit*;
But, truly there the *Dean* was bit——
' And yet, I think, for all your *Jokes*,
' His *Claim* as good as other *Folks*——.

}

' Must we the *Drapier* then forget? 95
' Is not our *Nation* in his Debt?

' 'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's Letters*!

He should have left them for his *Betters*;

We had a Hundred *abler Men*,

Nor need *depend* upon his *Pen*.—— 100

Say what you will about his *Reading*,

You never can *defend* his *Breeding*!

Who, in his *Satyrs* running Riot,

Could never leave the *World* in *Quiet*;——

Attacking, when he took the *Whim*, 105

Court, City, Camp, all one to him.——

But, why would he, except he *slobber'd*,

Offend our *Patriot*, Great Sir * *Robert*,

Whose *Councils* aid the Sov'reign Power,

To *save* the *Nation* ev'ry Hour? 110

What *Scenes* of Evil he unravels,

In *Satyrs, Libels, lying Travels*!

Not sparing his own *Clergy-cloth*,

But, *eats* into it, like a *Moth*.——

' If

* Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister of State to King George I. and II. made Earl of Orford 1742 3.

146 *The LIFE and CHARACTER*

‘ If he makes *Mankind* bad as *Elves*, 115
 ‘ I answer, they may thank themselves;
 ‘ If *Vice* can ever be abash’d,
 ‘ It must be *ridicul’d* or *lash’d*.
 But, if I chance to make a *Slip*, 120
 What Right had he to hold the *Whip*!

‘ If you *resent* it, who’s to blame?
 ‘ He neither knew *you*, nor your *Name*;
 ‘ Should *Vice* expect to ‘scape Rebuke,
 ‘ Because its *Owner* is a *Duke*? 125
 ‘ *Vice* is a *Vermin*; *Sportsmen* say
 ‘ No *Vermin* can demand *fair Play*,
 ‘ But ev’ry Hand may justly slay. }

I envy not the *Wits*, who write
 Meerly to *gratify* their *Spite*; 130
 Thus did the *Dean*; his only Scope
 Was, to be held a *Misanthrope*.
 This into gen’ral *Odium* drew him,
 Which, if he lik’d, *much Good may’t do him*:
 This gave him *Enemies* in Plenty, 135
 Throughout *two Realms* nineteen in twenty,
 His *Zeal* was not to lash our *Crimes*,
 But *Discontent* against the Times;
 For, had we made him *timely* Offers,
 To *raise* his *Post*, or *fill* his *Coffers*, 140
 Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 Like other *Brethren* of his *Gown*.

For

For Party he would scarce have bled——

I say no more——because he's *dead*——

' But, who could charge him, to his Face,

' That e'er he *cring'd* to Men in Place?

' His *Principles*, of ancient Date,

' Ill suit with those profess'd of late:

' The *Pope*, or *Calvin*, he'd oppose,

' And thought they *Both* were equal Foes:

' That *Church* and State had suffer'd more

' By *Calvin* than the *Scarlet Whore*:

' Thought *Popish* and *Fanatick Zeal*

' *Both bitter* Foes to Britain's Weal.

' The *Pope* would of our *Faith* bereave us,

' But still our *Monarchy* would leave us——

' Not so, the vile *Fanatick Crew*;

' That ruin'd *Church* and *Monarch* too.

' Supposing these Reflections just;

' We should indulge the *Dean's* Disgust,

' Who saw this *Factionous Tribe* caress'd,

' And *Lovers* of the *Church* distress'd——

' The *Patrons* of the good old Cause,

' In *Senates* fit, in making Laws;

' The most *malignant* of the *Herd*,

' In surest way to be preferr'd——;

' And *Preachers* find the better *Quarter*,

' For railing at the *Royal Martyr*.

' Whole

‘ Whole Swarms of *Sects*, with Grief, he saw,
 ‘ More favour’d than the *Church by Law* ;
 ‘ Thought *Protestant* too good a Name,
 ‘ For *canting Hypocrites* to claim,
 ‘ Whose *Protestation* hides a *Sting*
 ‘ Destructive to the *Church and King* :
 ‘ Which might as well, in his Opinion,
 ‘ Become an *Atheist*, or *Socinian*.

‘ A *Protestant’s* a special *Clinker* ;
 ‘ It serves for *Sceptick* and *Free-thinker*,
 ‘ It serves for *Stubble*, *Hay*, and *Wood*,
 ‘ For ev’ry thing, — *but what it should*.

. What Writings has he left behind ?
 ‘ I hear, they’re of a different kind :
 ‘ A few, in *Verse* ; but most, in *Prose* —
 ‘ Some *high-flown Pamphlets*, I suppose : —
 All scribbled in the *Worst of Times*,
 To *palliate* his Friend *Oxford’s Crimes*,
 To praise Queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
 As never fav’ring the *Pretender* : —
 Or, *Libels* yet conceal’d from Sight, —
 Against the *Court* to shew his *Spite* :
 Perhaps, his *Travels*, *Part the Third* ;
 A *Lye*, at ev’ry *second Word* ;
 Offensive to a *Loyal Ear* : —
 But — *not one Sermon*, you may swear.

‘ *Sir,*

‘ *Sir*, our *Accounts* are diff’rent quite,
 ‘ And your *Conjectures* are not right;
 ‘ ’Tis plain, his *Writings* were design’d
 ‘ To *please*, and to *reform* Mankind;
 ‘ And, if he often miss’d his Aim,
 ‘ The *World* must own it, to their *Shame*;
 ‘ The *Praise* is *His*, and *Theirs* the *Blame*. }

‘ Then, since you *dread* no further *Lasbes*,
 ‘ You freely may *forgive* his *Asbes*.

VERSES

And your Conscience is not right;
'Tis plain, his Writings were designed
To please, and to reform Mankind;
And, if he often mis'd his Aim,
The World must own it, to their Shame,
The Poet is his, and there the blame.

Then, since you draw no further Light,
You freely may forgive his Aims.

V E R S E S

O N T H E

D E A T H

OF
Dr. *SWIFT*, D.S.P.D,

O C C A S I O N E D

By reading a Maxim in *Rocheſoucault*.

*Dans l'adverſité de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons
quelque choſe, qui ne nous déplaiſt pas.*

In the Adverſity of our beſt Friends, we find ſome-
thing that doth not diſpleaſe us.

Written by Himſelf, November 1731.



Printed in the Year 1743.

THE
OF THE
D E A T H
The PUBLISHER'S
Advertisement.

OCCASIONED
*THE following Poem was printed and published
in London, with great Success. Many
Lines and Notes were omitted in the English
Edition; which we have here inserted, to make
this Work as compleat as possible.*



Printed in the Year 1743.

V E R S E S

O N T H E D E A T H

O F T H E

Rev. Dr. *SWIFT*, &c.

AS *Rocheffoucault* his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe 'em true:
They argue no corrupted Mind
In him ; the Fault is in Mankind.

This Maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human Breast ;
“ In all Distresses of our Friends
“ We first consult our private Ends,
“ While Nature kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some Circumstance to please us.

If this, perhaps, your Patience move,
Let Reason and Experience prove.

We

We all behold with envious Eyes,
 Our *Equal* rais'd above our *Size*;
 Who wou'd not at a crowded Show,
 Stand high himself, keep others low?
 I love my Friend as well as you,
 But would not have him stop my View;
 Then let me have the higher Post:
 I ask but for an Inch at most.

If, in a Battle you should find,
 One, whom you love of all Mankind,
 Had some heroick Action done,
 A Champion kill'd; or Trophy won;
 Rather than thus be over-topt,
 Would you not wish his Lawrels cropt?

Dear honest *Ned* is in the Gout,
 Lies rackt with Pain, and you without:
 How patiently you hear him groan!
 How glad the Case is not your own!

What Poet would not grieve to see,
 His Brethren write as well as he?
 But rather than they should excell,
 He'd wish his Rivals all in Hell.

Her End when Emulation misses,
 She turns to Envy, Stings and Hisses:

The

The strongest Friendship yields to Pride,
Unless the Odds be on our Side.

Vain human Kind! Fantastick Race!
Thy various Follies who can trace?
Self-love, Ambition, Envy, Pride,
Their Empire in our Hearts divide:
Give others Riches, Power, and Station,
'Tis all on me an Usurpation.

I have no Title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher;
In POPE, I cannot read a Line,
But with a Sigh, I wish it mine:
When he can in one Couplet fix
More Sense than I can do in Six:
It gives me such a jealous Fit,
I cry, Pox take him, and his Wit.

Why must I be outdone by GAY,
In my own hum'rous biting Way?

ARBUTHNOT is no more my Friend,
Who dares to Irony pretend;
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its Use.

* ST. JOHN, as well as † PULTNEY knows,
That I had some Repute for Prose;
And till they drove me out of Date,
Could maul a Minister of State:
If they have mortify'd my Pride,
And made me throw my Pen aside;
If with such Talents Heav'n hath blest 'em,
Have I not Reason to detest 'em?

To all my Foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy Gifts, but never to my Friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But, this with Envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of Proem,
Proceed we therefore to our Poem.

The Time is not remote, when I
Must by the Course of Nature dye:
When I foresee my special Friends,
Will try to find their private Ends:
Tho' it is hardly understood,
Which way my Death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear 'em speak;
See, how the Dean begins to break:
For

* Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

† Made Earl of Bath in the Year 1742.

Poor Gentleman, he droops apace,
You plainly find it in his Face :
That old Vertigo in his Head,
Will never leave him, till he's dead :
Besides, his Memory decays,
He recollects not what he says ;
He cannot call his Friends to Mind ;
Forgets the Place where last he din'd :
Plyes you with Stories o'er and o'er,
He told them fifty Times before.
How does he fancy we can sit,
To hear his out-of-fashion'd Wit ?
But he takes up with younger Fokes,
Who for his Wine will bear his Jokes :
Faith, he must make his Stories shorter,
Or, change his Comrades once a Quarter :
In half the Time, he talks them round ;
There must another Sett be found.

For Poetry, he's past his Prime ;
He takes an Hour to find a Rhime :
His Fire is out, his Wit decay'd,
His Fancy sunk, his Muse a Jade,
I'd have him throw away his Pen ;
But there's no talking to some Men.

And, then their Tenderness appears,
By adding largely to my Years :

" He's older than he would be reckon'd,

" And well remembers *Charles* the Second.

" He hardly drinks a Pint of Wine ;

" And that, I doubt, is no good Sign.

" His Stomach too begins to fail :

" Last Year we thought him strong and hale ;

" But now, he's quite another Thing ;

" I wish he may hold out till Spring.

Then hug themselves, and reason thus ;

" It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a Case they talk in Tropes,

And, by their Fears express their Hopes :

Some great Misfortune to portend,

No Enemy can match a Friend ;

With all the Kindness they profess,

The Merit of a lucky Guess,

(When daily Howd'y's come of Course,

And Servants answer ; *Worse and Worse*)

Wou'd please 'em better than to tell,

That, God be prais'd, the Dean is well.

Then he who prophecy'd the best,

Approves his Foresight to the rest :

" You know, I always fear'd the worst,

" And often told you so at first : "

He'd rather chuse, that I should dye,

Than his Prediction prove a Lye.

Not

Not one fortels I shall recover;
But, all agree, to give me over.

Yet, shou'd some Neighbour feel a Pain,
Just in the Parts, where I complain;
How many a Message would he send?
What hearty Prayers that I should mend?
Enquire, what Regimen I kept?
What gave me Ease, and how I slept?
And more lament, when I was dead,
Than all the Sniv'llers round my Bed.

My good Companions, never fear,
For though you may mistake a Year;
Though your Prognosticks run too fast,
They must be verif'y'd at last.

“ Behold the fatal Day arrive!
“ How is the Dean? He's just alive.
“ Now the departing Pray'r is read:
“ He hardly breathes. The Dean is dead.
“ Before the Passing-Bell begun,
“ The News thro' half the Town has run.
“ O, may we all for Death prepare!
“ What has he left? And who's his Heir?
“ I know no more than what the News is,
“ 'Tis all bequeath'd to Publick Uses.
“ To publick Use! a perfect Whim!
“ What had the Publick done for him!

- " Mere Envy, Avarice, and Pride!
 " He gave it all:—But, first he dy'd.
 " And had the Dean, in all the Nation,
 " No worthy Friend, no poor Relation?
 " So ready to do Strangers good,
 " Forgetting his own Flesh and Blood?

Now *Grub-street* Wits are all employ'd;
 With Elegies the Town is cloy'd:
 Some Paragraph in ev'ry Paper,
 (1) To *curse* the *Dean*, or *bless* the *Drapier*.

- The Doctors, tender of their Fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the Blame:
 " We must confess his Case was nice;
 " But, he would never take Advice:
 " Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
 " He might have liv'd these twenty Years:
 " For when we open'd him, we found
 " That all his vital Parts were found.

From

(1) The Author imagines, that the Scriblers of the prevailing Party, which he always opposed, will libel him after his Death; but that others will remember him with Gratitude, who consider the Service he had done to Ireland, under the Name of M. B. Drapier, by utterly defeating the destructive Project of Wood's Half-pence, in five Letters to the People of Ireland, at that Time read universally, and convincing every Reader.

From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
(1) 'Tis told at Court, the Dean is dead.

(2) Kind Lady *Suffolk* in the Spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the ——
The —— so Gracious, Mild, and Good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'Tis time he shou'd.
"He's dead you say; then let him rot;
"(3) I'm glad the M——ls were forgot.
"I promis'd him, I own; but when?
"I only was the —— then;
"But now as Consort of ——
"You know 'tis quite a different Thing,

(4) Now *Chartres* at Sir R——'s Levee,
Tells, with a Sneer, the Tidings heavy:

P 3

"Why,

(1) *The Dean supposeth himself to dye in Ireland, where he was born.*

(2) *Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, then of the Bed-chamber to the Queen, professed much Friendship for the Dean. The Queen then Princess, sent a dozen times to the Dean (then in London) with her Commands to attend her; which at last he did, by Advice of all his Friends. She often sent for him afterwards, and always treated him very Graciously. He taxed her with a Present worth Ten Pounds, which she promised before he should return to Ireland, but on his taking Leave, the Medals were not ready.*

(3) *The Medals were to be sent to the Dean in four Months, but*

* * * * *

(4) *Chartres is a most infamous, vile Scoundrel, grown from a Foot-Boy, or worse, to a prodigious Fortune both in England and Scotland: He had a Way of insinuating himself into all Ministers, under every Change, either as Pimp, Flatterer, or Informer. He was tryed at Seventy for a Rape, and came off by sacrificing a great Part of his Fortune (he is now dead, but this Poem still preserves the Scene and Time it was writ in.)*

“ Why, is he dead without his Shops ?

(1) (Cries *Bob*) I'm Sorry for the News ;

Oh, were the Wretch but living still,

(2) And in his Place my good Friend *Will* :

Or, had a Mitre on his Head

(3) Provided *Bolingbroke* were dead.

(4) Now *Curl* his Shop from Rubbish drains ;

Three genuine Tomes of *Swift*'s Remains.

And then to make them pass the glibber,

(5) Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore* and *Cibber*.

He'll

(1) Sir Robert Walpole, Chief Minister of State, treated the Dean in 1726, with great Distinction, invited him to Dinner at Chelsea, with the Dean's Friends chosen on Purpose ; appointed an Hour to talk with him of Ireland, to which Kingdom and People the Dean found him no great Friend ; for he defended Wood's Project of Half-pence, &c. for which the Dean would see him no more ; and upon his next Year's Return to England, Sir Robert, on an accidental Meeting, made him a civil Compliment ; but, the Dean never made him another Visit.

(2) Mr. William Pultney, from being Sir R—t's intimate Friend, detesting his Administration, opposed his Measures, and joined with my Lord Bolingbroke, to represent his Conduct in an excellent Paper, called the Craftsman, which is still continued.

(3) Henry St. John Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State to Queen Anne of blessed Memory. He is reckoned the most Universal Genius in Europe ; W—e dreading his Abilities, treated him most injuriously, working with K— George I. who forgot his Promise of restoring the said Lord, upon the restless Importunity of the said W—

(4) *Curl* hath been the most infamous Bookseller of any Age or Country ; His Character in Part may be found in Mr. POPE's Dunciad. He published three Volumes all charged on the Dean, who never writ three Pages of them : He hath used many of the Dean's Friends in almost as vile a Manner.

(5) Three stupid Verse Writers in London ; the last to the Shame of the Court, and the highest Disgrace to Wit and Learning.

He'll treat me as he does my Betters,
(1) Publish my Will, my Life, my Letters.
Revive the Libels born to dye;
Which POPE must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the Scene, to represent
How those I love, my Death lament,
Poor POPE will grieve a Month; and GAY
A Week; and ARBUTHNOT a Day.

ST. JOHN himself will scarce forbear
To bite his Pen, and drop a Tear.
The rest will give a Shrug, and cry,
I'm sorry; but we all must dye.
Indifference clad in Wisdom's Guise,
All Fortitude of Mind supplies:
For how can stoney Bowels melt,
In those who never Pity felt;
When *We* are lash'd, *They* kiss the Rod;
Resigning to the Will of God.

P 4

The

ing, was made Laureat. Moore, commonly called Jemmy Moore, Son of Arthur Moore, whose Father was Taylor of Monaghan in Ireland. See the Character of Jemmy Moore, and Tibbalds, Theobald, in the Dunciad.

(1) Curl is notoriously infamous for publishing the Lives, Letters, and last Wills and Testaments of the Nobility and Ministers of State, as well as of all the Rogues, who are hanged at Tyburn. He hath been in Custody of the House of Lords, for publishing or forging the Letters of many Peers; which made the Lords enter a Resolution in their Journal Book, that no Life or Writings of any Lord should be published without the Consent of the next Heir at Law, or Licence from their House.

The Fools, my Juniors by a Year,
 Are tortur'd with Suspence and Fear.
 Who wisely thought my Age a Screen,
 When Death approach'd, to stand between:
 The Screen remov'd, their Hearts are trembling,
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female Friends, whose tender Hearts
 Have better learn'd to act their Parts,
 Receive the News in *doleful Dumps*,
 " The Dean is dead (*and what is Trumps?*)
 " Then Lord have Mercy on his Soul.
 " (Ladies I'll venture for the *Vole*)
 " Six Deans they say must bear the Pall,
 " (I wish I knew what *King* to call.)
 " Madam, your Husband will attend
 " The Funeral of so good a Friend.
 " No Madam, 'tis a shocking Sight,
 " And he's engag'd To-morrow Night!
 " My Lady *Club* wou'd take it ill
 " If he shou'd fail her at *Quadrill*.
 " He lov'd the Dean. (*I led a Heart.*)
 " But, dearest Friends, they say must part.
 " His Time was come, he ran his Race;
 " We hope he's in a better Place.

Why

Why do we grieve that Friends should dye?
 No Loss more easy to supply.
 One Year is past; a different Scene;
 No further mention of the Dean;
 Who now, alas, no more is mist,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now this Fav'rite of *Apollo*?
 Departed; and his Works must follow;
 Must undergo the common Fate;
 His Kind of Wit is out of Date.
 Some Country Squire to (1) *Lintot* goes,
 Enquires for SWIFT in Verse and Prose;
 Says *Lintot*, "I have heard the Name:
 "He dy'd a Year ago." The same.
 He searcheth all his Shop in vain;
 "Sir, you may find them in (2) *Duck-lane*:
 "I sent them with a Load of Books,
 "Last *Monday* to the Pastry-cooks,
 "To fancy they could live a Year!
 "I find you're but a Stranger here.
 "The Dean was famous in his Time;
 "And had a Kind of Knack at Rhyme:
 "His way of Writing now is past;
 "The Town hath got a better Taste:
 "I keep

(1) Bernard Lintot, a Bookseller in London. Vide Mr. Pope's *Dunciad*.

(2) A Place in London where old Books are sold.

- " I keep no antiquated Stuff;
 " But, spick and span I have enough.
 " Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em,
 " Here's *Colley Cibber's* Birth-day Poem.
 " This Ode you never yet have seen,
 " By * — * — upon the Queen.
 " Then, here's a Letter finely penn'd
 " Against the *Craftsman* and his Friend;
 " It clearly shews that all Reflection
 " On Ministers, is Disaffection.
 " (1) Next, here's Sir *Robert's* Vindication,
 " (2) And Mr. *Henly's* last Oration:
 " The Hawkers have not got 'em yet,
 " Your Honour please to buy a Sett?
 " (3) " Here's *Woolston's* Tracts, the twelfth
 " Edition;
 " 'Tis read by ev'ry Politician:

“ The

(1) W — le hath a Set of Party Scriblers, who do nothing else but write in his Defence.

(2) Henly is a Clergyman, who wanting both Merit and Luck to get Preferment, or even to keep his Curacy in the Established Church, formed a new Conventicle, which he calls an Oratory. There, at set Times, he delivereth strange Speeches compiled by himself and his Associates, who share the Profit with him: Every Hearer pays a Shilling each Day for Admittance. He is an absolute Dunce, but generally reputed crazy.

(3) Woolston was a Clergyman, but for want of Bread, hath in several Treatises, in the most blasphemous Manner, attempted to turn Our Saviour and his Miracles into Ridicule. He is much caressed by many great Courtiers, and by all the Infidels, and his Books read generally by the Court Ladies.

" The Country Members, when in Town,
 " To all their Boroughs send them down :
 " You never met a thing so smart ;
 " The Courtiers have them all by Heart :
 " Those Maids of Honour (who can read)
 " Are taught to use them for their Creed.
 " The Rev'rend Author's good Intention,
 " Hath been rewarded with a Pension :
 " He doth an Honour to his Gown,
 " By bravely running *Priest-craft* down :
 " He shews, as sure as God's in *Gloc'ster*,
 " That ————— was a Grand Impostor :
 " That all his Miracles were Cheats,
 " Perform'd as Juglers do their Feats :
 " The Church had never such a Writer ;
 " A Shame, he hath not got a Mitre !

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
 A Club assembled at the *Rose*;
 Where from Discourse of this and that,
 I grow the Subject of their Chat;
 And, while they toss my Name about,
 With Favour some, and some without;
 One quite indiff'rent in the Cause,
 My Character impartial draws :

" The Dean, if we believe Report,
 " Was never ill receiv'd at Court :

" As

" As for his Works in Verse and Prose,
 " I own my self no Judge of those :
 " Nor, can I tell what Criticks thought 'em ;
 " But, this I know, all People bought 'em ;
 " As with a moral View design'd
 " To cure the Vices of Mankind :
 " His Vein, ironically grave,
 " Expos'd the Fool, and lash'd the Knave :
 " To steal a Hint was never known,
 " But what he writ was all his own.
 " He never thought an Honour done him
 " Because a Duke was proud to own him :
 " Would rather slip aside and chuse
 " To talk with Wits in dirty Shoes :
 " Despis'd the Fools with Stars and Garters,
 " So often seen careffing (1) *Chartres* :
 " He never courted Men in Station,
 " Nor *Persons bad in Admiration* ;
 " Of no Man's Greatness was afraid,
 " Because he sought for no Man's Aid.
 " Though trusted long in great Affairs,
 " He gave himself no haughty Airs :
 " Without regarding private Ends,
 " Spent all his Credit for his Friends :
 " And only chose the Wife and Good :
 " No Flatt'ers ; no Allies in Blood ;

" But

(1) See the Notes before on *Chartres*.

“ But succour’d Virtue in Distress,
 “ And seldom fail’d of good Success;
 “ As Numbers in their Hearts must own,
 “ Who, but for him, had been unknown.

“ With Princes kept a due Decorum,
 “ But never stood in Awe before ‘em:
 “ He follow’d *David’s* Lesson just,
 “ *In Princes never put thy Trust.*
 “ And, would you make him truly sower;
 “ Provoke him with a *Slave in Power*:
 “ The *I—S—*, if you nam’d,
 “ With what Impatience he declaim’d!
 “ Fair LIBERTY was all his Cry;
 “ For her he stood prepar’d to die;
 “ For her he boldly stood alone;
 “ For her he oft expos’d his own.
 “ (1) Two Kingdoms, just as Faction led,
 “ Had set a Price upon his Head;
 “ But, not a Traytor could be found,
 “ To sell him for Six Hundred Pound.

“ Had

(1) In the Year 1713, the late Queen was prevailed with by an Address of the House of Lords in England, to publish a Proclamation, promising Three Hundred Pounds to discover the Author of a Pamphlet called, *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*; and in Ireland, in the Year 1724, my Lord Carteret, at his first coming into the Government, was prevailed on to issue a Proclamation for promising the like Reward of Three Hundred Pounds, to any Person who could discover the Author of a Pamphlet called, *the Drapier’s Fourth Letter*, &c. writ against that destructive Project of coining Half-pence for Ireland; but in neither Kingdoms was the Dean discovered.

" Had he but spar'd his Tongue and Pen,
 " He might have rose like other Men :
 " But, Power was never in his Thought ;
 " And, Wealth he valu'd not a Groat :
 " Ingratitude he often found,
 " And pity'd those who meant the Wound :
 " But, kept the Tenor of his Mind ;
 " To merit well of human Kind :
 " Nor made a Sacrifice of those
 " Who still were true, to please his Foes.
 " (1) He labour'd many a fruitless Hour
 " To reconcile his Friends in Power ;
 " Saw Mischief by a Faction brewing,
 " While they pursu'd each others Ruin.
 " But, finding vain was all his Care,
 " He left the Court in mere Despair.

" And, oh ! how short are human Schemes !
 " Here ended all our golden Dreams.
 " What ST. JOHN'S Skill in State Affairs,
 " What ORMOND'S *Valour*, OXFORD'S Cares,

" To

(1) *Queen ANNE's Ministers fell to Variance from the first Year after their Ministry began: Harcourt the Chancellor, and Lord Bolingbroke the Secretary, were discontented with the Treasurer Oxford, for his too much Mildness to the Whig Party; this Quarrel grew higher every Day till the Queen's Death: The Dean, who was the only Person that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impossible; and thereupon retired to the Country about ten Weeks before that fatal Event: Upon which he returned to his Deanry in Dublin, where for many Years he was worried by the new People in Power, and bad Hundreds of Libels writ against him in England.*

" To save their sinking Country lent,
 " Was all destroy'd by one Event.
 " (1) Too soon that precious Life was ended,
 " On which alone our Weal depended.
 " (2) When up a dangerous Faction starts,
 " With Wrath and Vengeance in their Hearts;
 " By solemn League and Cov'nant bound,
 " To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
 " To turn Religion to a Fable,
 " And make the Government a *Babel*:
 " Pervert the Laws, disgrace the Gown,
 " Corrupt the —, rob the —;
 " To sacrifice old ——— Glory,
 " And make her infamous in Story.
 " When such a Tempest shook the Land,
 " How could unguarded Virtue stand?

" With Horror, Grief, Despair, the Dean
 " Beheld the dire destructive Scene:
 " His Friends in Exile, or the Tower,
 " (3) Himself within the Frown of Power;
 " Pursu'd

(1) In the Height of the Quarrel between the Ministers, the Queen died.

(2) Upon Queen ANNE's Death the Whig Faction was restored to Power, which they exercised with the utmost Rage and Revenge; impeached and banished the Chief Leaders of the Church Party, and stripped all their Adherents of what Employments they had, &c.

(1) Upon the Queen's Death, the Dean returned to live in Dublin, at his Deanry-House: Numberless Libels were writ against him in England, as a Jacobite; he was insulted in the Street, and at Nights he was forced to be attended by his Servants armed.

" Pursu'd by base envenom'd Pens,
 " (1) Far to the Land of Sl——s and Fens;
 " A servile Race in Folly nurs'd,
 " Who truckle most, when treated worst.

" By Innocence and Resolution,
 " He bore continual Persecution;
 " While Numbers to Preferment rose;
 " Whose Merits were, to be his Foes.
 " When, *ev'n his own familiar Friends*
 " Intent upon their private Ends;
 " Like Renegadoes now he feels,
 " *Against him lifting up their Heels.*

" The Dean did by his Pen defeat,
 " (2) An infamous destructive Cheat.
 " Taught Fools their Int'rest how to know;
 " And gave them Arms to ward the Blow.
 " Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
 " To save that helpless Land from Ruin;
 " While they who at the Steerage stood,
 " And reapt the Profit, fought his Blood.

" To save them from their evil Fate,
 " In him was held a Crime of State.

" (1) A

(1) *The Land of Sl——s and Fens, is Ireland.*

(2) *One Wood, a Hardware-man from England, had a Patent for coining Copper Half-pence for Ireland, to the Sum of 108,000 l. which in the Consequence, must leave that Kingdom without Gold or Silver (See Drapier's Letters.)*

" (1) A wicked Monster on the Bench,
 " Whose Fury Blood could never quench;
 " As vile and profligate a Villain,
 " As modern (2) Scroggs, or old Treffilian;
 " Who long all Justice had discarded,
 " Nor fear'd he GOD, nor Man regarded;
 " Vow'd on the Dean his Rage to vent,
 " And make him of his Zeal repent;
 " But Heav'n his Innocence defends,
 " The grateful People stand his Friends:
 " Not Strains of Law, nor Judge's Frown,
 " Nor Topicks brought to please the C——,
 " Nor Witness hir'd, nor Jury pick'd,
 " Prevail to bring him in convict.

" (3) In Exile with a steady Heart,
 " He spent his Life's declining Part;

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" Where

(1) One W—— was then Chief Justice: He had some Years before prosecuted a Printer for a Pamphlet writ by the Dean, to perswade the People of Ireland to wear their own Manufactures. Whitshed sent the Jury down eleven Times, and kept them nine Hours, until they were forced to bring in a special Verdict. He sat as Judge afterwards on the Trial of the Printer of the Drapier's Fourth Letter; but the Jury, against all he could say or swear, threw out the Bill: All the Kingdom took the Drapier's Part, except the Courtiers, or those who expected Places. The Drapier was celebrated in many Poems and Pamphlets: His Sign was set up in most of the Streets of Dublin (where many of them still continue) and in several Country Towns.

(2) Scroggs was Chief Justice under King Charles the Second: His Judgment always varied in State Tryals, according to Directions from Court. Treffilian was a wicked Judge, hanged above three hundred Years ago.

(3) In Ireland, which he had Reason to call a Place of Exile;

" Where Folly, Pride, and Faction sway, (1) "
 " (1) Remote from ST. JOHN, POPE, and
 GAY. "
 " (2) His Friendship there to few confin'd, "
 " Were always of the middling Kind: "
 " No Fools of Rank, a mongrel Breed, "
 " Who fain would pass for ——— indeed; "
 " (3) Where Titles give no Right, or Power, "
 " And P—— is a wither'd Flower, "
 " He would have held it a Disgrace, "
 " If such a Wretch had known his Face. "
 " On Rural Squires, that Kingdom's Bane, "
 " He vented off his Wrath in vain; "
 " (4) ——— Squires to Market brought; "
 " Who sell their Souls and — for Naught; "
 " The ——— go joyful back, "
 " To — the Church, their Tenants rack, "
 " Go

to which Country nothing could have driven him, but the Queen's Death, who had determined to fix him in England, in Spight of the Dutcheſs of Somerſet, &c.

(1) Henry St. John, Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke, mentioned before.

(2) In Ireland the Dean was not acquainted with many Lords Spiritual or Temporal. He only converſed with private Gentlemen of the Clergy or Laity, and but a ſmall Number of either.

(3) The Peers of Ireland loſt great Part of their Jurisdiction by one ſingle Act,

(4) The

“ Go snacks with ———
 “ And, keep the Peace, to pick up Fees;
 “ In every Job to have a Share,
 “ A Jayl or T——e to repair;
 “ And turn the — for publick Roads
 “ Commodious to their own Abodes.

“ Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
 “ Had too much Satyr in his Vein;
 “ And seem’d determin’d not to starve it,
 “ Because no Age could more deserve it.
 “ Yet, Malice never was his Aim;
 “ He lash’d the Vice, but spar’d the Name;
 “ No Individual could resent,
 “ Where Thousands equally were meant;
 “ His Satyr points at no Defect,
 “ But what all Mortals may correct;
 “ For, he abhorr’d that senseless Tribe
 “ Who call it Humour when they jibe;
 “ He spar’d a Hump or crooked Nose,
 “ Whose Owners set not up for Beaux.
 “ True genuine Dulness mov’d his Pity,
 “ Unless it offer’d to be witty.
 “ Those, who their Ignorance confess’d,
 “ He ne’er offended with a Jest;
 “ But, laugh’d to hear an Idiot quote
 “ A Verse from *Horace*, learn’d by Rote.

176 VERSES *on the Death, &c.*

“ He knew an hundred pleasant Stories,
“ With all the Turns of *Whigs* and *Tories* :
“ Was chearful to his dying Day,
“ And Friends would let him have his Way.

“ He gave the little Wealth he had,
“ To build a House for Fools and Mad :
“ And shew'd by one satyric Touch,
“ No Nation wanted it so much ;
“ (1) That Kingdom he hath left his Debtor,
“ I wish it soon may have a Better.

(1) *Meaning Ireland, where he lived, was born, and dyed.*

Adver-

Advertisement.

For the Honour of the Kingdom of IRELAND.

THIS is to inform the Publick, that a Gentleman of long Study, Observation and Experience, hath employed himself for several Years in making Collections of Facts, relating to the Conduct of Divines, Physicians, Lawyers, Soldiers, Merchants, Traders, and Squires, containing, an Historical Account of the most remarkable Corruptions, Frauds, Oppressions, Knaveries, and Perjuries; wherein the Names of all the Persons concerned, shall be inserted at full Length, with some Account of their Families and Stations.

But, whereas the said Gentleman cannot compleat his History without some Assistance from the Publick, he humbly desires, that all Persons who have any Memoirs, or Accounts relating to themselves, their Families, their Friends or Acquaintance, which are well attested, and fit to enrich the Work, will please to send them to the Printer of this Advertisement: And, if any of the said Persons, who are disposed to send Materials, happen

Advertisement.

happen to live in the Country, it is desired their Letters may be either franked, or the Post paid.

This Collection is to commence with the Year 1700, and be continued to the present Year 1738. The Work is to be entitled, The Author's Critical History of his own Times.

It is intended to be printed by Subscription, in a large Octavo; each Volume to contain five hundred Facts, and to be sold for a British Crown: The Author proposeth, that the whole Work (which will take in the Period of thirty eight Years) will be contained in eighteen Volumes.

Whoever shall send the Author any Accounts of Persons who have performed any Acts of Justice, Charity, Publick Spirit, Gratitude, Fidelity, or the like, attested by undubitable Witnesses within the same Period; the said Facts shall be printed by Way of Appendix at the End of each Volume, and no Addition to the Price of the Work demanded. But, lest such Persons may apprehend, that the relating of these Facts may be injurious to their Reputations, their Names shall not be set down without particular Direction.

N. B. There will be a small Number printed on Royal Paper for the Curious, at only two British Crowns. There will also be the Effigies of the most eminent Persons mentioned in this Work, prefixed to each Volume, curiously engraved by Mr. Hogarth.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are taken in by the Printer hereof, and by the Booksellers of London and Dublin.

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Part

*Part of the 9th ODE of the 4th BOOK
of HORACE, address'd to Doctor
WILLIAM KING, late Lord Arch-
Bishop of Dublin.*

Paulum sepultæ, &c.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our Breast
Is Inactivity at best :
But, never shall the Muse endure
To let your Virtues lye obscure,
Or suffer Envy to conceal
Your Labours for the Publick Weal.
Within your Breast all Wisdom lyes,
Either to govern or advise ;
Your steady Soul preserves her Frame
In good and evil Times the same.
Pale Avarice and lurking Fraud
Stand in your sacred Presence aw'd ;
Your Hand alone from Gold abstains,
Which drags the slavish World in Chains.

Him for an happy Man I own,
Whose Fortune is not overgrown ;

And

And, happy he, who wisely knows
To use the Gifts, that Heav'n bestows;
Or, if it please the Powers Divine,
Can suffer Want, and not repine.
The Man, who Infamy to shun,
Into the Arms of Death would run,
That Man is ready to defend
With Life his Country, or his Friend.

A M O

A MODEST
DEFENCE
OF A LATE
POEM

By an unknown Author, call'd,
The LADY's *Dressing-ROOM*.

Written in the Year 1732.



Printed in the Year 1742.

A MODEST
DEFENCE
OF A LATE
POEM

By an unknown Author, call'd,

The LADY'S Dressing-ROOM.



Written in the Year 1735.



Printed in the Year 1743.

The Poem on the Lady's Dressing-Room having given Offence to a few squeamish Ladies, and some fine Gentlemen, it was thought proper to publish the following Defence.

A MODEST
DEFENCE, &c.

A Poem, or Pamphlet, published in this Kingdom without a Name, will not long want one, if the Paper makes any Noise.

There is a certain *Person* of Distinction among us, who is conjectured to have written many Things, both in Prose and Verse, for the Service of the Nation, which, undoubtedly, were published with his own Consent. It is also believed, that he hath composed others occasionally, for the Amusement of himself and a few intimate Friends; which, by the Indiscretion of others, were, from stolen and uncorrect Copies, *dragged into Light*.

But, I hold it for certain, that a much greater Number have, by the Boldness of *Printers*, and the Want of Judgment in *Readers*, been charged upon that *Author*, wherein he never had the smallest Finger, as I am sure he hath

hath often declared; and, which is remarkable, was as free in disowning some Writings charged upon him, of which he had no Reason to be ashamed, as he could be of the meanest Productions of *Hibernian Grub-street*.

As to those *fatal Verses* called the *Lady's Dressing-Room*, which have so highly inflamed the whole Sex, (except a very few of better Judgment) as I can by no Means justify the vulgar Opinion, that seems to fix it upon a Person, so well known for Works of a very different Nature; so I cannot but lament the prevailing ill Taste among us, which is not able to discover that useful Satyr running through every Line, and the Matter as decently wrapped up, as it is possible the Subject could bear.

Cleanliness hath, in all polite Ages and Nations, been esteemed the chief corporeal Perfection in *Women*, as it is well known to those who are conversant with the antient *Poets*. And, so it is still among the young People of Judgment and Sobriety, when they are disposed to marry. And, I do not doubt, but that there is a great Number of young Ladies in this Town and Kingdom, who in reading that Poem, find great Complacency in their own Minds, from a Consciousness that the Satyrical Part in the *Lady's Dressing-Room*, doth not in the least affect them.

Wherefore it is manifest, that no *Poem* was ever written with a better Design for the Service of the Sex: Wherein our *Author* hath observed

served to a Tittle, the Precepts of his Master *Horace*; or, indeed, rather hath gone very far beyond him, in the Article of *Decency*.

That great *Poet*, instructing us what Actions are fittest to be produced openly upon the *Scene*, and which are most proper to be only related to the Audience, goes many Lengths beyond the *Author* of the *Lady's Dressing-Room*; for, at the same Instant when he says, some Actions should not appear as done upon the Stage, he allows, they may be *recited* with *Pleasure* and *Elegance*; and yet, when he comes to Particulars, his Recital is extremely gross, and so are his very *Precepts* which forbid the Actions: That, if our infinitely more modest *Author* had imitated his *Master's Stile*, the whole World might with great Appearance of Reason, have been up in Arms against him.

Therefore, to set these two *Poets* in a true Light, I have ventured, for the Satisfaction of both Sexes, to translate, as literally as I could, ten Lines in *Horace*, upon the very same Subject, which our *Author* hath handled with a Decency so far superior to his *Roman* Master.

To justify the Truth of my Translation, I desire all fine Gentlemen and Ladies will appeal from me to the Information of the Learned, that I may be wholly clear from the least Censure of misrepresenting so great an Authority; for, indeed, if I have been guilty of any Fault, it is in palliating the gross Expressions in the
Original,

Original, and softening them very much to the
Politeness of the present Age.

The *Latin* is Word for Word as follows :

*Aut agiter res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam : Multaq; tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens,
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet ;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.
Aut in avem Progne vertetur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunq; ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

The literal Translation whereof is thus :

Some Ladies *do their Need* before your Face ;
Some only tell the *Action*, and the *Place*.
Our Mind is less provok'd by what it hears,
Than when the *Fact* before our Eyes appears.
In Closet dark, your *Cedar-box* be hid ;
Not in a Parlour shewn without the Lid.
Some *Actions* must be always out of Sight,
Yet *elegantly told*, may give Delight.
Nurse must not hold the Child, and cry, *Eee, Hee*,
When Madam and her Friends are o'er their Tea.

Atreus,

Atreus, with Ladies by, mistakes his Wit,
In new-born T——s to run a red-hot Spit,
Miss *Progne* must not cry, *a Bird, a Bird!*
Before good Company, and shew a———
Cadmus, who voids out Worms of monstrous
Size,
In mere good Manners should deceive our Eyes;
Must do his dirty Work behind the Scene,
And e'er he shews the *Vermin*, wipe them clean.
To bring such odious Objects full in View,
Though *Fools* may laugh, will make a *wise Man*
spew.

I desire the Reader will compare the least exceptionable Lines in the *Lady's Dressing-Room* with the least offensive of these in *Horace*; although purged by me, as much as could consist with preserving the true Sense of the Original: Yet, this was the great *Master of Politeness* in the *Roman Empire*, at the Time it flourished most in *Arts* and *Arms*.

Horace, you see, makes Use of the plain slovenly Words, which our decent *Irish Poet* industriously avoids, and skips over a Hundred dirty Places, without fouling his Shoes. *Horace*, on the contrary, plainly calls a *Spade*, a *Spade*, when there was not the least Necessity; and when, with equal Ease as well as Significance, he might have expressed his Meaning in comely

comely Terms, fit for the nicest Ears of a *Queen* or a *Dutchess*.

I do, therefore, positively decide in favour of our *Hibernian Bard*, upon the Article of *Decency*; and am ready to defend my Proposition against all Mankind; that in the ten Lines of *Horace*, here faithfully and favourably translated, there are ten Times more *slovenly Expressions*, than in the whole *Poem* called the *Lady's Dressing-Room*; and for the Truth of this Proposition, I am ready to appeal to all the young Ladies of the Kingdom, or to such a *Committee* as my very Adversaries shall appoint.

WOW

I desire the Reader will compare the least acceptable Lines in the *Lady's Dressing-Room* with the least offensive of those in *Horace*; although purged by me, as much as could consist with preserving the true Sense of the Original: yet, this was the great Misfortune of *Pollexwell* in the former Language, at the same it furnished

more to wit and Nature. However, you see makes Use of the plain, simple Words, which our decent Poet industriously avoids, and slips over a Hundred dirty Phrases, without touching his Shoes. He, on the contrary, plainly calls a spade a spade; when there was not the least Necessity; with equal Ease as well as dignity. I think he excelled his *Alexander* in comely

A French

A French GENTLEMAN dining with Company on a Fast Day, called for some Bacon and Eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so heinous a Sin : Whereupon he writ the following Lines, extempore, which are here translated.

PEU^T on croire avec bon sens
 Qu' un lardon le mit en colore ;
 Ou, que manger un harangue
 C' est un secret pour luy plaire.
 En sa gloire envelopè
 Songe t' il bien de nos soupè.

In *ENGLISH.*

WHO can believe with common Sense,
 A Bacon Slice gives God Offence.
 Or, how a Herring hath a Charm
 Almighty Anger to disarm.
 Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
 Does he regard on what we dine ?

VERSES *made for Women who cry*
Apples, &c.

A P P L E S.

COME buy my fine Wares,
Plumbs, Apples and Pears,
A hundred a Penny,
In Conscience too many,
Come, will you have any;
My Children are seven,
I wish them in Heaven,
My Husband's a Sot,
With his Pipe and his Pot,
Not a Farthing will gain 'em,
And I must maintain 'em.

A S P A R A G U S.

R I P E 'Sparagrafs,
Fit for Lad or Lads,
To make their Water pass:
O, 'tis pretty Picking
With a tender Chicken.

ONYONS.

O N Y O N S.

COME, follow me by the Smell,
 Here's delicate Onyons to sell,
 I promise to use you well.
 They make the Blood warmer,
 You'll feed like a Farmer:
 For this is ev'ry Cook's Opinion,
 No fav'ry Dish without an Onyon;
 But lest your Kissing should be spoyl'd,
 Your Onyons must be th'roughly boyl'd;
 Or else you may spare
 Your Mistrefs a Share,
 The Secret will never be known;
 She cannot discover
 The Breath of her Lover,
 But think it as sweet as her own.

O Y S T E R S.

CHarming Oysters I cry,
 My Masters come buy,
 So plump and so fresh,
 So sweet is their Flesh,
 No *Colchester* Oyster,
 Is sweeter and moyster,
 Your Stomach they settle,
 And rouse up your Mettle,

They'll make you a Dad
 Of a Lads or a Lad;
 And, Madam your Wife
 They'll please to the Life;
 Be she barren, be she old,
 Be she Slut, or be she Scold,
 Eat my Oysters, and lye near her,
 She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

H E R R I N G S.

BE not sparing,
 Leave off swearing
 Buy my Herring
 Fresh from * *Malabide*,
 Better ne'er was try'd.
 Come eat 'em with pure fresh Butter and Mustard,
 Their Bellies are soft, and as white as a Custard.
 Come, Six-pence a Dozen to get me some Bread,
 Or, like my own Herrings, I soon shall be dead.

O R A N G E S.

COME, buy my fine Oranges, Sauce for your
 Veal,
 And charming when squeez'd in a Pot of brown
 Ale.
 Well roasted, with Sugar and Wine in a Cup,
 They'll make a sweet Bishop when Gentlefolks
 sup. To

* *Malabide*, about five Miles from *Dublin*, famous for Oysters.

To L O V E.

IN all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand Deluder, were it not for Thee.
So weak Thou art, that Fools thy Pow'r despise,
And, yet so strong, Thou triumphst o'er the
Wife.

Thy Traps are laid with such peculiar Art,
They catch the Cautious ; let the Rash depart.
Most Nets are fill'd by want of Thought and
Care,

But too much Thinking, brings us to Thy Snare.
Where held by Thee, in Slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing Part of Life away.

But, what does most My Indignation move,
Discretion, thou wer't ne'er a Friend to Love :
Thy chief Delight is to defeat those Arts
By which he kindles mutual Flames in Hearts,
While the blind loit'ring God is at his Play,
Thou steal'st his golden pointed Darts away ;
Those Darts which never fail ; and in their Stead,
Convey'st malignant Arrows tipt with Lead :
The heedless God, suspecting no Deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wond'rous
Feats ;

But,

But, the poor Nymph, who feels her Vitals burn,
 And from her Shepherd can find no Return,
 Laments and rages at the Pow'rs divine,
 When curs'd Discretion, all the Fault was thine;
Cupid and *Hymen* Thou hast set at Odds,
 And bred such Feuds betwixt those Kindred
 Gods,
 That *Venus* cannot reconcile her Sons,
 When one appears, away the other runs.
 The former Scales, wherein he us'd to poise,
 Love against Love, and equal Joys with Joys,
 Are now fill'd up with Avarice and Pride,
 Where Titles, Power and Riches still subside,
 Then, gentle *Venus*, to thy Father run,
 And, tell him, how thy Children are undone;
 Prepare his Bolts, to give one fatal Blow,
 And strike Discretion to the Shades below.

*The following Lines were wrote upon a very
 old Glas of Sir Arthur Acheson's.*

Frail Glas, thou Mortal art, as well as I,
 Tho' none can tell, which of us first shall dye.

Answered extempore by Dr. SWIFT.

We both are Mortal; but thou, frailer Creature,
 May'st dye like me by Chance; but not by Nature.

VERSES

The ELEPHANT; or *The* Parliament-Man.

Written many Years since.

Taken from COKE's Institutes.

E'ER Bribes convince you whom to chuse
The Precepts of Lord *Coke* peruse.
Observe an *Elephant*, says he,
And let like him your Member be:
First take a Man that's free from *Gall*;
For *Elephants* have none at all:
In *Flocks*, or *Parties* he must keep;
For *Elephants* live just like Sheep:
Stubborn in Honour he must be;
For *Elephants* ne'er bend the *Knee*:
Last, let his *Memory* be sound,
In which your *Elephant's* profound;
That *old Examples* from the Wise
May prompt him in his No's and I's.

Thus, the Lord *Coke* hath gravely writ,
In all the Form of Lawyers Wit:
And then with *Latin*, and all that,
Shews the Comparifon is pat.

Yet in some Points my Lord is wrong;
One's *Teeth* are fold and t'other's *Tongue*:
Now Men of Parliament, God knows,
Are more like *Elephants* of *Shows*;
Whose docile Memory and Sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather Pence.
To get their Master Half a Crown,
They spread the Flag, or lay it down:
Those who bore Bulwarks on their Backs,
And guarded Nations from Attacks,

* * *

Now

Now practise ev'ry pliant Gesture,
 Op'ning their Trunk for ev'ry Tester.
Siam, for *Elephants* so fam'd,
 Is not with *England* to be nam'd:
 Their *Elephants* by Men are sold;
 Ours sell themselves, and take the Gold.

The following Piece was published in the Year 1733; and, as it may be useful upon a like Occasion, we think proper to insert it here.

ADVICE to the Freemen of the City of Dublin, in the Choice of a Member to represent them in PARLIAMENT.

THOSE few Writers, who, since the Death of Alderman *Burton*, have employed their Pens in giving Advice to our Citizens, how they should proceed in electing a new Representative for the next Sessions, having laid aside their Pens; I have Reason to hope, that all true Lovers of their Country in general, and particularly those who have any Regard for the Privileges and Liberties of this great and antient City, will think a second, and a third time, before they come to a final Determination upon what Person they resolve to fix their Choice.

I am told, there are only two Persons who set up for Candidates; one, is the present * Lord Mayor, and the † other, a Gentleman of good Esteem, an Alderman of the City, a Merchant of Reputation, and possessed of a considerable || Office under the Crown. The Question is, which

* *Humphry French.* † *John Macaral.* || Register of the Barracks.

which of these two Persons it will be most for the Advantage of the City to elect? I have but little Acquaintance with either, so that my Inquiries will be very impartial, and drawn only from the general Character and Situation of both.

In order to this, I must offer my Countrymen and Fellow Citizens, some Reasons, why I think they ought to be more than ordinarily careful at this Juncture, upon whom they bestow their Votes.

To perform this with more Clearness, it may be proper to give you a short State of our unfortunate Country.

We consist of two Parties, I do not mean Popish and Protestant, High and Low Church, Episcopal and Sectarians, Whig and Tory; but of these *English* who happen to be born in this Kingdom, (whose Ancestors reduced the whole Nation under the Obedience of the *English* Crown) and the Gentlemen sent from t'other Side to possess most of the chief Employments here: This latter Party is very much enlarged and strengthened by the whole Power in the Church, the Law, the Army, the Revenue, and the Civil Administration deposited in their Hands: Although out of Political Ends, and to save Appearances, some Employments are still deposited (yet gradually in a smaller Number) to Persons born here: This Proceeding, fortified with good Words, and many Promises, is sufficient to flatter and feed the Hopes of
 Hundreds,

Hundreds, who will never be one Farthing the better, as they might easily be convinced, if they were qualified to think at all.

Civil Employments of all Kinds, have been for several Years past, with great Prudence, made precarious, and during Pleasure; by which Means the Possessors are, and must inevitably be for ever dependant: Yet those very few of any Consequence, which are dealt with so sparing a Hand to Persons born among us, are enough to keep Hope aliye in great Numbers, who desire to mend their Condition by the Favour of those in Power.

Now, my dear Fellow Citizens, how is it possible you can conceive, that any Person who holds an Office of some Hundred Pounds a Year, which may be taken from him whenever Power shall think fit, will, if he should be chosen a Member for any City, do the least thing when he sits in the House, that he knows or fears may be displeasing to those who gave him, or continue him in that Office. Believe me, these are no times to expect such an exalted Degree of Virtue from mortal Men. *Blazing Stars* are much more frequently seen than such heroical Worthies. And, I could sooner hope to find ten Thousand Pounds by digging in my Garden, than such a *Phoenix* by searching among the present Race of Mankind.

I cannot forbear thinking it a very erroneous as well as modern Maxim of Politicks in the *English* Nation, to take every Opportunity of de-

depressing of *Ireland*, whereof an hundred Instances may be produced in Points of the highest Importance, and within the Memory of every middle-aged Man : Although many of the greatest Persons among that Party which now prevails, have formerly, upon that Article, much differed in their Opinion from their present Successors.

But, so the Fact stands at present. It is plain, that the Court and Country Party here (I mean in the House of Commons) very seldom agree in any thing but their Loyalty to his present Majesty, their Resolutions to make him and his Vice-roy easy in the Government, to the utmost of their Power, under the present Condition of the Kingdom. But the Persons sent from *England*, who (to a Trifle) are possessed of the sole executive Power in all its Branches, with their few Adherents in Possession who were born here, and Hundreds of Expectants, Hopes, and Promisees, put on quite contrary Notions with regard to *Ireland*. They count upon a universal Submission to whatever shall be demanded ; wherein they act safely, because none of themselves, except the Candidates, feel the least of our Pressures.

I remember a Person of Distinction some Days ago affirmed in a good deal of mixt Company, and of both Parties, That the Gentry from *England*, who now enjoy our highest Employments of all Kinds, can never be possibly Losers of one Farthing by the greatest Calamities

ties that can befall this Kingdom, except a Plague that would sweep away a Million of our *Hewers of Wood, and Drawers of Water*: Or an Invasion that would fright our Grandees out of the Kingdom. For this Person argued, that while there was a Penny left in the Treasury, the Civil and Military List must be paid; and that the Episcopal Revenues, which are usually farmed out at six times below the real Value, could hardly fail. He insisted further, that as Money diminished, the Price of all Necessaries for Life, must of Consequence do so too, which would be for the Advantage of all Persons in Employment, as well as of my Lords the Bishops, and to the Ruin of every Body else. Among the Company there wanted not Men in Office, besides one or two Expectants; yet I did not observe any of them disposed to return an Answer: But the Consequences drawn were these; That the great Men in Power sent hither from the other Side, were by no means upon the same Foot with his Majesty's other Subjects of *Ireland*. They had no common Ligament to bind them with us; they suffered not with our Sufferings, and if it were possible for us to have any Cause of Rejoycing, they could not rejoyce with us.

Suppose a Person, born in this Kingdom, shall happen by his Services for the *English* Interest, to have an Employment conferred on him worth four Hundred Pounds a Year; and that he hath likewise an Estate in Land, worth
four

four Hundred Pounds a Year more: Suppose him to sit in Parliament: Then, suppose a Land Tax to be brought in of five Shillings a Pound for ten Years; I tell you how this Gentleman will compute. He hath four Hundred Pounds a Year in Land: The Tax he must pay yearly is one Hundred Pounds; by which, in ten Years, he will pay only a Thousand Pounds. But, if he gives his Vote against this Tax, he will lose four Thousand Pounds, by being turned out of his Employment; together with the Power and Influence he hath, by Virtue or Colour of his Employment; and thus the Balance will be against him three Thousand Pounds.

I desire, my Fellow Citizens, you will please to call to mind how many Persons you can vouch for among your Acquaintance, who have so much Virtue and Self-Denial, as to lose four Hundred Pounds a Year for Life; together with the Smiles and Favour of Power, and the Hopes of higher Advancement, meerly out of a generous Love of his Country.

The Contentions of Parties in *England*, are very different from those among us. The Battle there is fought for Power and Riches; and so it is indeed among us: But, whether a great Employment be given to *Tom* or to *Peter*, they were both born in *England*, the Profits are to be spent there. All Employments (except a very few) are bestowed on the Natives: They do not send to *Germany*, *Holland*, *Sweden*, or *Denmark*, much less to *Ireland*, for Chancellors, Bishops,

Bishops, Judges, or other Officers. Their Salaries, whether well or ill got, are employed at home : And whatever their Morals or Politicks be, the Nation is not the poorer.

The House of Commons in *England*, have frequently endeavoured to limit the Number of Members, who should be allowed to have Employments under the Crown : Several Acts have been made to that Purpose, which many wise Men think are not yet effectual enough, and many of them are rendered ineffectual, by leaving the Power of Re-election : Our House of Commons consists, I think, of about three Hundred Members; if one Hundred of these should happen to be made up of Persons already provided for, joined with Expecters, Compliers, easy to be persuaded, such as will give a Vote for a Friend who is in Hopes to get something ; if they be merry Companions, without Suspicion, of a natural Bashfulness, not apt or able to look forwards ; if good Words, Smiles, and Caresses, have any Power over them, the larger Part of a second Hundred may be very easily brought in at a most reasonable Rate.

There is an * *Englishman* of no long Standing among us, but in an Employment of great Trust, Power, and Profit. This excellent Person did lately publish, at his own Expence, a Pamphlet printed in *England* by Authority, to justify the Bill for a general *Excise*, or In-land

* EDWARD THOMPSON, Esq; Member of Parliament for *York*, and a Commissioner of the Revenue in *Ireland*.

land Duty, in order to introduce that blessed Scheme among us. What a tender Care must such an *English* Patriot for *Ireland* have of our Interest, if he should condescend to sit in our Parliament. I will bridle my Indignation. However, methinks I long to see that Mortal, who would with Pleasure blow us up all at a Blast: But, he duly receives his Thousand Pounds a Year; makes his Progresses like a King; is * received in Pomp at every Town and Village where he travels, and shines in the *English* News-Papers.

I will now apply what I have said to you, my Brethren and Fellow Citizens. Count upon it, as a Truth next to your Creed, that no one Person in Office, of which he is not Master for Life, whether born here or in *England*, will ever hazard that Office for the Good of this Country. One of your Candidates is of this Kind, and I believe him to be an honest Gentleman, as the Word *Honest* is generally understood. But, he loves his Employment better than he doth you, or his Country, or all the Countries upon Earth. Will you contribute and give him City Security, to pay him the Value of his Employment, if it should be taken from him, during his Life, for voting on all Occasions with the honest Country Party in the House; although I must question, whether he would do it, even upon that Condition.

Where-

* Mr. THOMPSON was presented with his Freedom of several Corporations in *Ireland*.

Wherefore, since there are but two Candidates, I intreat you will fix on the present Lord-Mayor. He hath shewn more Virtue, more Activity, more Skill, in one Year's Government of the City, than a Hundred Years can equal. He hath endeavoured, with great Success, to banish Frauds, Corruptions, and all other Abuses from amongst you.

A Dozen such Men in Power, would be able to reform a Kingdom. He hath no Employment under the Crown; nor is likely to get or sollicite for any; his Education having not turned him that Way. I will assure for no Man's future Conduct; but he who hath hitherto practised the Rules of Virtue with so much Difficulty, in so great and busy a Station, deserves your Thanks, and the best Return you can make him; and you, my Brethren, have no other to give him, than that of representing you in Parliament. Tell not me of your Engagements and Promises to another. Your Promises were Sins of Inconsideration, at best; and you are bound to repent and annul them. That Gentleman, although with good Reputation, is already engaged on the other Side. He hath four Hundred Pounds a Year under the Crown, which he is too wise to part with, by sacrificing so good an Establishment to the empty Names of Virtue, and Love of his Country. I can assure you, the *DRAPIER* is in the Interests of the present Lord-Mayor, whatever you may be told to the contrary. I
have

have lately heard him declare so in publick Company, and offer some of these very Reasons in Defence of his Opinion ; although he hath a Regard and Esteem for the other Gentleman, but would not hazard the Good of the City and the Kingdom for a Compliment.

The Lord Mayor's Severity to some unfair Dealers, should not turn the honest Men among them against him. Whatever he did, was for the Advantage of those very Traders whose dishonest Members he punished. He hath hitherto been above Temptation, to act wrong ; and therefore, as Mankind goes, he is the most likely to act right as a Representative of your City, as he constantly did in the Government of it.

20 JY 63

THREE
SERMONS:

I. On Mutual SUBJECTION.

II. On CONSCIENCE.

III. On the TRINITY.

By the Reverend Dr. SWIFT,
Dean of St. PATRICK'S



DUBLIN:
Printed in the Year,

M,DCC,XLV.

THE

SERMONS:

I. On Moral Sensation.

II. On Conscience.

III. On the Trinity.



By the Rev. Dr. F. A. F. F. F.



PUBLISHED.

in the Year.

M, Dec, xlv.

ON

Mutual SUBJECTION.

I St. PETER V. 5.

Yea, all of you be subject one to another.

THE Apostle having in many Parts of this Epistle given Directions to Christians concerning the Duty of Subjection or Obedience to Superiors; in the several Instances of the Subject to his Prince, the Child to his Parent, the Servant to his Master, the Wife to her Husband, and the Younger to the Elder; doth here, in the Words of the Text, sum up the whole, by advancing a Point of Doctrine, which at first may appear a little extraordinary; *Yea, all of you, saith he, be subject one to another.* For, it should seem, that two Persons cannot properly be said to be subject to each other, and that Subjection is only
due

due from Inferiors to those above them : Yet Saint *Paul* hath several Passages to the same

Purpose. For he exhorts the *Romans*, in Honour to prefer one another ; and the *Philippians*, that in Lowliness of

Mind they should let each esteem other better than themselves ; and the *Ephesians*, that they should submit

themselves one to another in the Fear of the Lord. Here we find these two great Apo-

stles recommending to all Christians this Duty of mutual Subjection. For we may observe by Saint *Peter*, that having mentioned the several

Relations which Men bear to each other, as Governor and Subject, Master and Servant,

and the rest which I have already repeated, he maketh no Exception, but summs up the

whole with commanding *All to be subject one to another*. From whence we may conclude, that

this Subjection due from all Men to all Men, is something more than the Compliment of

Course, when our Betters are pleased to tell us they are our humble Servants, but understand

us to be their Slaves.

I know very well, that some of those who explain this Text, apply it to Humility, to the

Duties of Charity, to private Exhortations, and to bearing with each other's Infirmities : And,

it is probable, the Apostle may have had a Regard to all these : But however, many learned

Men agree, that there is something more understood, and so the Words in their plain na-

tural

tural Meaning must import; as you will observe yourselves, if you read them with the beginning of the Verse, which is thus: *Likewise ye Younger submit yourselves unto the Elder; yea, all of you be subject one to another.* So, that upon the whole, there must be some kind of Subjection due from every Man to every Man, which cannot be made void by any Power, Præ-eminence, or Authority whatever. Now, what sort of Subjection this is, and how it ought to be paid, shall be the Subject of my present Discourse.

As God hath contrived all the Works of Nature to be useful, and in some manner a Support to each other, by which the whole Frame of the World under his Providence is preserved and kept up; so, among Mankind, our particular Stations are appointed to each of us by God Almighty, wherein we are obliged to act, as far as our Power reacheth, towards the Good of the whole Community. And he who doth not perform that Part assigned him towards advancing the Benefit of the Whole, in proportion to his Opportunities and Abilities, is not only a useless, but a very mischievous Member of the Publick: Because he taketh his Share of the Profit, and yet leaveth his Share of the Burden to be born by others, which is the true principal Cause of most Miseries and Misfortunes in Life. For, a wise Man who doth not assist with his Counsels, a great Man with his Protection, a rich Man with his Bounty and
Charity,

Charity, and a poor Man with his Labour, are perfect Nufances in a Commonwealth. Neither is any Condition of Life more honourable in the Sight of God than another; otherwise he would be a Respector of Persons, which he assureth us he is not: For he hath proposed the same Salvation to all Men, and hath only placed them in different Ways or Stations to work it out. Princes are born with no more Advantages of Strength or Wisdom than other Men; and, by an unhappy Education, are usually more defective in both than thousands of their Subjects. They depend for every Necessary of Life upon the meanest of their People: Besides, Obedience and Subjection were never enjoined by God to humour the Passions, Lusts, and Vanities of those who demand them from us; but we are commanded to obey our Governors, because Disobedience would breed Seditions in the State. Thus, Servants are directed to obey their Masters, Children their Parents, and Wives their Husbands; not from any Respect of Persons in God, but because otherwise there would be nothing but Confusion in private Families. This Matter will be clearly explained, by considering the Comparison which St. Paul maketh between the Church of Christ and the natural Body of Man: For the same Resemblance will hold, not only to Families and Kingdoms, but to the whole Corporation of Mankind. *The Eye*, saith he, *cannot say unto the Hand, I have no need*

Rom. xii. 21.

c. 23, 26.

need of thee; nor again the Hand to the Foot, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more, those Members of the Body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary. And whether one Member suffer, all the Members suffer with it; or one Member be honoured, all the Members rejoice with it. The Case is directly the same among Mankind. The Prince cannot say to the Merchant, I have no need of thee; nor the Merchant to the Labourer, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more those Members, &c. For the Poor are generally more necessary Members of the Commonwealth than the Rich: Which clearly shews, that God never intended such Possessions for the Sake and Service of those to whom he lends them: But because he hath assigned every Man his particular Station to be useful in Life; and this for the Reason given by the Apostle, that there may be no Schism in the Body.

From hence may partly be gathered the Nature of that Subjection which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleased to put us into an imperfect State, where we have perpetual Occasion of each other's Assistance. There is none so low, as not to be in a Capacity of assisting the Highest; nor so high, as not to want the Assistance of the Lowest.

It plainly appears from what hath been said, that no one human Creature is more worthy than another in the sight of God; farther, than according to the Goodness or Holiness of
their

their Lives ; and, that Power, Wealth, and the like outward Advantages, are so far from being the Marks of God's approving or preferring those on whom they are bestowed, that, on the contrary, he is pleased to suffer them to be almost engrossed by those who have least Title to his Favour. Now, according to this Equality wherein God hath placed all Mankind, with relation to himself, you will observe, that in all the Relations between Man and Man, there is a mutual Dependence, whereby the one cannot subsist without the other. Thus, no Man can be a Prince without Subjects, nor a Master without Servants, nor a Father without Children, And this both explains and confirms the Doctrine of the Text : for, where there is a mutual Dependence, there must be a mutual Duty, and consequently a mutual Subjection. For Instance, the Subject must obey his Prince, because God commands it, human Laws require it, and the Safety of the Publick maketh it necessary. (For the same Reasons we must obey all that are in Authority, and submit our selves, not only to the Good and Gentle, but also to the Froward, whether they rule according to our Liking or no.) On the other Side, in those Countries that pretend to Freedom, Princes are subject to those Laws which their People have chosen ; they are bound to protect their Subject in Liberty, Property, and Religion ; to receive their Petitions, and redress their Grievances : So, that
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the best Prince is, in the Opinion of wise Men, only the greatest Servant of the Nation; not only a Servant to the Publick in general, but in some sort to every Man in it. In the like manner, a Servant owes Obedience, and Diligence, and Faithfulness to his Master, from whom at the same time he hath a just Demand for Protection, and Maintenance, and gentle Treatment. Nay, even the poor Beggar hath a just Demand of an Alms from the Rich Man, who is guilty of Fraud, Injustice, and Oppression, if he doth not afford Relief according to his Abilities.

But this Subjection we all owe one another is no where more necessary, than in the common Conversations of Life; for without it there could be no Society among Men. If the Learned would not sometimes submit to the Ignorant, the Wise to the Simple, the Gentle to the Froward, the Old to the Weaknesses of the Young, there would be nothing but everlasting Variance in the World. This our Saviour himself confirmed by his own Example; for he appeared in the Form of a Servant, and washed his Disciples Feet, adding those memorable Words, *Ye call me Lord and Master, and ye say well, for so I am. If I then your Lord and Master wash your Feet, how much more ought ye to wash one another's Feet?* Under which Expression of washing the Feet, is included all that Subjection, Assistance, Love, and Duty, which every good Christian ought to pay his Brother,

Brother, in whatever Station God hath placed him. For the greatest Prince and the meanest Slave, are not by infinite Degrees so distant, as our Saviour and those Disciples whose Feet he vouchsafed to wash.

And, although this Doctrine of subjecting ourselves to one another may seem to grate upon the Pride and Vanity of Mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digested by those who value themselves upon their Greatness or their Wealth; yet, is it really no more than what most Men practise upon other Occasions. For, if our Neighbour who is our Inferior comes to see us, we rise to receive him, we place him above us, and respect him as if he were better than ourselves; and this is thought both decent and necessary, and is usually called Good Manners. Now the Duty required by the Apostle, is, only that we should enlarge our Minds, and that what we thus practise in the common Course of Life, we should imitate in all our Actions and Proceedings whatever; since our Saviour tells us, that every Man is our Neighbour, and since we are so ready in the Point of Civility, to yield to others in our own Houses, where only we have any Title to govern.

Having thus shewn you what sort of Subjection it is which all Men owe one another, and in what Manner it ought to be paid, I shall now draw some Observations from what hath been said.

And

And *First* ; A thorough Practice of this Duty of subjecting ourselves to the Wants and Infirmities of each other, would utterly extinguish in us the Vice of Pride. For, if God hath pleased to entrust me with a Talent, not for my own Sake, but for the Service of others, and at the same time hath left me full of Wants and Necessities which others must supply ; I can then have no Cause to set any extraordinary Value upon myself, or to despise my Brother, because he hath not the same Talents which were lent to me. His Being may probably be as useful to the Publick as mine ; and therefore, by the Rule of right Reason, I am in no sort preferable to him.

Secondly ; It is very manifest from what hath been said, that no Man ought to look upon the Advantages of Life, such as Riches, Honour, Power, and the like, as his Property, but merely as a Trust, which God hath deposited with him, to be employed for the Use of his Brethren ; and God will certainly punish the Breach of that Trust, although the Laws of Man will not, or rather indeed cannot ; because the Trust was conferred only by God, who hath not left it to any Power on Earth to decide infallibly, whether a Man maketh a good Use of his Talents or no, or to punish him where he fails. And therefore God seems to have more particularly taken this Matter into his own Hands, and will most certainly reward

reward or punish us in proportion to our good or ill Performance in it. Now, although the Advantages which one Man posseſſeth more than another, may in some Senſe be called his Property with reſpect to other Men, yet with reſpect to God they are, as I ſaid, only a Truſt: Which will plainly appear from hence. If a Man doth not uſe thoſe Advantages to the Good of the Publick, or the Benefit of his Neighbour, it is certain he doth not deſerve them; and conſequently, that God never intended them for a Bleſſing to him; and on the other Side, whoever doth employ his Talents as he ought, will find by his own Experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the Service of others: for to the Service of others he will certainly employ them.

Thirdly; If we could all be brought to practiſe this Duty of ſubjecting ourſelves to each other, it would very much contribute to the general Happineſs of Mankind: For this would root out Envy and Malice from the Heart of Man; becauſe you cannot envy your Neighbour's Strength, if he maketh uſe of it to defend your Life, or carry your Burden; you cannot envy his Wiſdom, if he gives you good Counſel; nor his Riches, if he ſupplieth you in your Wants; nor his Greatneſs, if he employs it to your Protection. The Miſeries of Life are not properly owing to the unequal Diſtribution of Things; but God Almighty, the great King of Heaven, is treated like the
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Kings of the Earth ; who, although perhaps intending well themselves, have often most abominable Ministers and Stewards, and those generally the vilest, to whom they entrust the most Talents. But here is the Difference, that the Princes of this World see by other Men's Eyes, but God sees all Things ; and therefore whenever he permiteth his Blessings to be dealt among those who are unworthy, we may certainly conclude, that he intends them as a Punishment to an evil World, as well as to the Owners. It were well, if those would consider this, whose Riches serve them only as a Spur to Avarice, or as an Instrument to their Lusts ; whose Wisdom is only of this World, to put false Colours upon Things, to call Good Evil, and Evil Good, against the Conviction of their own Consciences ; and lastly, who employ their Power and Favour in Acts of Oppression or Injustice, in misrepresenting Persons and Things, or in countenancing the Wicked to the Ruin of the Innocent.

Fourthly ; The Practice of this Duty of being subject to one another, would make us rest contented in the several Stations of Life wherein God hath thought fit to place us ; because it would in the best and easiest manner bring us back as it were to that early State of the Gospel when Christians had all things in common. For, if the Poor found the Rich disposed to supply their Wants ; if
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the Ignorant found the Wise ready to instruct and direct them ; or, if the Weak might always find Protection from the Mighty ; they could none of them with the least Pretence of Justice lament their own Condition.

From all that hath been hitherto said, it appears, that great Abilities of any sort, when they are employed as God directs, do but make the Owners of them greater and more painful Servants to their Neighbour, and the Publick : However, we are by no means to conclude from hence, that they are not really Blessings, when they are in the Hands of Good Men. For first, what can be a greater Honour than to be chosen one of the Stewards and Dispensers of God's Bounty to Mankind ? What is there, that can give a generous Spirit more Pleasure and Complacency of Mind, than to consider, that he is an Instrument of doing much Good ? that great Numbers owe to him, under God, their Subsistence, their Safety, their Health, and the good Conduct of their Lives ? The wickedest Man upon Earth taketh a Pleasure in doing Good to those he loveth ; and therefore surely a good Christian, who obeys our Saviour's Command of loving all Men, cannot but take Delight in doing Good even to his Enemies. God, who giveth all things to all Men, can receive nothing from any ; and those among Men, who do the most Good, and receive the fewest Returns, do most resemble their Creator : For
which

which reason, Saint *Paul* delivereth it as a Saying of our Saviour, that *it is more blessed to give than to receive*. By this Rule, what must become of those Things which the World valueth as the greatest Blessings, Riches, Power, and the like, when our Saviour plainly determines, that the best way to make them Blessings, is to part with them? Therefore, although the Advantages which one Man hath over another, may be called Blessings, yet they are by no means so in the Sense the World usually understands. Thus, for Example, great Riches are no Blessing in themselves; because the poor Man with the common Necessaries of Life enjoys more Health, and hath fewer Cares without them: How then do they become Blessings? No otherwise, than by employing them in feeding the Hungry, cloathing the Naked, rewarding worthy Men, and in short, doing Acts of Charity and Generosity. Thus likewise, Power is no Blessing in itself, because private Men bear less Envy, and Trouble, and Anguish without it. But when it is employed to protect the Innocent, to relieve the Oppressed, and to punish the Oppressor, then it becometh a great Blessing. And, so lastly, even great Wisdom is in the Opinion of *Solomon* not a Blessing in itself: For *in much Wisdom is much Sorrow*; and Men of common Understandings, if they serve God and mind their Callings, make fewer Mistakes in the Conduct of Life than those who have

better Heads. And yet, Wisdom is a mighty Blessing when it is applied to good Purposes, to instruct the Ignorant, to be a faithful Counsellor either in publick or private, to be a Director to Youth, and to many other Ends needless here to mention.

To conclude : God sent us into the World to obey his Commands, by doing as much Good as our Abilities will reach, and as little Evil as our many Infirmities will permit. Some he hath only trusted with one Talent, some with five, and some with ten. No Man is without his Talent ; and he that is faithful or negligent in a little, shall be rewarded or punished, as well as he that hath been so in a great deal.

Consider what hath been said, &c.

ON

O N T H E

Testimony of CONSCIENCE.

2 COR. I. VER. 12. Part of it.

—For our Rejoycing is this, the Testimony of our Conscience.

THERE is no Word more frequently in the Mouths of Men, than that of *Conscience*, and the Meaning of it is in some measure generally understood: However, because it is likewise a Word extreamly abused by many People, who apply other Meanings to it, which God Almighty never intended; I shall explain it to you in the clearest manner I am able. The Word *Conscience* properly signifies, that Knowledge which a Man hath within himself of his own Thoughts and Actions. And, because, if a Man judgeth fairly of his own Actions by comparing them with the Law of God, his Mind will either approve or condemn him according as he hath done Good or Evil;

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therefore this Knowledge or Conscience may properly be called both an Accuser and a Judge. So that whenever our Conscience accuseth us, we are certainly guilty; but we are not always innocent when it doth not accuse us: For very often, through the Hardness of our Hearts, or the Fondness and Favour we bear to our selves, or through Ignorance, or Neglect, we do not suffer our Conscience to take any Cognizance of several Sins we commit. [There is another Office likewise belonging to Conscience, which is that of being our Director and Guide; and the wrong Use of this hath been the Occasion of more Evils under the Sun, than almost all other Causes put together. For, as Conscience is nothing else but the Knowledge we have of what we are thinking and doing; so it can guide us no farther than that Knowledge reacheth. And therefore God hath placed Conscience in us to be our Director only in those Actions which Scripture and Reason plainly tell us to be good or evil. But in Cases too difficult or doubtful for us to comprehend or determine, there Conscience is not concerned; because it cannot advise in what it doth not understand, nor decide where it is itself in doubt:] But, by God's great Mercy, those difficult Points are never of absolute Necessity to our Salvation. [There is likewise another Evil, that Men often say, a Thing is against their Conscience, when really it is not.] For Instance: Ask any of those who differ from the Worship
established

established, why they do not come to Church? They will say, they dislike the Ceremonies, the Prayers, the Habits, and the like, and therefore it goeth against their Conscience: But they are mistaken, their Teacher hath put those Words into their Mouth; for a Man's Conscience can go no higher than his Knowledge; and therefore until he has thoroughly examined by Scripture, and the Practice of the ancient Church, whether those Points are blameable or no, his Conscience cannot possibly direct him to condemn them. Hence have likewise arisen those Mistakes about what is usually called *Liberty of Conscience*; which, properly speaking, is no more than a Liberty of knowing our own Thoughts; which Liberty no one can take from us. But those Words have obtained quite different Meanings: Liberty of Conscience is now-a-days not only understood to be the Liberty of believing what Men please, but also of endeavouring to propagate the Belief as much as they can, and to overthrow the Faith which the Laws have already established, to be rewarded by the Publick for those wicked Endeavours: And this is the Liberty of Conscience which the Fanaticks are now openly in the Face of the World endeavouring at with their utmost Application. At the same time it cannot but be observed, that those very Persons, who under a Pretence of a publick Spirit and Tendernefs towards their Christian Brethren, are so jealous for such a Liberty of Con-

science as this, are of all others the least tender to those who differ from them in the smallest Point relating to Government; and I wish I could not say, that the Majesty of the living God may be offended with more Security than the Memory of a dead Prince. But the Wisdom of the World at present seems to agree with that of the Heathen Emperor, who said, If the Gods were offended, it was their own Concern, and they were able to vindicate themselves.

But although Conscience hath been abused to those wicked Purposes which I have already related, yet a due Regard to the Directions it plainly giveth us, as well as to its Accusations, Reproaches, and Advices, would be of the greatest Use to Mankind, both for their present Welfare and future Happiness.

Therefore, my Discourse at this Time shall be directed to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm Foundation for Virtue, but on a Conscience which is guided by Religion.

In order to this, I shall first shew you the Weakness and Uncertainty of two false Principles which many People set up in the Place of Conscience, for a Guide to their Actions.

The first of these false Principles is, what the World usually calleth *Moral Honesty*. There are some People, who appear very indifferent as to Religion, and yet have the Repute of being just and fair in their Dealings; and these are generally known by the Character of good
Moral

Moral Men. But now, if you look into the Grounds and Motives of such a Man's Actions, you shall find them to be no other than his own Ease and Interest. For Example : You trust a moral Man with your Money in the Way of Trade ; you trust another with the Defence of your Cause at Law, and perhaps they both deal justly with you. Why ? Not from any Regard they have for Justice, but because their Fortune depends upon their Credit, and a Stain of open publick Dishonesty must be to their Disadvantage. But let it consist with such a Man's Interest and Safety to wrong you, and then it will be impossible you can have any Hold upon him ; because there is nothing left to give him a Check, or to put in the Balance against his Profit. For, if he hath nothing to govern himself by, but the Opinion of the World, as long as he can conceal his Injustice from the World, he thinks he is safe.

Besides, it is found by Experience, that those Men who set up for Morality without regard to Religion, are generally but virtuous in part ; they will be just in their Dealings between Man and Man ; but if they find themselves disposed to Pride, Lust, Intemperance, or Avarice, they do not think their Morality concerned to check them in any of these Vices, because it is the great Rule of such Men, that they may lawfully follow the Dictates of Nature, wherever their Safety, Health, and Fortune are not injured. So, that upon the Whole, there is
hardly

hardly one Vice which a meer moral Man may not upon some Occasions allow himself to practise.

[The other false Principle, which some Men set up in the Place of Conscience to be their Director in Life, is what those who pretend to it, call *Honour*.]

This Word is often made the Sanction of an Oath ; it is reckoned a great Commendation to be a Man of strict Honour ; and [it is commonly understood, that a Man of Honour can never be guilty of a base Action.] This is usually the Stile of Military Men ; of Persons with Titles ; and of others who pretend to Birth and Quality. It is true indeed, that in ancient Times it was universally understood, that Honour was the Reward of Virtue ; but if such Honour as is now-a-days going will not permit a Man to do a base Action, it must be allowed, there are very few such Things as base Actions in Nature. No Man of Honour, as that Word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his Honour obliged him to be chaste or temperate ; to pay his Creditors ; to be useful to his Country ; to do good to Mankind ; to endeavour to be wise or learned ; to regard his Word, his Promise, or his Oath ; or if he hath any of these Virtues, they were never learned in the Catechism of Honour ; which contains but two Precepts, the punctual Payment of Debts contracted at Play, and the right understanding the several Degrees of an Affront, in
order

order to revenge it by the Death of an Adversary.

But suppose, this Principle of Honour, which some Men so much boast of, did really produce more Virtues than it ever pretended to ; yet since the very Being of that Honour dependeth upon the Breath, the Opinion, or the Fancy of the People ; the Virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain Duration. For Example : Suppose a Man from a Principle of Honour should resolve to be just, or chaste, or temperate ; and yet the censuring World should take a Humour of refusing him those Characters ; he would then think the Obligation at an End : Or, on the other Side, if he thought he could gain Honour by the falsest and vilest Actions (which is a Case that very often happens,) he would then make no Scruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy State, to have the Religion, the Liberty, or the Property of a People lodged in such Hands, which however hath been too often the Case.

What I have said upon this Principle of Honour may perhaps be thought of small Concernment to most of you who are my Hearers : However, a Caution was not altogether unnecessary ; since there is nothing by which not only the Vulgar, but the honest Tradesman hath been so much deceived, as this infamous Pretence to Honour in too many of their Betters.

[Having thus shewn you the Weakness and
Uncertainty

Uncertainty of those Principles which some Men set up in the Place of Conscience to direct them in their Actions, I shall now endeavour to prove to you, that there is no solid, firm Foundation of Virtue, but in a Conscience directed by the Principles of Religion.]

There is no way of judging how far we may depend upon the Actions of Men, otherwise than by knowing the Motives, and Grounds, and Causes of them; and, if the Motives of our Actions be not resolved and determined into the Law of God, they will be precarious and uncertain, and liable to perpetual Changes. I will shew you what I mean, by an Example: Suppose a Man thinks it is his Duty to obey his Parents, because Reason tells him so, because he is obliged by Gratitude, and because the Laws of his Country command him to do so: But, if he stops here, his Parents can have no lasting Security; for an Occasion may happen, wherein it may be extremely his Interest to be disobedient, and where the Laws of the Land can lay no hold upon him: Therefore, before such a Man can safely be trusted, he must proceed farther, and consider, that his Reason is the Gift of God; that God commanded him to be obedient to the Laws, and did moreover in a particular manner enjoin him to be dutiful to his Parents; after which, if he lays a due Weight upon those Considerations, he will probably continue in his Duty to the End of his Life: Because no earthly Interest can ever come
in

in Competition to balance the Danger of offending his Creator, or the Happiness of pleasing him. And of all this his Conscience will certainly inform him, if he hath any Regard to Religion.

Secondly; [Fear and Hope are the two greatest natural Motives of all Men's Actions: But, neither of these Passions will ever put us in the Way of Virtue, unless they be directed by Conscience.] For, although virtuous Men do sometimes accidentally make their Way to Preferment, yet the World is so corrupted, that no Man can reasonably hope to be rewarded in it, meerly upon account of his Virtue. And consequently, the Fear of Punishment in this Life will preserve Men from very few Vices, since some of the blackest and basest do often prove the surest Steps to Favour; such as Ingratitude, Hypocrisy, Treachery, Malice, Subordination, Atheism, and many more which human Laws do little concern themselves about. [But when Conscience placeth before us the Hopes of everlasting Happiness, and the Fears of everlasting Misery, as the Reward and Punishment of our good or evil Actions, our Reason can find no way to avoid the Force of such an Argument, otherwise than by running into Infidelity.]

[*Lastly*; Conscience will direct us to love God, and to put our whole Trust and Confidence in Him. Our Love of God will inspire us with a Detestation for Sin,] as what is of all
Things

Things most contrary to his Divine Nature; and if we have an entire Confidence in him, *that* will enable us to subdue and despise all the Allurements of the World.

It may here be objected, If Conscience be so sure a Director to us Christians in the Conduct of our Lives, how cometh it to pass, that the ancient Heathens, who had no other Lights but those of Nature and Reason, should so far exceed us in all manner of Virtue, as plainly appears by many Examples they have left on record?

To which it may be answered; First, those Heathens were extremely strict and exact in the Education of their Children; whereas among us this Care is so much laid aside, that the more God hath blessed any Man with Estate or Quality, just so much less in Proportion is the Care he taketh in the Education of his Children, and particularly of that Child which is to inherit his Fortune; of which the Effects are visible enough among the Great Ones of the World. Again, those Heathens did in a particular manner instil the Principle into their Children of loving their Country; which is so far otherwise now-a-days, that, of the several Parties among us, there is none of them that seem to have so much as heard, whether there be such a Virtue in the World; as plainly appears by their Practices, and especially when they are placed in those Stations where they can only have Opportunity of shewing it. Lastly; The most

most considerable among the Heathens did generally believe Rewards and Punishments in a Life to come; which is the great Principle for Conscience to work upon: [Whereas too many of those who would be thought the most considerable among us, do, both by their Practices and their Discourses, plainly affirm, that they believe nothing at all of the Matter.

Wherefore, since [it hath manifestly appeared that a Religious Conscience is the only true solid Foundation upon which Virtue can be built,] give me leave before I conclude, to let you see how necessary such a Conscience is, to conduct us in every Station and Condition of our Lives.

[That a Religious Conscience is necessary in any Station, is confessed even by those who tell us, that all Religion was invented by cunning Men, in order to keep the World in Awe.] For, if Religion, by the Confession of its Adversaries, be necessary towards the well-governing of Mankind; then every wise Man in Power will be sure not only to chuse out for every Station under him such Persons as are most likely to be kept in Awe by Religion, but likewise to carry some Appearance of it himself, or else he is a very weak Politician. And accordingly in any Country where great Persons affect to be open Despisers of Religion, their Counsels will be found at last to be fully as destructive to the State as the Church.

It was the Advice of *Jethro* to his Son-in-Law *Moses*, to *provide able Men, such as fear God,*

God, Men of Truth, hating Covetousness, and to place such over the People; and *Moses*, who was as wise a Statesman, at least, as any in this Age, thought fit to follow that Advice. Great Abilities, without the Fear of God, are most dangerous Instruments when they are trusted with Power. The Laws of Man have thought fit, that those who are called to any Office of Trust should be bound by an Oath to the faithful Discharge of it: But, an Oath is an Appeal to God, and therefore can have no Influence except upon those who believe that he is, and that he is a Rewarder of those that seek him, and a Punisher of those who disobey him: And therefore, we see, the Laws themselves are forced to have recourse to Conscience in these Cases, because their Penalties cannot reach the Arts of cunning Men, who can find Ways to be guilty of a thousand Injustices without being discovered, or at least without being punished. And the Reason why we find so many Frauds, Abuses, and Corruptions where any Trust is conferred, can be no other, than that there is so little Conscience and Religion left in the World, or at least that Men in their Choice of Instruments have private Ends in view, which are very different from the Service of the Publick.] Besides, it is certain, that Men who profess to have no Religion, are full as zealous to bring over Profelytes as any Papist or Fanatick can be. And therefore, if those who are in Station high enough to be of Influence or Example

ample to others; if those (I say) openly profess a Contempt or Disbelief of Religion, they will be sure to make all their Dependents of their own Principles; and what Security can the Publick expect from such Persons, whenever their Interests or their Lusts come into Competition with their Duty? It is very possible for a Man who has the Appearance of Religion, and a great Pretender to Conscience, to be wicked and an Hypocrite; but, it is impossible for a Man who openly declares against Religion, to give any reasonable Security that he will not be false and cruel, and corrupt, whenever a Temptation offers, which he valueth more than he does the Power wherewith he was trusted. And, if such a Man doth not betray his Cause and his Master, it was only because the Temptation was not properly offered, or the Profit was too small, or the Danger too great. And hence it is, that we find so little Truth or Justice among us, because there are so very few, who either in the Service of the Publick, or in common Dealings with each other, do ever look farther than their own Advantage, and how to guard themselves against the Laws of the Country; which a Man may do by Favour, by Secresy, or by Cunning, although he breaketh almost every Law of God.

[Therefore to conclude: It plainly appears, that unless Men are guided by the Advice and Judgment of a Conscience founded on Religion, they

they can give no Security that they will be either good Subjects, faithful Servants of the Publick, or honest in their mutual Dealings; since there is no other Tie thro' which the Pride, or Lust, or Avarice, or Ambition of Mankind will not certainly break one Time or other.]

Consider what hath been said, &c.

O N

ON THE
T R I N I T Y.

I Epist. Gen. of St. JOHN V. 7.

For there are Three that bear Record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these Three are One.

THIS Day being set apart to acknowledge our Belief in the Eternal TRINITY, I thought it might be proper to employ my present Discourse entirely upon that Subject; and, I hope, to handle it in such a Manner, that the most Ignorant among you may return home better informed of your Duty in this great Point, than probably you are at present.

It must be confessed, that by the Weakness and Indiscretion of busy (or at best, of well-meaning) People, as well as by the Malice of those who are Enemies to all Revealed Religion,

and are not content to possess their own Infidelity in Silence, without communicating it to the Disturbance of Mankind ; I say, by these Means, it must be confessed, that the Doctrine of the Trinity hath suffered very much, and made Christianity suffer along with it. For these two Things must be granted : First, That Men of wicked Lives would be very glad there were no Truth in Christianity at all ; and secondly, If they can pick out any one single Article in the Christian Religion which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted Reason, or to the Arguments of those bad People, who follow the Trade of seducing others, they presently conclude, that the Truth of the whole Gospel must sink along with that one Article ; which is just as wise, as if a Man should say, because he dislikes one Law of his Country, he will therefore observe no Law at all ; and yet, that one Law may be very reasonable in itself, although he doth not allow it, or doth not know the Reason of the Lawgivers.

Thus it hath happened with the great Doctrine of the Trinity ; which Word is indeed not in Scripture, but was a Term of Art invented in the earlier Times to express the Doctrine by a single Word, for the Sake of Brevity and Convenience. The Doctrine then, as delivered in Holy Scripture, although not exactly in the same Words, is very short, and amounts only to this, That the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are each of them God, and yet
that

that there is but One God. For, as to the Word *Person*, when we say there are three Persons; and as to those other Explanations in the *Athanasian* Creed this Day read to you (whether compiled by *Athanasius* or no) they were taken up three hundred Years after Christ, to expound this Doctrine; and I will tell you upon what Occasion. About that time there sprang up a Heresy of a People called *Arrians*, from one *Arrius* the Leader of them. These denied our Saviour to be God, although they allowed all the rest of the Gospel (wherein they were more sincere than their Followers among us.) Thus the Christian World was divided into two Parts, until at length, by the Zeal and Courage of Saint *Athanasius*, the *Arrians* were condemned in a General Council, and a Creed formed upon the true Faith, as Saint *Athanasius* hath settled it. This Creed is now read at certain times in our Churches, which, although it is useful for Edification to those who understand it; yet, since it containeth some nice and philosophical Points which few People can comprehend, the Bulk of Mankind is obliged to believe no more than the Scripture-Doctrine, as I have delivered it. Because that Creed was intended only as an Answer to the *Arrians* in their own Way, who were very subtle Disputers.

But this Heresy having revived in the World about an hundred Years ago, and continued ever since; not out of a Zeal to Truth, but

to give a Loose to Wickedness, by throwing off all Religion; several Divines, in order to answer the Cavils of those Adversaries to Truth and Morality, began to find out farther Explanations of this Doctrine of the Trinity, by Rules of Philosophy; which have multiplied Controversies to such a Degree, as to beget Scruples that have perplexed the Minds of many sober Christians, who otherwise could never have entertained them.

I must therefore be so bold to affirm, that the Method taken by many of those learned Men to defend the Doctrine of the Trinity, hath been founded upon a Mistake.

It must be allowed, that every Man is bound to follow the Rules and Directions of that Measure of Reason which God hath given him; and indeed he cannot do otherwise, if he will be sincere, or act like a Man. For Instance: If I should be commanded by an Angel from Heaven to believe it is Midnight at Noon-day; yet I could not believe him. So, if I were directly told in Scripture, that *Three* are *One*, and *One* is *Three*, I could not conceive or believe it in the natural common Sense of that Expression, but must suppose that something dark or mystical was meant, which it pleased God to conceal from me and from all the World. Thus, in the Text, *There are Three that bear Record*, &c. Am I capable of knowing and defining what Union and what Distinction there may be in the Divine Nature? which possibly

possibly may be hid from the Angels themselves. Again, I see it plainly declared in Scripture, that there is but one God; and yet I find our Saviour claiming the Prerogative of God in knowing Men's Thoughts; in saying *He and his Father are one*; and, *before Abraham was, I am*. I read, that the Disciples worshipped him: That *Thomas* said to him, *My Lord and my God*. And, Saint *John*, Chap. 1st, *In the Beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God*. I read likewise that the Holy Ghost bestowed the Gift of Tongues, and the Power of working Miracles; which, if rightly considered, is as great a Miracle as any, that a Number of illiterate Men should of a sudden be qualified to speak all the Languages then known in the World; such as could be done by the Inspiration of God alone. From these several Texts it is plain, that God commandeth us to believe there is a Union and there is a Distinction; but what that Union, or what that Distinction is, all Mankind are equally ignorant, and must continue so, at least till the Day of Judgment, without some new Revelation.

But because I cannot conceive the Nature of this Union and Distinction in the Divine Nature, am I therefore to reject them as absurd and impossible; as I would, if any one told me that three Men are one, and one Man is three? We are told, that a Man and his Wife are one Flesh; this I can comprehend the

Meaning of; yet, literally taken, it is a thing impossible. But the Apostle telleth us, *We see but in part, and we know but in part*; and yet we would comprehend all the secret Ways and Workings of God.

Therefore I shall again repeat the Doctrine of the Trinity, as it is positively affirmed in Scripture: That God is there expressed in three different Names, as Father, as Son, and as Holy Ghost; that each of these is God, and that there is but one God. But this Union and Distinction are a Mystery utterly unknown to Mankind.

This is enough for any good Christian to believe on this great Article, without ever inquiring any farther: And, this can be contrary to no Man's Reason, although the Knowledge of it is hid from him.

But there is another Difficulty of great Importance among those who quarrel with the Doctrine of the Trinity, as well as with several other Articles of Christianity; which is, that our Religion abounds in Mysteries, and these they are so bold to revile as Cant, Imposture, and Priest-craft. It is impossible for us to determine for what Reasons God thought fit to communicate some Things to us in part, and leave some Part a Mystery. But so it is in Fact, and so the Holy Scriptures tells us in several Places. For Instance: The Resurrection and Change of our Bodies are called Mysteries by Saint *Paul*; our Sayiour's Incarnation is
another:

another: The Kingdom of God is called a Mystery by our Saviour, to be only known to his Disciples; so is Faith, and the Word of God by Saint *Paul*: I omit many others. So, that to declare against all Mysteries without Distinction or Exception, is to declare against the whole Tenor of the New Testament.

There are two Conditions that may bring a Mystery under Suspicion. First, When it is not taught and commanded in Holy Writ; or, secondly, When the Mystery turns to the Advantage of those who preach it to others. Now, as to the first, it can never be said, that we preach Mysteries without Warrant from Holy Scripture, although I confess this of the Trinity may have sometimes been explained by human Invention, which might perhaps better have been spared. As to the second; it will not be possible to charge the Protestant Priesthood with proposing any temporal Advantage to themselves by broaching or multiplying, or preaching of Mysteries. Does this Mystery of the Trinity, for Instance, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost, bring the least Profit or Power to the Preachers? No; it is as great a Mystery to themselves as it is to the meanest of their Hearers; and may be rather a Cause of Humiliation, by putting their Understanding in that Point upon a Level with the most ignorant of their Flock. It is true indeed, the *Roman* Church hath very much enriched herself by trading in Mysteries, for which they have
not

not the least Authority from Scripture, and were fitted only to advance their own temporal Wealth and Grandeur; such as *Transubstantiation*, *Worshipping of Images*, *Indulgences* for *Sins*, *Purgatory*, and *Masses* for the *Dead*; with many more: But, it is the perpetual Talent of those who have Ill-Will to our Church, or a Contempt for all Religion, taken up by the Wickedness of their Lives, to charge us with the Errors and Corruptions of Popery, which all Protestants have thrown off near two hundred Years: Whereas, those Mysteries held by us have no Prospect of Power, Pomp, or Wealth, but have been ever maintained by the universal Body of true Believers from the Days of the Apostles, and will be so to the Resurrection; neither will the Gates of Hell prevail against them.

It may be thought perhaps a strange thing, that God should require us to believe Mysteries, while the Reason or Manner of what we are to believe is above our Comprehension, and wholly concealed from us: neither doth it appear at first sight, that the believing or not believing them doth concern either the Glory of God, or contribute to the Goodness or Wickedness of our Lives. But this is a great and dangerous Mistake. We see what a mighty Weight is laid upon Faith, both in the Old and New Testament. In the former we read how the Faith of *Abraham* is praised, who could believe that God would raise from him

a great Nation, at the very same time that he was commanded to sacrifice his only Son, and despaired of any other Issue. And this was to him a great Mystery. Our Saviour is perpetually preaching Faith to his Disciples, or reproaching them with the Want of it; and Saint *Paul* produceth numerous Examples of the Wonders done by Faith. And all this is highly reasonable; for, Faith is an entire Dependence upon the Truth, the Power, the Justice, and the Mercy of God; which Dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all Things. So, that the great Excellency of Faith, consisteth in the Consequence it hath upon our Actions: As, if we depend upon the Truth and Wisdom of a Man, we shall certainly be more disposed to follow his Advice. Therefore, let no Man think that he can lead as good a moral Life without Faith, as with it; for this Reason, Because he who hath no Faith, cannot, by the Strength of his own Reason or Endeavours, so easily resist Temptations, as the other who depends upon God's Assistance in the overcoming his Frailties, and is sure to be rewarded for ever in Heaven for his Victory over them. *Faith*, says the Apostle, *is the Evidence of Things not seen*: He means, that Faith is a Virtue by which any Thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident and certain to us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it; because, by Faith we entirely depend upon the Truth and Power of God.

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It is an old and true Distinction, that Things may be above our Reason without being contrary to it. Of this Kind are the Power, the Nature, and the universal Presence of God, with innumerable other Points. How little do those who quarrel with Mysteries, know of the commonest Actions of Nature? The Growth of an Animal, of a Plant, or of the smallest Seed, is a Mystery to the wisest among Men. If an ignorant Person were told that a Load-stone would draw Iron at a Distance, he might say it was a Thing contrary to his Reason, and could not believe before he saw it with his Eyes.

The Manner whereby the Soul and Body are united, and how they are distinguished, is wholly unaccountable to us. We see but one Part, and yet we know we consist of two; and this is a Mystery we cannot comprehend, any more than that of the Trinity.

From what hath been said, it is manifest, that God did never command us to believe, nor his Ministers to preach, any Doctrine which is contrary to the Reason he hath pleased to endow us with; but for his own wise Ends has thought fit to conceal from us the Nature of the Thing he commands; thereby to try our Faith and Obedience, and encrease our Dependence upon him.

It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal unto us this great Mystery of the Trinity, or some other Mysteries in our
Holy

Holy Religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would at the same time think fit to bestow on us some new Powers or Faculties of the Mind, which we want at present, and are reserved till the Day of Resurrection to Life eternal. *For now, as the Apostle says, we see through a Glass darkly, but then Face to Face.*

Thus, we see, the Matter is brought to this Issue; we must either believe what God directly commandeth us in Holy Scripture, or we must wholly reject the Scripture, and the Christian Religion which we pretend to profess: But this, I hope, is too desperate a Step for any of us to make.

I have already observed, that those who preach up the Belief of the Trinity, or of any other Mystery, cannot propose any Temporal Advantage to themselves by so doing. But this is not the Case of those who oppose these Doctrines. Do *they* lead better moral Lives than a good Christian? Are *they* more just in their Dealings? more chaste, or temperate, or or charitable? Nothing at all of this; but on the contrary, their Intent is to overthrow all Religion, that they may gratify their Vices without any Reproach from the World, or their own Conscience; and are zealous to bring over as many others as they can to their own Opinions; because it is some kind of imaginary Comfort to have a Multitude on their Side.

There is no Miracle mentioned in Holy
Writ,

Writ, which, if it were strictly examined, is not as much contrary to common Reason, and as much a Mystery as this Doctrine of the Trinity; and therefore we may with equal Justice deny the Truth of them all. For Instance: It is against the Laws of Nature, that a Human Body should be able to walk upon the Water, as Saint *Peter* is recorded to have done; or that a dead Carcase should be raised from the Grave after three Days, when it began to be corrupted; which those who understand Anatomy will pronounce to be impossible by the common Rules of Nature and Reason. Yet these Miracles, and many others, are positively affirmed in the Gospel; and these we must believe, or give up our Holy Religion to Atheists and Infidels.

I shall now make a few Inferences and Observations from what hath been said.

First, It would be well, if People would not lay so much Weight on their own Reason in Matters of Religion, as to think every thing impossible and absurd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right Rules of Reason in the whole Course of our Lives? *Reason* itself is true and just, but the *Reason* of every particular Man is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his Interests, his Passions, and his Vices. Let any Man but consider, when he hath a Controversy with another, although his Cause be ever so unjust, although the World be against him,

him, how blinded he is by the Love of himself, to believe that Right is Wrong, and Wrong is Right, when it maketh for his own Advantage. Where is then the right Use of his Reason, which he so much boasteth of, and which he would blasphemously set up to controul the Commands of the Almighty?

Secondly. When Men are tempted to deny the Mysteries of Religion, let them examine and search into their own Hearts, whether they have not some favourite Sin which is of their Party in this Dispute, and which is equally contrary to other Commands of God in the Gospel. For, why do Men love Darkness rather than Light? The Scripture telleth us, *Because their Deeds are evil*; and there can be no other Reason assigned. Therefore when Men are curious and inquisitive to discover some weak Sides in Christianity, and inclined to favour every thing that is offered to its Disadvantage; it is plain they wish it were not true, and those Wishes can proceed from nothing but an evil Conscience; because, if there be Truth in our Religion, their Condition must be miserable.

And therefore, *Thirdly*, Men should consider, that raising Difficulties concerning the Mysteries in Religion, cannot make them more wise, learned, or virtuous; better Neighbours, or Friends, or more serviceable to their Country; but, whatever they pretend, will destroy their inward Peace of Mind, by perpetual Doubts

Doubts and Fears arising in their Breasts. And, God forbid we should ever see the Times so bad, when dangerous Opinions in Religion will be a means to get Favour and Preferment; although even in such a Case it would be an ill Traffick, to gain the World, and lose our own Souls. So, that upon the whole, it will be impossible to find any real Use towards a virtuous or happy Life, by denying the Mysteries of the Gospel.

Fourthly, Those strong Unbelievers, who expect that all Mysteries should be squared and fitted to their own Reason, might have somewhat to say for themselves, if they could satisfy the general Reason of Mankind in their other Opinions: but herein they are miserably defective, absurd, and ridiculous; they strain at a Gnat, and swallow a Camel; they can believe that the World was made by Chance; that God doth not concern himself with Things below; will neither punish Vice, nor reward Virtue; that Religion was invented by cunning Men to keep the World in Awe; with many other Opinions equally false and detestable, against the common Light of Nature as well as Reason; against the universal Sentiments of all civilized Nations, and offensive to the Ears even of a sober Heathen.

Lastly. Since the World abounds with pestilent Books, particularly written against this Doctrine of the Trinity; it is fit to inform you, that the Authors of them proceed wholly upon

upon a Mistake: They would shew how impossible it is that *Three* can be *One*, and *One* can be *Three*; whereas the Scripture saith no such Thing, at least in that manner they would make it: But, only, that there is some kind of Unity and Distinction in the Divine Nature, which Mankind cannot possibly comprehend: Thus, the whole Doctrine is short and plain, and in itself uncapable of any Controversy; since God himself hath pronounced the Fact, but wholly concealed the Manner. And therefore many Divines who thought fit to answer those wicked Books, have been mistaken too, by answering Fools in their Folly; and endeavouring to explain a Mystery which God intended to keep secret from us. And, as I would exhort all Men to avoid reading those wicked Books written against this Doctrine, as dangerous and pernicious; so I think they may omit the Answers, as unnecessary. This I confess will probably affect but few or none among the Generality of our Congregations, who do not much trouble themselves with Books, at least of this Kind. However, many who do not read themselves, are seduced by others that do; and thus become Unbelievers upon Trust and at second Hand; and this is too frequent a Case: For which Reason I have endeavoured to put this Doctrine upon a short and sure Foot, levelled to the meanest Understanding; by which we may, as the Apostle directs, be ready always to give an Answer to every Man that asketh

asketh us a Reason of the Hope that is in us, with Meekness and Fear.

And, thus I have done with my Subject, which probably I should not have chosen, if I had not been invited to it by the Occasion of this Season, appointed on Purpose to celebrate the Mysteries of the Trinity, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost, wherein we pray to be kept stedfast in this Faith; and what this Faith is I have shewn you in the plainest manner I could. For, upon the whole, it is no more than this: God commandeth us, by our Dependence upon his Truth and his holy Word, to believe a Fact that we do not understand. And, this is no more than what we do every Day in the Works of Nature, upon the Credit of Men of Learning. Without Faith we can do no Works acceptable to God; for, if they proceed from any other Principle, they will not advance our Salvation; and this Faith, as I have explained it, we may acquire without giving up our Senses, or contradicting our Reason. May God of his infinite Mercy inspire us with true Faith in every Article and Mystery of our Holy Religion, so as to dispose us to do what is pleasing in his Sight; and this we pray through Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, the mysterious incomprehensible One God, be all Honour and Glory now and for evermore.

Amen.

THE
DIFFICULTY

OF
Knowing One's Self.

A
SERMON.

The following Advertisement was prefixed to this Sermon by the Editor in *London*.

THE Manuscript Title Page of the following Sermon being lost, and no Memorandums writ upon it, as there were upon the others, when and where it was preached, made the Editor doubtful whether he should print it as the Dean's, or not. But its being found amongst the same Papers; and the Hand, although writ somewhat better, bearing a great Similitude to the Dean's, made him willing to lay it before the Publick, that they might judge whether the Stile and Manner also do not render it still more probable to be his.



THE
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SERMON.

2 KINGS viii. Part of the 13th Verse.

*And Hazael said, But what, is thy Servant a
Dog, that he should do this great Thing?*

WE have here a very signal Instance of the Deceitfulness of the Heart, represented to us in the Person of *Hazael*; who was sent to the Prophet *Elisha*, to enquire of the Lord concerning his Master the King of *Syria's* Recovery. For the Man of God having told him that the King might recover from the Disorder he was then labouring under, begun to set and fasten his Countenance upon him of a sudden, and to break out into the most violent

Expressions of Sorrow, and a deep Concern for it; whereupon, when *Hazael*, full of Shame and Confusion, asked, *Why weepeth my Lord?* he answered, *Because I know all the Evil that thou wilt do unto the Children of Israel; their strong Holds wilt thou set on fire, and their young Men wilt thou slay with the Sword, and wilt dash their Children, and rip up their Women with Child.* Thus much did the Man of God say and know of him, by a Light darted into his Mind from Heaven. But *Hazael* not knowing himself so well as the other did, was startled and amazed at the Relation, and would not believe it possible that a Man of his Temper could ever run out into such enormous Instances of Cruelty and Inhumanity. *What*, says he, *is thy Servant a Dog, that he should do this great Thing?*

And yet, for all this, it is highly probable that he was then that very Man, he could not imagine himself to be; for we find him, on the very next Day after his Return, in a very treacherous and disloyal Manner murdering his own Master, and usurping his Kingdom; which was but a Prologue to that sad Tragedy which he afterwards acted upon the People of *Israel*.

And now the Case is but very little better with most Men, than it was with *Hazael*; however it came to pass, they are wonderfully unacquainted with their own Temper and Disposition, and know very little of what passes within

within them : For of so many proud, ambitious, revengeful, envying, and ill-natured Persons that are in the World, where there is one of them, who although he hath all the Symptoms of the Vice appearing upon every Occasion, can look with such an impartial Eye upon himself, as to believe that the Imputation thrown upon him is not altogether groundless and unfair? who, if he were told by Men of a discerning Spirit and a strong Conjecture, of all the evil and absurd Things which that false Heart of his would at one Time or other betray him into, would not believe as little, and wonder as much as *Hazael* did before? Thus, for Instance; tell an angry Person, that he is weak and impotent, and of no Consistency of Mind; tell him, that such or such a little Accident, which he may then despise, and think much below a Passion, shall hereafter make him say and do several absurd, indiscreet, and misbecoming Things: He may perhaps own that he hath a Spirit of Resentment within him, that will not let him be imposed on, but he fondly imagine that he can lay a becoming Restraint upon it when he pleaseth, although it is ever running away with him into some Indecency or other.

Therefore, to bring down the Words of my Text to our present Occasion, I shall endeavour, in a further Prosecution of them, to evince the great Necessity of a nice and curious Inspection into the several Recesses of the Heart, that being

ing the surest and shortest Method that a wicked Man can take to reform himself: For let us but stop the Fountain, and the Streams will spread and waste themselves away in a very little Time; but if we go about, like Children, to raise a Bank, and to stop the Current, not taking Notice all the while of the Spring which continually feedeth it, when the next Flood of a Temptation riseth and breaketh in upon it, when we shall find that we have begun at the wrong End of our Duty, and that we are very little more the better for it, than if we had sat still, and made no Advances at all.

But, in order to a clearer Explanation of this Point, I shall speak to these following Particulars.

First, By endeavouring to prove, *from particular Instances*, that Man is generally the most ignorant Creature in the World of himself.

Secondly, By enquiring into the Grounds and Reasons of this Ignorance.

Thirdly, and Lastly, By proposing several Advantages that *do most assuredly* attend a due Improvement in the Knowledge of ourselves.

First then. To prove that Man is generally the most ignorant Creature in the World, of himself.

To pursue the Heart of Man through all the Instances of Life, in all its several Windings and Turnings, and under that infinite Variety of Shapes and Appearances which it putteth on, would be a difficult and almost impossible Undertaking; so that I shall confine myself to such as have a nearer Reference to the present Occasion, and do, upon a closer View, shew themselves through the whole Business of Repentance. For we all know what it is to repent, but whether he repenteth him truly of his Sins or no, who can know it?

Now the great Duty of Repentance is chiefly made up of these two Parts, a hearty Sorrow for the Follies and Miscarriages of the Time past, and a full Purpose and Resolution of Amendment for the Time to come. And now, to shew the Falseness of the Heart in both these Parts of Repentance. And

First, As to a hearty Sorrow for the Sins and Miscarriages of the Time past. Is there a more usual Thing than for a Man to impose upon himself, by putting on a grave and demure Countenance, by casting a secure Look into his past Conduct, and making some few pious and devout Reflections upon it, and then to believe that he hath repented to an excellent Purpose, without ever letting it step forth into Practice, and shew itself in a holy Conversation? Nay, some Persons do carry the Deceit a little higher; who, if they can but bring themselves to weep for their Sins, they are then full of an ill-grounded

grounded Confidence and Security; never considering that all this may prove to be no more than the very Garb and outward Dress of a contrite Heart, which another Heart, as hard as the nether Mill-stone, may as well put on. For Tears and Sighs, however in some Persons they may be decent and commendable Expressions of a godly Sorrow, are neither necessary, nor infallible Signs of a true and unfeigned Repentance. Not necessary, because sometimes, and in some Persons, the inward Grief and Anguish of the Mind may be too big to be expressed by so little a Thing as a Tear, and then it turneth its Edge inwards upon the Mind; and like those Wounds of the Body which bleed inwardly, it generally proves the most fatal and dangerous to the whole Body of Sin: Not infallible, because a very small Portion of Sorrow may make some tender Dispositions melt, and break out into Tears; or a Man may perhaps weep at parting with his Sins, as he would to bid the last Farewel to an old Friend that he was sure never to see again.

But there is still a more pleasant Cheat in this Affair, that when we find a Deadness, and a strange Kind of Unaptness and Indisposition to all Impressions of Religion, and that we cannot be as truly sorry for our Sins as we should be, we then pretend to be sorry that we are not more sorry for them; which is not less absurd and irrational, than that a Man should pretend

tend to be very angry at a Thing, because he did not know how to be angry at all.

But after all, what is wanting in this Part of Repentance, we expect to make it up in the next; and to that Purpose we put on a Resolution of Amendment, which we take to be as firm as a House built upon a Rock; so that let the Floods arise, and the Winds blow, and the Streams beat vehemently upon it, nothing shall shake it into Ruin and Disorder. We doubt not, upon the Strength of this Resolve, to stand fast and unmoved amidst the Storm of a Temptation; and do firmly believe, at the Time we make it, that nothing in the World will ever be able to make us commit those Sins over again, which we have so firmly resolved against.

Thus many a Time have we come to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, with a full Purpose of Amendment, and with as full a Perswasion of putting that same Purpose into Practice; and yet have we not all as often broke that good Purpose, and falsified that same Perswasion, by starting aside, like a broken Bow, into those very Sins, which we then so solemnly and so confidently declared against?

Whereas, had but any other Person entered with us into a Vow so solemn, that he had taken the Holy Sacrament upon it, I believe had he but once deceived us by breaking in upon the Vow, we should hardly ever after be prevailed upon to trust that Man again, altho'

we

we still continue to trust our own Hearts, against Reason and against Experience.

This indeed is a dangerous Deceit enough, and will of Course betray all those well-meaning Persons into Sin and Folly, who are apt to take Religion for a much easier thing than it is. But this is not the only Mistake we are apt to run into; we do not only think sometimes that we can do more than we can do, but sometimes that we are incapable of doing less; an Error of another Kind indeed, but not less dangerous, arising from a Diffidence and a false Humility. For how much a wicked Man can do in the Business of Religion, if he would do his best, is very often more than he can tell.

Thus nothing is more common than to see a wicked Man running headlong into Sin and Folly, against his Reason, against his Religion, and against his God. Tell him, that what he is going to do will be an infinite Disparagement to his Understanding, which, at another Time, he sets no small upon; tell him that it will blacken his Reputation, which he had rather die for than lose; tell him that the Pleasure of the Sin is short and transient, and leaveth a vexatious Kind of a Sting behind it, which will very hardly be drawn forth; tell him that this is one of those things for which God will most surely bring him to Judgment, which he pretendeth to believe with a full Assurance and Persuasion: And yet for all this, he shuteth his Eyes against all Conviction, and rusheth into the

the Sin, like a Horse into the Battle ; as if he had nothing left to do, but like a silly Child to wink hard, and to think to escape a certain and an infinite Mischief, only by endeavouring not to see it.

And now to shew that the Heart hath given in a false Report of the Temptation, we may learn from this, that the same weak Man would resist and master the same powerful Temptation, upon Considerations of infinitely less Value, than those which Religion offers, nay, such vile Considerations, that the Grace of God cannot without Blasphemy be supposed to add any manner of Force and Efficacy to them. Thus for Instance, it would be a hard Matter to dress up a Sin in such soft and tempting Circumstances, that a truly covetous Man would not resist for a considerable Sum of Money ; when neither the Hopes of Heaven nor the Fears of Hell could make an Impression upon him before. But can any thing be a surer Indication of the Deceitfulness of the Heart, than thus to shew more Courage, Resolution, and Activity in an ill Cause, than it doth in a good one ? and to exert itself to better Purpose, when it is to serve its own Pride, or Lust, or Revenge, or any other Passion, than when it is to serve God upon the Motives of the Gospel, and upon all the Arguments that have ever been made use of to bring Men over to Religion and a good Life ? And thus having shewn that a Man is wonderfully apt to deceive and impose upon himself,

himself, in passing through the several Stages of that great Duty, Repentance, I proceed now in the

Second Place, To enquire into the Grounds and Reasons of this Ignorance, *and to shew whence it cometh to pass that a Man, the only Creature in the World that can reflect and look into himself, should know so little of what passeth within him, and be so very much unacquainted even with the standing Dispositions and Complexion of his own Heart.* The prime Reason of it is, because we so very seldom converse with ourselves, and take so little Notice of what passeth within us: For a Man can no more know his own Heart than he can know his own Face, any other Way than by Reflection: He may as well tell over every Feature of the smaller Portions of his Face without the Help of a Looking-Glass, as he can tell all the inward Bents and Tendencies of the Soul, those standing Features and Lineaments of the inward Man, and know all the various Changes that this is liable to from Custom, from Passion, and from Opinion, without a very frequent Use of looking within himself.

For our Passions and Inclinations are not always upon the Wing, and always moving towards their respective Objects, but retire now and then into the more dark and hidden Recesses of the Heart, where they lie concealed for a while, until a fresh Occasion calls them forth again: So that not every transient, oblique
Glance

Glance upon the Mind can bring a Man into a thorough Knowledge of all its Strengths and Weaknesses; for a Man may sometimes turn the Eye of the Mind inward upon itself, as he may behold his natural Face in a Glass, and go away, and strait forget what manner of Man he was. But a Man must rather sit down and unravel every Action of the past Day into all its Circumstances and Particularities, and observe how every little thing moved and affected him, and what manner of Impression it made upon his Heart; this done with that Frequency and Carefulness which the Importance of the Duty doth require, would in a short time bring him into a near and intimate Acquaintance with himself.

But when Men instead of this do pass away Months and Years in a perfect Slumber of the Mind, without once awaking it, it is no Wonder they should be so very ignorant of themselves, and know very little more of what passeth within them, than the very Beasts which perish. But here it may not be amiss to enquire into the Reasons why most Men have so little Conversation with themselves.

And 1st, Because this Reflection is a Work and Labour of the Mind, and cannot be performed without some Pain and Difficulty: For before a Man can reflect upon himself, and look into his Heart with a steady Eye, he must contract his Sight, and collect all his scattered and roving Thoughts into some Order and
Compass,

Compass, that he may be able to take a clear and distinct View of them; he must retire from the World for a while, and be unattentive to all Impressions of Sense; and how hard and painful a thing must it needs be to a Man of Passion and Infirmary, amidst such a Crowd of Objects that are continually striking upon the Sense, and solliciting the Affections, not to be moved and interrupted by one or other of them. But,

2dly, Another Reason why we so seldom converse with ourselves, is, because the Business of the World taketh up all our Time, and leaveth us no Portion of it to be spent upon this great Work and Labour of the Mind. Thus twelve or fourteen Years pass away before we can well discern Good from Evil; and of the rest so much goeth away in Sleep, so much in the ordinary Business of Life, and so much in the proper Business of our Calling, that we have none to lay out upon the more serious and religious Employments. Every Man's Life is an imperfect Sort of a Circle, which he repeateth and runneth over every Day; he hath a Set of Thoughts, Desires, and Inclinations which return upon him in their proper Time and Order, and will very hardly be laid aside to make room for any thing new and uncommon: So that call upon him when you please, to set about the Study of his own Heart, and you are sure to find him pre-engaged; either he hath some Business to do, or some Diversion to take,
some

some Acquaintance that he must visit, or some Company that he must entertain, or some cross Accident hath put him out of Humour, and unfitted him for such a grave Employment. And thus it cometh to pass that a Man can never find Leisure to look into himself, because he doth not set apart some Portion of the Day for that very Purpose, but foolishly deferreth it from one Day to another, until his Glass is almost run out, and he is called upon to give a miserable Account of himself in the other World. But,

3^{dly}, Another Reason why a Man doth not more frequently converse with himself, is, because such a Conversation with his own Heart may discover some Vice or some Infirmary lurking within him, which he is very unwilling to believe himself guilty of. For, can there be a more ungrateful Thing to a Man, than to find that upon a nearer View he is not that Person he took himself to be? that he hath neither the Courage, nor the Honesty, nor the Piety, nor the Humility that he dreamt he had? that a very little Pain, for instance, putteth him out of all Patience, and as little Pleasure softeneth and disarmeth him into Ease and Wantonness? that he hath been at more Pains, and Labour, and Cost, to be revenged of an Enemy, than to oblige the best Friend he hath in the World? that he cannot bring himself to say his Prayers without a great deal of Reluctancy; and when he doth say them, the Spirit and Fer-

vour

your of Devotion evaporateth in a very short Time, and he can scarcely hold out a Prayer of ten Lines, without a Number of idle and impertinent, if not vain and wicked Thoughts coming into his Head? These are very unwelcome Discoveries that a Man may make of himself; so that it is no wonder that every one, who is already flushed with a good Opinion of himself, should rather study how to run away from it, than how to converse with his own Heart.

But further. If a Man were both able and willing to retire into his own Heart, and to set apart some Portion of the Day for that very Purpose; yet he is still disabled from passing a fair and impartial Judgment upon himself, by several Difficulties, arising partly from Prejudice and Prepossession, partly from the lower Appetites and Inclinations. And,

First, That the Business of Prepossession may lead and betray a Man into a false Judgment of his own Heart. For we may observe, that the first Opinion we take up of any Thing, or of any Person, doth generally stick close to us; the Nature of the Mind being such, that it cannot but desire, and constantly endeavour to have some certain Principles to go upon, something fixed and unmoveable, whereon it may rest and support itself. And hence it cometh to pass, that some Persons are with so much Difficulty brought to think well of a Man they have once entertained an ill Opinion of; and per-

perhaps, that too for a very absurd and unwarrantable Reason. But how much more difficult then must it be for a Man, who taketh up a fond Opinion of his own Heart, long before he hath either Years or Sense enough to understand it, either to be persuaded out of it by himself, whom he loveth so well, or by another, whose Interest or Diversion it may be to make him ashamed of himself? Then

Secondly, As to the Difficulties arising from the inferior Appetites and Inclinations, let any Man look into his own Heart, and observe in how different a Light, and under what different Complexions any two Sins of equal Turpitude and Malignity do appear to him, if he hath but a strong Inclination to the one, and none at all to the other. That which he hath an Inclination to, is always dressed up in all the false Beauty that a fond and busy Imagination can give it; the other appeareth naked and deformed, and in all the true Circumstances of Folly and Dishonour. Thus, Stealing is a Vice that few Gentlemen are inclined to; and they justly think it below the Dignity of a Man to stoop to so base and low a Sin; but no Principle of Honour, no Workings of the Mind and Conscience, not the still Voice of Mercy, not the dreadful Call of Judgment, nor any Considerations whatever, can put a Stop to that Violence and Oppression, that Pride and Ambition, that Revelling and Wantonness, which we every Day meet with in the World.

Nay, it is easy to observe very different Thoughts in a Man, of the Sin that he is most fond of, according to the different Ebbs and Flows of his Inclination to it. For, as soon as the Appetite is alarmed, and seizeth upon the Heart, a little Cloud gathereth about the Head, and spreadeth a kind of Darknes over the Face of the Soul, whereby it is hindered from taking a clear and distinct View of Things; but no sooner is the Appetite tired and satiated, but that same Cloud passeth away like a Shadow, and a new Light springing up in the Mind of a sudden, the Man seeth much more, both of the Folly and of the Danger of the Sin, than he did before.

And thus having done with the several Reasons why Man, the only Creature in the World that can reflect and look into himself, is so very ignorant of what passeth within him, and so much unacquainted with the standing Dispositions and Complexion of his own Heart: I proceed now, in the

Third and Last Place, to lay down several Advantages, that do *most assuredly* attend a due Improvement in the Knowledge of ourselves. And,

First, One great Advantage is, that it tendeth very much to mortify and humble a Man into a modest and low Opinion of himself. For, let a Man take a nice and curious Inspection into all the several Regions of the Heart, and observe every thing irregular and amiss within him;

him; for Instance, how narrow and short-sighted a Thing is the Understanding; upon how little Reason do we take up an Opinion, and upon how much less sometimes do we lay it down again. How weak and false Ground do we often walk upon with the greatest Confidence and Assurance, and how tremulous and doubtful we are very often, where no Doubt is to be made: Again; how wild and impertinent, how busy and incoherent a Thing is the Imagination, even in the best and wisest Men; inso-much, that every Man may be said to be mad, but every Man doth not shew it. Then as to the Passions; how noisy, how turbulent, and how tumultuous they are; how easily are they stirred and set a going, how eager and hot in the Pursuit, and what strange Disorder and Confusion do they throw a Man into; so that he can neither think, nor speak, nor act as he should do, while he is under the Dominion of any one of them.

Thus, let every Man look with a severe and impartial Eye into all the distinct Regions of the Heart, and, no doubt, several Deformities and Irregularities, that he never thought of, will open and disclose themselves upon so near a View; and rather make the Man ashamed of himself, than proud.

Secondly, A due Improvement in the Knowledge of ourselves, doth certainly secure us from the sly and insinuating Assaults of Flattery. There is not in the World a baser, and more

hateful Thing than Flattery; it proceedeth from so much Falseness and Insincerity in the Man that giveth it, and often discovereth so much Weakness and Folly in the Man that taketh it, that it is hard to tell which of the two is most to be blamed. Every Man of common Sense can demonstrate in Speculation, and may be fully convinced, that all the Praises and Commendations of the whole World can add no more to the real and intrinsick Value of a Man, than they can add to his Stature. And yet, for all this, Men of the best Sense and Piety, when they come down to the Practice, cannot forbear thinking much better of themselves, when they have the good Fortune to be spoken well of by other Persons.

But the Meaning of this absurd Proceeding seemeth to be no other than this; there are few Men that have so intimate an Acquaintance with their own Heart, as to know their own real Worth, and how to set a just Rate upon themselves, and therefore they do not know, but that he who praises them most, may be most in the right of it. For, no doubt, if a Man were ignorant of the true Value of a Thing he loved as well as himself, he would measure the Worth of it according to the Esteem of him who biddeth most for it, rather than of him that biddeth less.

Therefore, the most infallible Way to disentangle a Man from the Snares of Flattery, is to consult and study his own Heart; for whoever
does

does that well, will hardly be so absurd, as to take another Man's Word before his own Sense and Experience.

Thirdly, Another Advantage from this kind of Study is this, that it teacheth a Man how to behave himself patiently, when he has the ill Fortune to be censured and abused by other People. For a Man who is thoroughly acquainted with his own Heart, doth already know much more Evil of himself, than any Body else can tell him; and when any one speaketh ill of him, he rather thanketh God, that he can say no worse. For, could his Enemy but look into the dark and hidden Recesses of the Heart, he considereth what a Number of impure Thoughts he might there see brooding and hovering like a dark Cloud upon the Face of the Soul; that there he might take a Prospect of the Fancy, and view it acting over the several Scenes of Pride, of Ambition, of Envy, of Lust, and Revenge; that there he might tell how often a vicious Inclination hath been restrained, for no other Reason but just to save the Man's Credit or Interest in the World; and how many unbecoming Ingredients have entered into the Composition of his best Actions. And now, what Man in the whole World would be able to bear so severe a Test, to have every Thought and inward Motion of the Heart laid open and exposed to the View of his Enemies? But,

Fourthly, and Lastly; Another Advantage of this

this kind is, that it maketh Men less severe upon other People's Faults, and less busy and industrious in spreading them. For a Man, employed at Home, inspecting into his own Failings, hath not Leisure enough to take Notice of every little Spot and Blemish that lieth scattered upon others. Or, if he cannot escape the Sight of them, he always passes the most easy and favourable Construction upon them. Thus, for Instance; Does the Ill he knoweth of a Man proceed from an unhappy Temper and Constitution of Body? he then considereth within himself, how hard a Thing it is, not to be borne down with the Current of the Blood and Spirits, and accordingly layeth some Part of the Blame upon the Weakness of human Nature, for he hath felt the Force and Rapidity of it within his own Breast; although perhaps, in another Instance, he remembereth how it rageth and swelleth by Opposition; and, although it may be restrained, or diverted for a while, yet it can hardly ever be totally subdued.

Or, has the Man sinned out of Custom? he then, from his own Experience, traceth a Habit into the very first Rise and imperfect Beginnings of it; and can tell by how slow and insensible Advances it creepeth upon the Heart; how it worketh itself by Degrees into the very Frame and Texture of it, and so passeth into a second Nature; and consequently he hath a just Sense of the great Difficulty for him to
learn

learn to do Good, who hath been long accustomed to do Evil.

Or, Lastly, Hath a false Opinion betrayed him into a Sin? He then calleth to Mind what wrong Apprehensions he hath had of some Things himself; how many Opinions, that he once made no Doubt of, he hath, upon a stricter Examination, found to be doubtful and uncertain; how many more to be unreasonable and absurd. He knoweth further, that there are a great many more Opinions that he hath never yet examined into at all, and which, however, he still believeth, for no other Reason, but because he hath believed them so long already without a Reason. Thus, upon every Occasion, a Man intimately acquainted with himself, consulteth his own Heart, and maketh every Man's Case to be his own (and so puts the most favourable Interpretation upon it.) Let every Man therefore look into his own Heart, before he beginneth to abuse the Reputation of another, and then he will hardly be so absurd, as to throw a Dart that will so certainly rebound and wound himself. And thus, through the whole Course of his Conversation, let him keep an Eye upon that one great and comprehensive Rule of Christian Duty, on which hangeth not only the Law and the Prophets, but the very Life and Spirit of the Gospel too; *Whatsoever ye would that Men should do unto you, do you even so unto them.* Which Rule, that we may all duly observe, by throwing aside all Scandal and Detraction,

Detraction, all Spite and Rancour, all Rudeness and Contempt, all Rage and Violence, and whatsoever tendeth to make Conversation and Commerce either uneasy, or troublesome, may the God of Peace grant for Jesus Christ's Sake, &c.

Consider what hath been said, and the Lord give you a right Understanding in all Things. To whom with the Son and the Holy Ghost, be all Honour and Glory, now and for ever.

The E N D.

T H E

DUTY of SERVANTS *at Inns.*

BE mounted before your Master. When you see him mounted, ride out before him. When he baiteth at Noon, enter the Inn-Gate before him, and call the Ostler to hold your Master's Horse while he alights. Leave your Master to the Servants of the Inn; go you with the Horses into the Stable; chuse a Place farthest from the Stable-Door; see the Standing be dry; send immediately for fresh Straw; see all the old Hay out of the Rack, and get fresh put in; see your Horses Girths be loosened and stuffed; take not off the Bridle until they are cool, nor Saddles in an Hour; see their Hoofs be well picked; try if the Heads of the Nails be fast, and whether they be well clinched, if not, send presently for a Smith; always stand by while the Smith is employed, Give the Oats the last thing. Water your Horses when you are within a Mile or more of the Inn. Never keep above forty Yards before or behind your Master, unless he commands you.

you. Try the Oats by smelling and weighing them; see you have good Measure; stand by while your Horses are eating their Oats. When you enter your Evening-Inn, let your Horses Feet be stuffed with Cow-Dung every Night.

Observe the same Rules, only be sure if any thing be wanting for a Smith, let it be done over Night.

Know the Time your Master will set out in the Morning: Allow him a full Hour to get himself ready. Contrive both at Morn and Noon to eat, so that your Master need not stay for you. Do not let the Drawer carry the Bill to your Master, but examine it first carefully and honestly, and then bring it yourself, and be able to account for every Article. If the Servants have not been civil, tell your Master before their Faces, when he is going to give them Money.

Duty of the other Servant, where there are two,

Ride forty Yards behind your Master, but be mounted before him. Observe now and then whether his Horse's Shoes be right. When you come to an Inn at Noon, give your Horse to the Ostler; bestir yourself to get a convenient Room for your Master; bring all his Things into his Room, full in his Sight; enquire what is in the House, see it yourself, and tell your Master how you like it. Step yourself now and then into the Kitchen to hasten Dinner or
Supper,

Supper, and observe whether they be cleanly. Taste the Ale, and tell your Master whether it be good or bad. If he wants Wine, go with the Drawer and chuse a Bottle well filled and stopped: If the Wine be in Hogsheads, desire to taste and smell it; if it be sour, or not clean, or ill-tasted, let your Master know it, that he may not be at the Charge of Wine not fit to be drunk. See the Salt be dry and powdered, the Bread new and clean, the Knives sharp. At Night observe the same Rules: But first chuse him a warm Room, with a Lock and Key in order, then call immediately for the Sheets, see them well aired and at a large Fire; feel the Blankets, Bed, Bolster, and Pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the Floor under the Bed be damp. Let the Chamber be that which hath been last lain in; enquire about it. If the Bed itself be damp, let it be brought before a large Fire, and air it on both Sides. That you may forget nothing in the Inn, have a fair List of all that you want to take out; and when you put them up, compare them with your List.

You are to step now and then into the Stable to see whether the Groom performeth his Duty.

For packing up your Things, have a List of Linen, &c. In packing take care that no two hard Things be together, and that they be wrapped up in Paper or Towels. Have a good Provision of large coarse Paper, and other waste Paper. Remember to put every thing in
their

their proper Places in the Portmanteau. Stuff the Shoes and Slippers at the Toes with a small Lock of Hay; fold up the Cloaths, so as that they may not be rumpled. When your Master is in his Room at Night, put all his Things in such a Manner as he has them at home. Learn to have some Skill in Cookery, that at a Pinch you may be able to make your Master easy.

The Groom. Carry with you a Stirrup-Leather, an Awl, twelve Horse Nails, and a Horse's Fore-Shoes, Pick and a Hammer, for fear of an Accident; and some Ends, and Pack-thread, a Bottle-screw, Knife and Pen-knife, Needles, Pins, Thread, Silk, Worsted, &c, Some Plaisters and Scissars.

Item, the Servants to carry their own Things, Have a Pocket-book, keep all the Bills, date the Time and Place; and endorse the Numbers.

Enquire in every Town if there be any thing worth seeing. Observe the Country Seats, and ask who they belong to; and enter them, and the Counties where they are.

Search under your Master's Bed when he is gone up, lest a Cat or something else may be under it.

When your Master's Bed is made, and his Things ready, lock the Chamber Door, and keep the Key until he goeth to Bed; then keep it in your Pocket until Morn.

Let the Servants of the Inn be sure to wake you above an Hour before your Master is to

go, that he may have an Hour to prepare himself.

If the Ostler hath been knavish or negligent, do not let him hold your Master's Horse. Observe the same Rule at a Gentleman's House; if the Groom hath not taken Care of your Horses, do not let him hold your Master's.

Enquire at every Inn where you stay, what is the best Inn in the next Town you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewise, as you enter into the Town to stay, ask the People which is the best Inn, and go to that which most People commend.

See that your Master's Boots be dried and well liquored over Night.

Bons Mots de STELLA.

A Lady of my intimate Acquaintance both in *England* and *Ireland*, in which last Kingdom she lived from the eighteenth Year of her Age, twenty-six Years, had the most and finest Accomplishments of any Person I ever knew of either Sex. It was observed by all her Acquaintance, that she never failed in Company to say the best Thing that was said, whoever was by; yet her Companions were usually Persons of the best Understanding in the Kingdom. Some of us, who were her nearest Friends, lamented that we never wrote down her Remarks, and what the *French* call *Bons mots*. I will recollect as many as I can remember.

We were diverting ourselves at a Play called *What is it like?* One Person is to think, and the Rest, without knowing the Thing, to say what it is like. The Thing thought on was the Spleen; she had said it was like an Oyster, and gave her Reason immediately, because it is removed by taking Steel inwardly.

Dr. S—d—n who squandered more than he could afford, took out his Purse as he sat by the Fire, and found it was very hot; she said, the Reason was, that his Money burnt in his Pocket.

She

She called to her Servants to know what ill Smell was in the Kitchen? they answered, they were making Matches: Well, said she, I have heard Matches were made in Heaven, but by the Brimstone, one would think they were made in Hell.

After she had been eating some sweet Thing, a little of it happened to stick on her Lips; a Gentleman told her of it, and offered to lick it off; she said, no Sir, I thank you, I have a Tongue of my own.

In the late King's Time, a Gentleman asked *Jervas* the Painter, where he lived in *London*? he answered, next Door to the King (for his House was near St. *James's*.) The other wondering how that could be; she said, you mistake Mr. *Jervas*, for he only means next Door to the *Sign* of a King.

A Gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her Company, at last began to grieve at remembering the Loss of a Child lately dead. A Bishop sitting by comforted him that he should be easy, because the Child was gone to Heaven. No, my Lord, said she, that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his Child there.

Having seen some Letters writ by a King in a very large Hand, and some Persons wondering at them, she said it confirmed the old Saying, *That Kings had long Hands*.

Dr.

Dr. *Sheridan*, famous for punning, and intending to sell a Bargain, said, he had made a very good Pun. Some Body asked, what it was? He answered my A——. The other taking Offence, she insisted the Doctor was in the Right, for every Body knew that Punning was his *blind Side*.

When she was extremely ill, her Physicians said, Madam, you are near the Bottom of the Hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again. She answered, Doctor, I fear, I shall be *out of Breath* before I get up to the Top.

A dull Parson talking of a very smart Thing, said to another Parson as he came out of the Pulpit, he was hammering a long Time, but could not remember the Jest: She being impatient, said, I remember it very well, for I was there, and the Words were these: Sir, you have been blundering at a Story this half Hour, and can neither make Head nor Tail of it.

A very dirty Clergyman of her Acquaintance, who affected Smartness and Repartee, was asked by some of the Company how his Nails came to be so dirty? He was at a Loss; but she solved the Difficulty, by saying, the Doctor's Nails grew dirty by scratching *himself*.

A Quaker Apothecary sent her a Vial corkt; it had a broad Brim, and a Label of Paper about its Neck. What is that, said she, my Apothecary's Son? The ridiculous Resemblance, and the Suddenness of the Question, set us all a Laughing.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS on various SUBJECTS.

LAWS penned with the utmost Care and Exactness, and in the vulgar Language, are often perverted to wrong Meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

Although Men are accused for not knowing their Weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own Strength.

A Man seeing a Wasp creeping into a Viol filled with Honey, that was hung on a Fruit Tree, said thus: Why, thou sottish Animal, art thou mad to go into that Viol, where you see many hundred of your Kind there dying in it before you. The Reproach is just, answered the Wasp, but not from you Men, who are so far from taking Example by other People's Follies, that you will not take Warning by your own. If after falling several Times into this Viol, and escaping by Chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you.

An old Miser kept a tame Jack-daw, that used to steal Pieces of Money, and hide them in a Hole, which the Cat observing, asked, why he would hoard up those round shining Things that he could make no Use of? Why, said the Jack-daw, my Master hath a whole

Chest-full, and maketh no more Use of them than I do.

Men are content to be laughed at for their Wit, but not for their Folly.

If the Men of Wit and Genius would resolve never to complain in their Works of Criticks and Detractors, the next Age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the Maxims and Systems of Trade and Commerce, a Stander-by would think the Affairs of the World were most ridiculously contrived.

There are few Countries, which, if well cultivated, would not support double the Number of their Inhabitants, and yet fewer where one Third of the People are not extremely stinted even in the Necessaries of Life. I send out twenty Barrels of Corn, which would maintain a Family in Bread for a Year, and I bring back in return a Vessel of Wine which half a Dozen good Fellows would drink in less than a Month at the Expence of their Health and Reason.

A Motto for the Jesuits :

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

A Man would have but few Spectators, if he offered to shew for Three-pence how he could thrust a red hot Iron into a Barrel of Gunpowder, and it should not take Fire.

Query, Whether Churches are not Dormitories of the Living as well as the Dead ?

Harry

Harry Killegrew said to Lord Wharton, "You would not swear at this Rate, if you thought you were doing God Honour."

A Copy of Verses kept in the Cabinet, and only shewn to a few Friends, is like a Virgin, much sought after and admired; but when printed and published, is like a common Whore, whom any body may purchase for Half a Crown.

Lewis the XIVth of France spent his Life in turning a Good Name into a Great.

The *Epicureans* began to spread at Rome in the Empire of *Augustus*, as the *Socinians*, and even the *Epicureans* too did in England, towards the End of King Charles the Second's Reign; which is reckoned, although very absurdly, our *Augustan* Age. They both seem to be Corruptions occasioned by Luxury and Peace, and by Politeness beginning to decline.

Sometimes I read a Book with Pleasure, and detest the Author.

At a Bookseller's Shop, some time ago, I saw a Book with this Title; *Poems by the * Author of the Choice*. Not enduring to read a dozen Lines, I asked the Company with me, whether they had ever seen the Book, or heard of the Poem from whence the Author denominated himself? They were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with these small Dealers in Wit and Learning, to give themselves a Title from their first Adventure, as *Don Quixot* usually

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ally

* The Rev. Mr. Pomfret, a Dissenting Minister.

ally did from his last. This ariseth from that great Importance which every Man supposeth himself to be of.

One *Dennis*, commonly called *the Critick*, who had writ a Three-penny Pamphlet against the Power of *France*, being in the Country, and hearing of a *French* Privateer hovering about the Coast, although he were twenty Miles from the Sea, fled to Town, and told his Friends they need not wonder at his Haste; for the King of *France* having got Intelligence where he was, had sent a Privateer on purpose to catch him.

Dr. Gee, Prebendary of *Westminster*, who had writ a small Paper against *Popery*, being obliged to travel for his Health, affected to disguise his Person, and change his Name, as he passed through *Portugal*, *Spain*, and *Italy*; telling all the *English* People he met, that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the Inquisition. He was acting the same Farce at *Paris*, until *Mr. Prior*, (who was then Secretary to the Ambassy) quite disconcerted the Doctor, by maliciously discovering the Secret, and offering to engage Body for Body, that not a Creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his Pamphlet.

A Chamber-maid to a Lady of my Acquaintance, thirty Miles from *London*, had the very same Turn of Thought, when talking with one of her Fellow Servants, she said; " I hear it
" is all over *London* already, that I am going
" to

“ to leave my Lady :” And so had a Footman, who, being newly married, desired his Comrade to tell him freely what the Town said of it. When somebody was telling a certain great Minister, that the People were discontented ; “ Poh, said he, half a dozen Fools are prating in “ a Coffee-house, and presently think their own “ Noise about their Ears is made by the World.”

Whence comes the Custom of bidding a Woman look upon her Apron-strings to find an Excuse ? Was it not from the Apron of Fig-leaves worn by *Eve*, when she covered herself, and was the first of her Sex who made a bad Excuse for eating the forbidden Fruit ?

I never wonder to see Men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do not we see how easily we pardon our own Actions and Passions, and the very Infirmities of our Bodies ; why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own Dullness ?

Dignity and Station, or great Riches, are in some Sort necessary to old Men, in order to keep the younger at a Distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the Score of their Age.

There is no Vice or Folly that requireth so much Nicety and Skill to manage, as Vanity ; nor any which by ill Management maketh so contemptible a Figure.

Observation is an old Man's Memory.

Politicks are nothing but Corruptions, and are consequently of no Use to a good King, or

a good Ministry ; for which Reason all Courts are so full of Politicks.

Eloquence smooth and cutting is like a Razor whetted with Oil.

Imaginary Evils soon become real ones, by indulging our Reflections on them ; as he, who in a melancholy Fancy seeth something like a Face on the Wall or the Wainscot, can by two or three Touches with a Lead Pencil, make it look visible and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great Parts are often unfortunate in the Management of publick Business, because they are apt to go out of the common Road, by the Quickness of their Imagination. This I once said to my Lord *Bolingbroke*, and desired he would observe, that the Clerks in his Office used a sort of Ivory Knife with a blunt Edge, to divide a Sheet of Paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a strong Hand ; whereas if they should make Use of a sharp Penknife, the Sharpness would make it go often out of the Crease, and disfigure the Paper.

He who doth not provide for his own House, St. Paul says, is worse than an Infidel. And I think, he who provideth *only* for his own House, is just equal with an Infidel.

Jealousy like Fire may shrivel up Horns, but it makes them stink.

A Footman's Hat should fly off to every Body ; and therefore *Mercury*, who was *Jupiter's* Footman, had Wings fastened to his Cap.

When

When a Man pretends Love, but courts for Money, he is like a Juggler, who conjureth away your Shilling, and conveyeth something very undecent under the Hat.

All Panegyricks are mingled with an Infusion of Poppy.

One Top of *Parnassus* was sacred to *Bacchus*, the other to *Apollo*.

Matrimony hath many Children; Repentance, Discord, Poverty, Jealousy, Sicknefs, Spleen, Loathing, &c.

Vision is the Art of seeing Things invifible.

The two Maxims of any great Man at Court are, always to keep his Countenance, and never to keep his Word.

I asked a poor Man, how he did? He faid, he was like a Washball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, *Aph.* 32. *Señ.* 6. obferveth, that stuttering People are always fubject to a Loofenefs. I wifh Phyficians had Power to remove the Profufion of Words in many People to the inferior Parts.

A Man dreamt he was a Cuckold; a Friend told him it was a bad Sign, becaufe when a Dream is true, *Virgil* faith, it paffeth through the horned Gate.

Love is a Flame, and therefore we fay, Beauty is attractive; becaufe Phyficians obferve, that Fire is a great Drawer.

Civis, the moft honourable Name among the *Romans*; a Citizen, a Word of Contempt among us.

A Lady who had Gallantries and several Children, told her Husband he was like the austere Man, who reaped where he did not sow.

We read that an Ass's Head was sold for eighty Pieces of Silver; they have been lately sold ten thousand Times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I must complain the Cards are ill shuffled, until I have a good Hand.

Very few Men do properly live at present, but are providing to live another Time.

When I am reading a Book, whether wise or silly, it seemeth to me to be alive and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different End of the Town from me, I look upon as Persons out of the World, and only myself and the Scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the World, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new Play.

My Lord *Cromarty*, after fourscore, went to his Country House in *Scotland*, with a Resolution to stay six Years there and live thriftily, in order to save up Money, that he might spend in *London*.

It is said of the Horses in the Vision, that their Power was in their Mouths and in their Tails. What is said of Horses in Vision, may be said of Women in reality,

Elephants

Elephants are always drawn smaller than the Life, but a Flea always larger.

When old Folks tell us of many Passages in their Youth, between them and their Company, we are apt to think how much happier those Times were than the present.

Why does the elder Sister dance bare-foot when the Younger is married before her? is it not that she may appear shorter, and consequently be thought younger than the Bride?

No Man will take Counsel, but every Man will take Money; therefore Money is better than Counsel.

I never yet knew a Wag (as the Term is) who was not a Dunce.

A Person reading to me a dull Poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six Lines together; in turning over the Leaf, the Ink being wet, marked as many Lines on the other Side; whereof the Poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

At *Windsor* I was observing to my Lord *Bolingbroke*, that the Tower where the Maids of Honour lodged (who at that Time were not very handsome) was much frequented with Crows. My Lord said, it was because they smelt Carrion.

THE
S T O R Y
OF THE
INJURED LADY.

Written by HERSELF.

In a LETTER to her *Friend*, with
his ANSWER.

SIR,

BEING ruined by the Inconstancy and Unkindness of a Lover, I hope, a true and plain Relation of my Misfortunes may be of Use and Warning to credulous Maids, never to put too much Trust in deceitful Men.

A Gentleman in the Neighbourhood had two Mistresses, another and myself; and he pretended honourable Love to us both. Our three Houses stood pretty near one another; his was parted from mine by a River, and from my Rival's by an old broken Wall. But before

fore I enter into the Particulars of this Gentleman's hard Usage of me, I will give a very just impartial Character of my Rival and Myself.

As to her Person she is tall and lean, and very ill shaped; she hath bad Features, and a worse Complexion; she hath a stinking Breath, and twenty ill Smells about her besides; which are yet more unsufferable by her natural Sluttishness; for she is always Lousy, and never without the Itch. As to her other Qualities, she hath no Reputation either for Virtue, Honesty, Truth, or Manners; and it is no Wonder, considering what her Education hath been. Scolding and Cursing are her common Conversation. To sum up all; she is poor and beggarly, and gets a sorry Maintenance by pilferring wherever she comes. As for this Gentleman who is now so fond of her, she still beareth him an invincible Hatred; revileth him to his Face, and railleth at him in all Companies. Her House is frequented by a Company of Rogues and Thieves, and Pick-pockets, whom she encourageth to rob his Hen-roosts, steal his Corn and Cattle, and do him all manner of Mischief. She hath been known to come at the Head of these Rascals, and beat her Lover until he was sore from Head to Foot, and then force him to pay for the Trouble she was at. Once, attended with a Crew of Raggamuffins, she broke into his House, turned all Things topsy-turvy, and then set it on Fire. At the same Time she
told

told so many Lies among his Servants, that it fet them all by the Ears, and his poor Steward was knocked on the Head; for which I think, and so doth all the Country, that she ought to be answerable. To conclude her Character; she is of a different Religion, being a Presbyterian of the most rank and virulent Kind, and consequently having an inveterate Hatred to the Church; yet, I am sure, I have been always told, that in Marriage there ought to be an Union of Minds as well as of Persons.

I will now give my own Character, and shall do it in few Words, and with Modesty and Truth.

I was reckoned to be as handsome as any in our Neighbourhood, until I became pale and thin with Grief and ill Usage. I am still fair enough, and have, I think, no very ill Feature about me. They that see me now will hardly allow me ever to have had any great Share of Beauty; for besides being so much altered, I go always mobbed and in an Undress, as well out of Neglect, as indeed for want of Cloaths to appear in. I might add to all this, that I was born to a good Estate, although it now turneth to little Account under the Oppressions I endure, and hath been the true Cause of all my Misfortunes.

Some Years ago, this Gentleman taking a Fancy either to my Person or Fortune, made his Addresses to me; which, being then young and foolish, I too readily admitted; he seemed
to

to use me with so much Tendernefs, and his Conversation was so very engaging, that all my Constancy and Virtue were too soon overcome; and, to dwell no longer upon a Theme that causeth such bitter Reflections, I must confess with Shame, that I was undone by the common Arts practised upon all easy credulous Virgins, half by Force, and half by Consent, after solemn Vows and Protestations of Marriage. When he had once got Possession, he soon began to play the usual Part of a too fortunate Lover, affecting on all Occasions to shew his Authority, and to act like a Conqueror. First, he found Fault with the Government of my Family, which to grant, was none of the best, consisting of ignorant illiterate Creatures; for at that Time, I knew but little of the World. In compliance to him, therefore, I agreed to fall into his Ways and Methods of Living; I consented that his Steward should govern my House, and have Liberty to employ an Under-Steward, who should receive his Directions. My Lover proceeded further, turning away several old Servants and Tenants, and supplying me with others from his own House. These grew so domineering and unreasonable, that there was no Quiet, and I heard of nothing but perpetual Quarrels, which although I could not possibly help, yet my Lover laid all the Blame and Punishment upon me; and upon every Falling out, still turned away more of my People, and supplied me in their Stead with

a Number of Fellows and Dependents of his own, whom he had no other Way to provide for. Overcome by Love, and to avoid Noise and Contention, I yielded to all his Usurpations, and finding it in vain to resist, I thought it my best Policy to make my Court to my new Servants, and draw them to my Interests; I fed them from my own Table with the best I had, put my new Tenants on the choice Parts of my Land, and treated them all so kindly, that they began to love me as well as their Master. In process of Time, all my old Servants were gone, and I had not a Creature about me, nor above one or two Tenants but what were of his chusing; yet I had the good Luck by gentle Usage to bring over the greatest Part of them to my Side. When my Lover observed this, he began to alter his Language; and, to those who enquired about me, he would answer, that I was an old Dependent upon his Family, whom he had placed on some Concerns of his own; and he began to use me accordingly, neglecting by Degrees all common Civility in his Behaviour. I shall never forget the Speech he made me one Morning, which he delivered with all the Gravity in the World. He put me in Mind of the vast Obligations I lay under to him, in sending me so many of his People for my own Good, and to teach me Manners: That it had cost him ten Times more than I was worth, to maintain me: That it had been much better for him if I had been damned, or burnt,

burnt, or sunk to the Bottom of the Sea: That it was but reasonable I should strain myself as far as I was able, to reimburse him some of his Charges: That from henceforward he expected his Word should be a Law to me in all Things: That I must maintain a Parish-watch against Thieves and Robbers, and give Salaries to an Overseer, a Constable, and Others, all of his own chusing, whom he would send from Time to Time to be Spies upon me: That to enable me the better in supporting these Expences, my Tenants shall be obliged to carry all their Goods cross the River to his Town-market, and pay Toll on both Sides, and then sell them at half Value. But because we were a nasty Sort of People, and that he could not endure to touch any Thing we had a Hand in, and likewise, because he wanted Work to employ his own Folks, therefore we must send all our Goods to his Market just in their Naturals; the Milk immediately from the Cow without making it into Cheese or Butter; the Corn in the Ear, the Grass as it is mowed; the Wool as it cometh from the Sheeps Back, and bring the Fruit upon the Branch, that he might not be obliged to eat it after our filthy Hands: That, if a Tenant carried but a Piece of Bread and Cheese to eat by the Way, or an Inch of Worsted to mend his Stockings, he should forfeit his whole Parcel: And because a Company of Rogues usually plyed on the River between us, who
often

often robbed my Tenants of their Goods and Boats, he ordered a Waterman of his to guard them, whose Manner was to be out of the Way until the poor Wretches were plundered; then to overtake the Thieves, and seize all as lawful Prize to his Master and himself. It would be endless to repeat a hundred other Hardships he hath put upon me; but it is a general Rule, that whenever he imagines the smallest Advantage will redound to one of his Foot-boys by any new Oppression of me and my whole Family and Estate, he never disputeth it a Moment. All this hath rendered me so very insignificant and contemptible at Home, that some Servants to whom I pay the greatest Wages, and many Tenants who have the most beneficial Leases, are gone over to live with him; yet I am bound to continue their Wages, and pay their Rents; by which Means one third Part of my whole Income is spent on his Estate, and above another Third by his Tolls and Markets; and my poor Tenants are so sunk and impoverished, that, instead of maintaining me suitable to my Quality, they can hardly find me Cloaths to keep me warm, or provide the common Necessaries of Life for themselves.

Matters being in this Posture between me and my Lover; I received Intelligence that he had been for some Time making very pressing Overtures of Marriage to my Rival, until there happened some Misunderstandings between them; she gave him ill Words, and threatened

to break off all Commerce with him. He, on the other Side, having either acquired Courage by his Triumphs over me, or supposing her as tame a Fool as I, thought at first to carry it with a high Hand; but hearing at the same Time, that she had Thoughts of making some private Proposals to join with me against him, and doubting with very good Reason that I would readily accept them, he seemed very much disconcerted. This I thought was a proper Occasion to shew some great Example of Generosity and Love; and so, without further Consideration, I sent him Word, that hearing there was like to be a Quarrel between him and my Rival; notwithstanding all that had passed, and without binding him to any Conditions in my own Favour, I would stand by him against her and all the World, while I had a Penny in my Purse, or a Petticoat to pawn. This Message was subscribed by all my chief Tenants; and proved so powerful, that my Rival immediately grew more tractable upon it. The Result of which was, that there is now a Treaty of Marriage concluded between them, the Wedding Cloaths are bought, and nothing remaineth but to perform the Ceremony, which is put off for some Days, because they design it to be a publick Wedding. And to reward my Love, Constancy, and Generosity, he hath bestowed on me the Office of being Sempstress to his Grooms and Footmen, which I am forced to accept or starve. Yet, in the Midst of

this my Situation, I cannot but have some Pity for this deluded Man, to cast himself away on an infamous Creature, who, whatever she pretendeth, I can prove, would at this very Minute rather be a Whore to a certain Great Man, that shall be nameless, if she might have her Will. For my Part, I think, and so doth all the Country too, that the Man is possessed; at least none of us are able to imagine what he can possibly see in her, unless she hath bewitched him, or given him some Powder.

I am sure, I never sought his Alliance, and you can bear me Witness, that I might have had other Matches; nay, if I were lightly disposed, I could still perhaps have Offers, that some, who hold their Heads higher, would be glad to accept. But alas, I never had any such wicked Thought; all I now desire is, only to enjoy a little Quiet, to be free from the Persecutions of this unreasonable Man, and that he will let me manage my own little Fortune to the best Advantage; for which I will undertake to pay him a considerable Pension every Year, much more considerable than what he now gets by his Oppressions; for he must needs find himself a Looser at last, when he hath drained me and my Tenants so dry, that we shall not have a Penny for him or ourselves. There is one Imposition of his, I had almost forgot, which I think unsufferable, and will appeal to you or any reasonable Person, whether it be so or not. I told you before, that
by

by an old Compact we agreed to have the same Steward, at which Time I consented likewise to regulate my Family and Estate by the same Method with him, which he then shewed me writ down in Form, and I approved of. Now, the Turn he thinks fit to give this Compact of ours is very extraordinary; for he pretends that whatever Orders he shall think fit to prescribe for the future in his Family, he may, if he will, compel mine to observe them, without asking my Advice or hearing my Reasons. So that, I must not make a Lease without his Consent, or give any Directions for the well-governing of my Family, but what he countermands whenever he pleaseth. This leaveth me at such Confusion and Uncertainty, that my Servants know not when to obey me, and my Tenants, although many of them be very well inclined, seem quite at a Loss.

But, I am too tedious upon this melancholy Subject, which however, I hope, you will forgive, since the Happiness of my whole Life dependeth upon it. I desire you will think a while, and give your best Advice what Measures I shall take with Prudence, Justice, Courage, and Honour, to protect my Liberty and Fortune against the Hardships and Severities I lie under from that unkind, inconstant Man.

The A N S W E R
T O T H E
Injured Lady.

MADAM,

I Have received your Ladyship's Letter, and carefully considered every Part of it, and shall give you my Opinion how you ought to proceed for your own Security. But first, I must beg leave to tell your Ladyship, that you were guilty of an unpardonable Weakness t'other Day in making that Offer to your Lover, of standing by him in any Quarrel he might have with your Rival; you know very well, that she began to apprehend he had Designs of using her as he had done you; and common Prudence might have directed you rather to have entered into some Measures with her for joining against him, until he might at least be brought to some reasonable Terms: But your invincible Hatred to that Lady hath carried your Resentments so high, as to be the Cause of your Ruin; yet, if you please to consider, this Aversion of yours began a good while before she became

became your Rival, and was taken up by you and your Family in a sort of Compliment to your Lover, who formerly had a great Abhorrence for her. It is true, since that Time you have suffered very much by her Encroachments upon your Estate, but she never pretended to govern or direct you; and now you have drawn a new Enemy upon yourself; for I think you may count upon all the ill Offices she can possibly do you by her Credit with her Husband; whereas, if instead of openly declaring against her without any Provocation, you had but sat still a while, and said nothing, that Gentleman would have lessened his Severity to you out of perfect Fear. This Weakness of yours, you call Generosity; but I doubt there was more in the Matter: In short, Madam, I have good Reasons to think you were betrayed to it by the pernicious Counsels of some about you: For, to my certain Knowledge, several of your Tenants and Servants, to whom you have been very kind, are as arrant Rascals as any in the Country. I cannot but observe what a mighty Difference there is in one Particular between your Ladyship and your Rival. Having yielded up your Person, you thought nothing else worth defending, and therefore you will not now insist upon those very Conditions for which you yieldest at first. But your Ladyship cannot be ignorant, that some Years since your Rival did the same Thing, and upon no Conditions at all; nay, this Gentleman kept her as a Miss, and yet

yet made her pay for her very Diet and Lodging. But, it being at a Time when he had no Steward, and his Family out of Order, she stole away, and hath now got the Trick very well known among Women of the Town, to grant a Man the Favour over Night, and the next Day have the Impudence to deny it to his Face. But, it is too late to reproach you with any former Oversights, which cannot now be rectified. I know the Matters of Fact as you relate them are true and fairly represented. My Advice therefore is this. Get your Tenants together as soon as you conveniently can, and make them agree to the following Resolutions.

First. That your Family and Tenants have no Dependence upon the said Gentleman, further than by the old Agreement, which obligeth you to have the same Steward, and to regulate your Household by such Methods as you shall both agree to.

Secondly, That you will not carry your Goods to the Market of his Town, unless you please, nor be hindered from carrying them any where else.

Thirdly. That the Servants you pay Wages to shall live at Home, or forfeit their Places.

Fourthly. That whatever Lease you make to a Tenant, it shall not be in his Power to break it.

If he will agree to these Articles, I advise you to contribute as largely as you can to all Charges of Parish and County.

I can

I can assure you, several of that Gentleman's ablest Tenants and Servants are against his severe Usage of you, and would be glad of an Occasion to convince the rest of their Error, if you will not be wanting to yourself.

If the Gentleman refuses these just and reasonable Offers, pray let me know it, and perhaps I may think of something else that will be more effectual,

I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

Upon

Upon the Death of Mr. STOYTE, Recorder of the City of Dublin, in the Year 1733, several Gentlemen declared themselves Candidates to succeed him; upon which the DEAN wrote the following Paper, and EATON STANNARD, Esq; (a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, and very knowing in his Profession) was elected.

Some CONSIDERATIONS humbly offered to the Right Hon. the LORD-MAYOR, the Court of ALDERMEN and COMMON-COUNCIL of the Hon. City of DUBLIN, in the Choice of a RECORDER.

THE Office of Recorder to this City being vacant by the Death of a very worthy Gentleman: It is said, that five or six Persons are soliciting to succeed him in the Employment. I am a Stranger to all their Persons, and to most of their Characters. Which latter, I hope, will at this Time be canvassed with more Decency, than it sometimes happeneth upon the like Occasions. Therefore, as I am wholly impartial, I can with more Freedom deliver my Thoughts, how the several Persons and Parties concerned ought to proceed in electing a Recorder for this great and ancient City.
And

And first, as it is a very natural, so I can by no Means think it an unreasonable, Opinion, that the Sons or near Relations of Aldermen, and other deserving Citizens, should be duly regarded, as proper Competitors for an Employment in the City's Disposal: Provided they be equally qualified with other Candidates; and, provided that such Employments require no more than common Abilities and common Honesty. But, in the Choice of a Recorder, the Case is intirely different. He ought to be a Person of good Abilities in his Calling; of an unspotted Character; an able Practitioner; one who hath occasionally merited of this City before: He ought to be of some Maturity in Years; a Member of Parliament, and likely to continue so; regular in his Life; firm in his Loyalty to the *Hanover* Succession; indulgent to tender Consciencies; but, at the same Time, a firm Adherer to the Established Church. If He be such a one, who hath already sat in Parliament, it ought to be inquired of what Weight He was there; Whether He voted on all Occasions for the Good of his Country; and particularly for advancing the Trade and Freedom of this City: Whether He be engaged in any Faction, either National or Religious: And lastly, whether He be a Man of Courage; not to be drawn from his Duty by the Frown or Menaces of Power, nor capable to be corrupted by Allurements or Bribes.——These and many other Particulars are of infinitely more

more Consequence than that single Circumstance of being descended by a direct or collateral Line from any Alderman, or distinguished Citizen, dead or alive.

There is not a Dealer or Shop-keeper in this City of any Substance, whose thriving, less or more, may not depend upon the good or ill Conduct of a Recorder. He is to watch every Motion in Parliament that may in the least affect the Freedom, Trade, or Welfare of it.

In this approaching Election, the Commons, as they are a numerous Body, so they seem to be most concerned in Point of Interest; and their Interest ought to be most regarded, because it altogether dependeth upon the true Interest of the City. They have no private Views; and giving their Votes, as I am informed, by Ballotting, they lie under no Awe, or Fear of disobliging Competitors. It is therefore hoped, that they will duly consider which of the Candidates is most likely to advance the Trade of themselves and their Brother Citizens; to defend their Liberties, both *in* and *out* of Parliament, against all Attempts of Encroachment or Oppression. And so God direct them in the Choice of a Recorder, who may for many Years supply that important Office with Skill, Diligence, Courage, and Fidelity. And let all the People say, *Amen.*

*An EPITAPH by Dr. SWIFT to the Memory
of FREDERICK Duke of SCHOMBERG,
who was unhappily killed in crossing the River
Boyne on the 1st of July 1690, and was
buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the
Dean and Chapter erected a small Monument to
his Honour, at their own Expence.*

Hic infra situm est Corpus FREDERICI DUCIS
DE SCHOMBERG

ad BUBINDAM occisi A. D. 1690.

DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,

Ut HÆREDES DUCIS Monumentum,
In memoriam PARENTIS, erigendum curarent;

Sed postquam per Epistolas, per Amicos
diu ac sæpè orando nil profecere;

Hunc demum Lapidem ipsi statuerunt,

* Saltem ut scias, Hospes,

Ubinam terrarum SCHONBERGENSIS Cineres
delitescunt,

Plus potuit fama Virtutis apud Alienos,

Quam Sanguinis proximitas apud suos.

A. D. 1731.

* The Words that Dr. Swift first concluded the Epitaph with, were still stronger, namely; *Saltem ut sciat Viator indignabundus, quali in cellulâ tanti Ducitoris cineres delitescunt.* For the Author was always heard to speak with great Reverence of the Memory of that brave Duke, as well as his Glorious Master King WILLIAM; and indeed of all others, who have struggled for the Liberties of these Kingdoms against the repeated Attempts of Arbitrary Power.

A BALLAD on the Game of TRAFFICK:

*Written at the Castle of Dublin, in the Time of
the Earl of Berkeley's Government.*

MY * *Lord* to find out who must deal
Delivers Cards about,
But the first Knave does seldom fail
To find the *Doctor* out.

But then his *Honour* cry'd, Godzooks!
And seem'd to knit his Brow;
For on a Knave he never looks
But H' thinks upon *Jack How*.

My *Lady* tho' she is no Player
Some bungling Partner takes,
And wedg'd in Corner of a Chair
Takes Snuff, and holds the Stakes.

Dame *Floyd* looks out in grave Suspence
For Pair-royals and Sequents;
But wisely cautious of her Pence,
The Castle seldom frequents.

Quoth

* The Earl of Berkeley.

Quoth *Herries*, fairly putting Cases,
I'd won it on my Word,
If I had put a Pair of Aces,
And could pick up a Third.

But *Weston* has a new-cast Gown
On *Sundays* to be fine in,
And if she can but win a *Crown*,
'Twill just new dye the Lining.

" With these is *Parson Swift*,
" Not knowing how to spend his Time,
" Does make a wretched Shift,
" To deafen 'em with Puns and Rhime.

Lady Betty Berkeley finding this Ballad in the Author's Room unfinished, she underwrit the last Stanza, and left the Paper where she had found it; which occasioned the following Song, that the Author wrote in a counterfeit Hand, as if a third Person had done it.

A SONG, to the Tune of the Cut-purse.

See Swift's Poems.

VERSES said to be written on
the UNION.

THE * Queen has lately lost a Part
Of her entirely-*English* Heart,
For want of which by way of Botch,
She piec'd it up again with *Scotch*.
Blest Revolution, which creates
Divided Hearts, united States.
See how the double Nation lies ;
Like a rich Coat with Skirts of Frize :
As if a Man in making Posies
Should bundle Thistles up with Roses.
Whoever yet a Union saw
Of Kingdoms, without Faith or Law.
Henceforward let no Statesman dare,
A Kingdom to a Ship compare ;
Lest he should call our Commonweal,
A Vessel with a double Keel :
Which just like ours, new rigg'd and man'd,
And got about a League from Land,
By Change of Wind to Leeward Side
The Pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing Faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd Realm,

WILL.

* Anne.

WILL. WOOD'S PETITION to the People of
IRELAND, being an excellent New SONG.

*Supposed to be made and sung in the Streets of
Dublin, by William Wood, Iron-monger
and Half-penny-monger, 1725.*

MY dear *Irish* Fokes.
Come leave off your Jokes,
And buy up my Halfpence so fine;
So fair and so bright,
They'll give you Delight;
Observe how they glister and shine.

They'll sell to my Grief
As cheap as Neck-beef,
For Counters at Cards to your Wife:
And every Day
Your Children may play
Span-farthing or Toss on the Knife.

Come hither and try;
I'll teach you to buy
A Pot of good Ale for a Farthing:
Come; Three-pence a Score,
I ask you no more,
And a Fig for the Drapier and * *Harding*.

* The Drapier's Printer.

316 POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.*

When Tradesmen have Gold,
The Thief will be bold,
By Day and by Night for to rob him:
My Copper is such,
No Robber will touch,
And, so you may daintily bob him.

The little Black-guard
Who gets very hard
His Half-pence for cleaning your Shoes:
When his Pockets are cram'd
With mine, and be da——'d,
He may swear he has nothing to lose.

Here's Half-pence in Plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Tho' Thousands are not worth a Pudden.
Your Neighbours will think,
When your Pocket cries Chink,
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my Thankers,
I'll make you my Bankers,
As good as * *Ben Burton* or *Fade*:
For nothing shall pass
But my pretty Brass,
And then you'll be all of a Trade.

I'm

* Two famous Bankers.

I'm a Son of a Whore,
 If I have a Word more
 To say in this wretched Condition.
 If my Coin will not pass,
 I must die like an Ass;
 And so I conclude my Petition.

AN EPIGRAM

ON

WOODS'S BRASS-MONEY.

CART'RET was welcom'd to the Shore
 First with the brazen Cannons Roar.
 To meet him next, the Soldier comes,
 With brazen Trumps and brazen Drums.
 Approaching near the Town, he hears
 The brazen Bells salute his Ears:
 But when *Wood's* Brass began to sound,
 Guns, Trumpets, Drums, and Bells were
 drown'd.

An EPIGRAM

ON THE

D---E of C-----S.

J—S B—S was the Dean's familiar
Friend;

J—s grows a D—e; their Friendship here must
end.

Surely the Dean deserves a fore Rebuke,
From knowing *J*ames, to say, He knows a D—e.

An EPIGRAM on SCOLDING.

GREAT Folks are of a finer Mold;
Lord! how politely they can scold;
While a coarse *English* Tongue will itch,
For Whore and Rogue; and Dog and Bitch.

CATULLUS

CATULLUS *de* LESBIA.

LESBIA mi dicit semper male; nec tacet
unquam

De me; Lesbiam me, despeream, nisi amat.
Quo signo? Quia sunt totidem mea: Deprecor illam
Assiduè; verum, dispeream, nisi amo.

In ENGLISH.

LESBIA for ever on me fails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now, hang me, but for all her Art,
I find, that I have gain'd her Heart.
My Proof is thus: I plainly see,
The Case is just the same with me;
I curse her every Hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

*Mr. Jason Haffard, a Woollen-Drapier
in Dublin, put up the Sign of the
Golden Fleece, and desired a Motto
in Verse.*

JASON, the valiant Prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece :
We comb the Wool, refine the Stuff,
For modern *Jasons* that's enuff.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful Dragon,
Old *Jason* would have less to brag on.

The AUTHOR's manner of Living.

ON rainy Days alone I dine,
Upon a Chick, and Pint of Wine.
On rainy Days, I dine alone,
And pick my Chicken to the Bone :
But this my Servants much enrages,
No Scraps remain to save Board-wages.
In Weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a Friend :
Yet where He's not so rich as I;
I pay my Club, and so God b'y'——.

VERSES

VERSES *cut by two of the DEAN's Friends, upon a Pane of Glass in one of his Parlours.*

A BARD on whom *Phæbus* his Spirit bestow'd
 Resolving t' acknowledge the Bounty he
 ow'd,
 Found out a new Method at once of confessing,
 And making the most of so mighty a Blessing;
 To the God he'd be grateful, but Mortals he'd
 chouse,
 By making his Patron preside in his House,
 And wisely foresaw this Advantage from thence,
 That the God wou'd in Honour bear most of
 th' Expencc:
 So, the Bard he finds Drink, and leaves *Phæbus*
 to treat
 With the Thoughts he inspires, regardless of
 Meat.
 Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
 Are always fobb'd off with sheer Wit and sheer
 Wine.

On another Window.

Are the Guests of this House still doom'd to be
cheated?

Sure the Fates have decreed they by Halves
shou'd be treated,

In the Day of good * *John*, if you came here
to dine,

You had Choice of good Meat, no Choice of
good Wine,

In *Jonathan's* Reign if you come here to eat,
You have Choice of good Wine, no Choice of
good Meat.

Oh *Jove*! then how fully might all Sides be
blest,

Wouldst thou but agree to this humble Request;
Put both Deans in one; or if that's too much
Trouble,

Instead of the Deans, make the Deanery double.

* Dr. *John Stearne*, late Lord Bishop of *Clogher*, who had
been the Predecessor of Dr. *Swift*, in the Deanery of *St. Patrick's*,
and was always distinguished for his great Hospitality.

T O A

LADY, *who desired the AUTHOR to
write some Verses upon her in the
Heroic Style.*

Written at *London* in the Year 1726.

AFTER venting all my Spight,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Ev'ry Error I would find
Thro' the Mazes of your Mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd
Till the Company is cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
These, and twenty Follies more,
I have often told before.

Hearken what my Lady says,
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a Fault should move your Pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to Passion quickly heated:

H

If my wandring Head be less
Set on Reading than on Dress;
If I always seem so dull t' ye;
I can solve the Diffi--culty.

You would teach me to be wise;
Truth and Honour how to prize;
How to shine in Conversation,
And with Credit fill my Station:
How to relish Notions high:
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by Fate,
Mr. *Dean*, you come too late;
Well I know, you can discern,
I am now too old to learn:
Follies, from my Youth instill'd,
Have my Soul entirely fill'd:
In my Head and Heart they center;
Nor will let your Lessons enter.

Bred a Fondling and an Heiress;
Dress't like any Lady-May'refs;
Cocker'd by the Servants round,
Was too Good to touch the Ground,
Thought the Life of ev'ry Lady
Should be one continual Play-day:
Balls, and Masquerades, and Shows:
Visits, Plays, and powder'd Beaux.

Thus you have my Case at large;
And may now perform your Charge.

Those

Those Materials I have furnish'd,
 When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
 Must, that all the World may know 'em,
 Be reduc'd into a Poem.
 But, I beg, suspend a while
 That same paultry burlesque Style;
 Drop for once your constant Rule,
 Turning all to Ridicule:
 Teaching others how to ape ye;
 Court nor Parliament can 'scape ye;
 Treat the Publick and your Friends
 Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my Praise in Strain sublime;
 Treat not me with doggrel Rhyme.
 'Tis but just, you should produce
 With each Fault, each Fault's Excuse:
 Not to publish ev'ry Trifle,
 And my few Perfections stifle.
 With some Gifts at least endow me,
 Which my very Foes allow me.
 Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
 Did I ever break my Trust?
 Which of all your *modern* Dames
 Censures less, or less defames?
 In good Manners am I faulty?
 Can you call me rude or haughty?
 Did I e'er my Mite withhold
 From the impotent and old?

When

326 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

When did ever I omit
 Due Regard for Men of Wit?
 When have I Esteem express'd
 For a Coxcomb gaily dress'd?
 Do I, like the Female Tribe,
 Think it Wit to fleer and gibe?
 Who, with less-designing Ends,
 Kindly'r entertains their Friends?
 With good Words and Count'nance sprightly,
 Strive to treat them all politely.

Think not Cards my chief Diversion:
 'Tis a wrong unjust Asperſion:
 Never knew I any Good in 'um,
 But to doze my Head like *Lodanum*:
 We by Play, as Men by Drinking,
 Paſs our Nights to drive out Thinking.
 From my Ailments give me Leiſure,
 I ſhall read and think with Pleaſure:
 Converſation learn to reliſh,
 And with Books my Mind embellish.

Now, methinks, I hear you cry;
 Mr. *Dean*, you muſt reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true:
 All theſe Praises are your Due,
 You, like ſome acute Philoſopher,
 Ev'ry Fault have drawn a Gloſs over;
 Placing in the ſtrongeſt Light
 All your Virtues to my Sight,

Though

Though you lead a blameless Life,
 Live an humble, prudent Wife;
 Answer all domestick Ends,
 What is this to us your Friends?
 Though your Children by a Nod
 Stand in Awe without the Rod:
 Though by your obliging Sway
 Servants love you, and obey;
 Though you treat us with a Smile;
 Clear your Looks, and smoothe your Style;
 Load our Plates from ev'ry Dish;
 This is not the Thing we wish.
 Col'nel — may be your Debtor;
 We expect Employment better.
 You must learn, if you would gain us,
 With good Sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good Sense describing,
 Call it tasting and imbibing:
 Metaphorick Meat and Drink
 Is to understand and think:
 We may *carve* for others thus;
 And let others carve for us;
 To discourse and to attend,
 Is, to *help* yourself and Friend.
 Conversation is but *carving*;
 Carve for all, your self is starving:
 Give no more to ev'ry Guest,
 Than he's able to digest:

Give

328 POEMS *on several OCCASIONS.*

Give him always of the Prime ;
And but little at a Time.

Carve to all but just enuff:

Let them neither starve, nor stuff:

And that you may have your Due,

Let your Neighbours *carve* for you.

This Comparison will hold,

Cou'd it well in Rhime be told,

How Conversing, List'ning, Thinking,

Justly may resemble Drinking;

For a Friend a Glas you fill,

What is this but to instil ?

To conclude this long Essay;

Pardon, if I disobey;

Nor, against my nat'ral Vein,

Treat you in Heroick Strain.

I, as all the Parish knows,

Hardly can be grave in Prose:

Still to lash, and lashing smile,

Ill befits a lofty Style.

From the Planet of my Birth

I encounter Vice with Mirth.

Wicked Ministers of State

I can easier scorn than hate:

And, I find it answers right;

Scorn torments them more than Spight.

All the Vices of a Court

Do but serve to make me Sport.

Were

Were I in some foreign Realm,
Which all Vices overwhelm;

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

When my Muse officious ventures
On the Nation's Representatives:
Teaching by what *golden* Rules,
Into Knaves they turn their Fools:
How the Helm is rul'd by *W——le*,
At whose Oars, like Slaves, they all pull:
Let the Vessel split on Shelves;
With the Freight enrich themselves:
Safe within my little Wherry,
All their Madness makes me merry:
Like the Watermen of *Thames*,
I row by, and call them Names.
Like the ever-laughing Sage,
In a Jest I spend my Rage.
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them if I cou'd)
If I can but fill my Nitch,
I attempt no higher Pitch.
Leave to *D'Anvers* and his Mate,
Maxims wise to rule the State.

Pult'ney

330 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Pult'ney deep, accomplish'd *St. Johns*,
Scourge the Villains with a Vengeance :
Let me, though the Smell be noysom,
Strip their Bums ; let * *Caleb* hoise 'um ;
Then apply *Alecto's* Whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

Duce is in you, Mr. *Dean* :
What can all this Passion mean ?
Mention Courts, you'll ne'er be quiet ;
On Corruptions running Riot.
End, as it befits your Station :
Come to Use, and Application :
Nor, with Senates keep a Fuss.
I submit ; and answer thus.

If the Machinations brewing
To compleat the publick Ruin,
Never once could have the Pow'r
To affect me Half an Hour ;
(Sooner would I write in Buskins,
Mournful Elegies on † *Bluskins*)
If I laugh at *Whig* and *Tory* ;
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your Eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my fav'rite Farce.

This

* *Caleb D'Anvers*, the famous Writer of the Paper called the *Craftsman*. These Papers are supposed to be written by the Lord B——b——ke and Mr. P——lney, created Earl of B——th.

† A famous Thief, who was hanged some Years ago.

This I must insist on. For, as
It is well observ'd by * *Horace*,
Ridicule has greater Pow'r
To reform the World, than sow'r.
Horses thus, let Jockies judge else,
Switches better guide than Cudgels.
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only Dulness can produce;
While a little gentle Jerking
Sets the Spirits all 'a working.

Thus, I find it by Experiment,
Scolding moves you less than Merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain;
It but stupifies your Brain.
But with Raillery to nettle,
Sets your Thoughts upon their Mettle:
Gives Imagination Scope;
Never lets your Mind elope:
Drives out Brangling and Contention,
Brings in Reason and Invention.
For your Sake as well as mine,
I the lofty Style decline.

I, who love to have a Fling
Both at S—n—e—h—se and ———;
That they might some better Way tread,
To avoid the publick Hatred;

Thought

* *Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius, &c.*

332 POEMS on *several* OCCASIONS.

Thought no Method more commodious,
 Than to show their Vices odious :
 Which I chose to make appear,
 Not by Anger, but a Sneer :
 As my Method of reforming
 Is by laughing, not by storming.
 (For my Friends have always thought
 Tenderneſs my greateſt Fault)
 Would you have me change my Style ?
 On your Faults no longer ſmile
 But, to patch up all your Quarrels,
 Quote you Texts from *Plutarch's* Morals ;
 Or, from *Solomon* produce
 Maxims teaching Wiſdom's Uſe.

If I treat you like a C——d H——,
 You have cheap enough compounded ;
 Can you put in higher Claims,
 Than the Owners of St. J——s ?
 You are not ſo great a Grievance,
 As the Hirelings of St. St——s.
 You are of a lower Claſs
 Than my Friend Sir R——t *Braſs*.
 None of theſe have Mercy found,
 I have laugh'd, and laſh'd them round,

Have you ſeen a Rocket fly ?
 You could ſwear it pierc'd the Sky :
 It but reach'd the middle Air,
 Burſting into Pieces there :

Thouſand

Thousand Sparkles falling down,
 Light on many a Coxcomb's Crown :
 See, what Mirth the Sport creates ;
 Sindges Hair, but breaks no Pates.
 Thus, should I attempt to climb,
 Treat you in a Style sublime,
 Such a Rocket is my Muse ;
 Should I lofty Numbers chuse,
 E'er I reach'd *Parnassus'* Top,
 I should burst, and bursting drop.
 All my *Fire* would fall in Scraps ;
 Give your Head some gentle Raps ;
 Only make it smart a while ;
 Then, could I forbear to smile,
 When I found the tingling Pain,
 Ent'ring warm your frigid Brain :
 Make you able upon Sight
 To decide of Wrong and Right ;
 Talk with Sense whate'er you please on ;
 Learn to relish Truth and Reason.

Thus we both should gain our Prize ;
 I to laugh, and you grow wise.

A LOVE POEM

FROM A

PHYSICIAN to his MISTRESS.

Written at *London* in the Year 1738.

BY Poets we are well assur'd
 That Love, alas! can ne'er be *cur'd*;
 A complicated Heap of *Ills*,
 Despising *Boluses* and *Pills*.
 Ah! *Chloe*, this I find is true,
 Since first I gave my Heart to you.
 Now, by your Cruelty *hard-bound*
 I strain my *Guts*, my *Colon* wound:
 Now, Jealousy my *grumpling Tripes*
 Assaults, with grating, grinding *Gripes*:
 When Pity in those Eyes I view,
 My *Bowels* wambling make me *spew*.
 When I an am'rous Kiss design'd,
 I *belch'd* a Hurricane of *Wind*.
 Once, you a gentle Sigh let fall,
 Remember how I *suck'd* it all;

What

What *Cholick Pangs* from thence I felt,
 Had you but known, your *Heart* would melt,
 Like ruffling Winds in Caverns pent,
 Till Nature pointed out a Vent.
 How have you torn my *Heart* to Pieces,
 With Maggots, Humours and Caprices!
 By which I got the *Hemorrhoids*,
 And loathsome *Worms* my *Anus* voids.
 Whene'er I hear a Rival nam'd,
 I feel my Body all inflam'd;
 Which breaking out in *Boyls* and *Blanes*,
 With *yellow Filth* my Linen stains.
 Or, parch'd with unextinguish'd *Thirst*,
 Small Beer I *guzzle* till I *burst*:
 And then I drag a bloated *Corpus*
 Swell'd with a *Dropfy*, like a *Porpus*;
 When, if I cannot *purge* or *stale*,
 I must be tapp'd to fill a *Pail*.

On a PRINTER's being sent to Newgate,
 by -----.

BETTER we all were in our Graves
 Than live in Slavery to Slaves,
 Worfe than the Anarchy at Sea,
 Where Fishes on each other prey;

336 POEMS *on several* OCCASIONS.

Where ev'ry Trout can make as high Rants
O'er his Inferiors as our Tyrants ;
And swagger while the Coast is clear :
But should a lordly Pike appear,
Away you see the Varlet scud,
Or hide his coward Snout in Mud.
Thus, if a Gudgeon meet a Roach
He dare not venture to approach ;
Yet still has Impudence to rise,
And, like *Domitian*, leap at Flyes.

*Upon stealing a CROWN when the
DEAN was asleep.*

By Dr. *SHERIDAN*.

DEAR Dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have op'd your Mouth, and clos'd your
Eyes,
Like Ghost I glide along your Floor,
And softly shut the Parlour Door ;
For should I break your sweet Repose,
Who knows what Money you might lose ?
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A Dream has giv'n ten thousand Pound.
Then sleep, my Friend, dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own.
Provided you to this agree,
That all you lose belongs to me.

The

The DEAN's Answer.

SO about twelve at Night, the Punk
 Steals from the Cully when he's drunk;
 Nor is contented with a Treat,
 Without her Privilege to cheat.
 Nor can I the least Diff'rence find,
 But that you left no Clap behind.
 But Jest apart, restore, you Capon ye,
 My twelve * Thirteens and Six-pence ha'penny.
 To eat my Meat, and drink my Medlicot,
 And then to give me such a deadly Cut—
 But 'tis observ'd, that Men in Gowns
 Are most inclin'd to plunder Crowns.
 Could you but *change* a Crown as easy
 As you can steal one, how 'twould please ye!
 I thought the † Lady at St. Cath'rines
 Knew how to set you better Patterns;
 For this I will not dine with ‡ Agmondisham,
 And for his Victuals let a Ragman dish 'em.

*Saturday Night.**On*

* An *English* Shilling passeth for thirteen Pence in *Ireland*.

† Lady *Mountcashel*.

‡ *Agmondisham Vesey*, Esq; a very worthy Gentleman, for whom the Author had a great Esteem.

*On the Little House by the Church
Yard of Castleknock.*

WHOEVER pleaseth to enquire,
 Why yonder Steeple wants a Spire.
 The gray old Fellow Poet * *Joe*
 The Philosophic Cause will shew.
 Once, on a Time a Western Blast,
 At least twelve Inches overcast,
 Reckoning Roof, Weather Cock and all,
 Which came with a prodigious Fall;
 And tumbling topsi-turvy round
 Light with its Bottom on the Ground.
 For by the Laws of Gravitation,
 It fell into its proper Station.
 This is the little strutting Pile,
 You see just by the Church-yard Stile;
 The Walls in tumbling gave a Knock;
 And thus the Steeple got a Shock;
 From whence the neighbouring Farmer calls
 The Steeple, Knock, the Vicar, † *Walls*.
 The Vicar once a Week creeps in,
 Sits with his Knees up to his Chin;

Here

* Mr. *Beamont* of *Trim*.

† Rev. Archdeacon *Wall*.

Here conns his Notes, and takes a Whet,
Till the small ragged Flock is met.

A Traveller, who by did pass,
Observ'd the Roof behind the Grass;
On Tiptoe stood and rear'd his Snout,
And saw the Parson creeping out;
Was much surpriz'd to see a Crow
Venture to build his Nest so low.

A School-boy ran unto't and thought,
The Crib was down, the Blackbird caught.
A Third, who lost his Way by Night,
Was forc'd, for Safety, to alight,
And stepping o'er the Fabrick-roof,
His Horse had like to spoil his Hoof.

Warburton took it in his Noddle,
This Building was designed a Model,
Or of a Pigeon-house, or Oven,
To bake one Loaf, and keep one Dove in.

Then * *Mrs. Johnson* gave her Verdict,
And every one was pleas'd, that heard it:
All that you make this Stir about,
Is but a Still which wants a Spout.
The Rev'rend Dr. † *Raymond* guess'd,
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted Room,
It might have been a Pigmy's Tomb.

The

* A Friend of the Author's.

† Minister of *Trim*.

The Doctor's Family came by,
 And little Miss began to cry;
 Give me that House in my own Hand;
 Then Madam bid the Chariot stand,
 Call'd to the Clerk in manner mild,
 Pray reach that Thing here to the Child,
 That Thing, I mean, among the Kale,
 And here's to buy a Pot of Ale.

The Clerk said to her in a Heat,
 What? sell my Master's Country Seat?
 Where he comes ev'ry Week from Town;
 He wou'd not sell it for a Crown.
 Poh! Fellow keep not such a Pother
 In half an Hour thou'lt make another.

Says * *Nancy*, I can make for Miss,
 A finer House ten times than this,
 The Dean will give me Willow-Sticks,
 And *Joe* my Apron full of Bricks.

* The Waiting Woman.

The Author and his Friends used to divert themselves for Amusement in making Riddles, some of which have been printed in the second Volume of his Works, and were well received; as we hope, the following will be, although we cannot tell the Authors of each.

A R I D D L E.

I With borrow'd Silver shine,
 What you see is none of mine,
 First I shew you but a Quarter,
 Like the Bow that guards the *Tartar*,
 Then the Half, and then the Whole,
 Ever dancing round a Pole.
 And what will raise your Admiration,
 I am not one of GOD's Creation,
 But sprung (and I this Truth maintain)
 Like *Pallas* from my Father's Brain.
 And after all, I chiefly owe
 My Beauty to the Shades below.
 Most wondrous Forms you see me wear
 A Man, a Woman, Lion, Bear,
 A Fish, a Fowl, a Cloud, a Field,
 All Figures Heav'n or Earth can yield,
 Like *Daphne* sometimes in a Tree,
 Yet am not one of all you see.

ANO-

A N O T H E R.

BEgotten, and Born, and dying with Noise,
The Terror of Women, and Pleasure of
Boys,

Like the Fiction of Poets concerning the Wind,
I'm chiefly unruly, when strongest confin'd.

For Silver and Gold I don't trouble my Head,
But all I delight in is Pieces of Lead;

Except when I trade with a Ship or a Town,
Why then I make Pieces of Iron go down.

One Property more I would have you remark,

No Lady was ever more fond of a Spark;

The Moment I get one my Soul's all a-fire,

And I roar out my Joy, and in Transport expire.

A N O T H E R.

THERE is a Gate, we know full well,
That stands 'twixt Heav'n, and Earth,
and Hell,

Where many for a Passage venture,

But very few are found to enter;

Altho' 'tis open Night and Day,

They for that Reason shun this Way:

Both Dukes and Lords abhor its Wood,

They can't come near it for their Blood.

What

What other Way they take to go,
 Another Time I'll let you know.
 Yet Commoners with greatest Ease,
 Can find an Entrance when they please.
 The poorest hither march in State,
 (Or they can never pass the Gate)
 Like *Roman* Generals triumphant,
 And then they take a Turn and jump on't.
 If gravest Parsons here advance,
 They cannot pass before they dance;
 There's not a Soul, that does resort here,
 But strips himself to pay the Porter.

A N O T H E R.

FROM Heav'n I fall, tho' from Earth I begin,
 No Lady alive can shew such a Skin.
 I am bright as an Angel, and light as a Feather,
 But heavy, and dark, when you squeeze me
 together.

Tho' Candor and Truth in my Aspect I bear,
 Yet many poor Creatures I help to ensnare.
 Tho' so much of Heav'n appears in my Make,
 The foulest Impressions I easily take.
 My Parent and I produce one another,
 The Mother the Daughter, the Daughter the
 Mother,

ANO.

A N O T H E R.

I'M up, and down, and round about,
 Yet all the World can't find me out,
 Tho' Hundreds have employ'd their Leisure,
 They never yet cou'd find my Measure.
 I'm found almost in ev'ry Garden,
 Nay, in the Compass of a Farthing.
 There's neither Chariot, Coach, or Mill,
 Can move an Inch except I will.

A N O T H E R.

I AM jet-Black, as you may see,
 The Son of Pitch, and gloomy Night;
 Yet all that know me will agree,
 I'm dead except I live in Light.

Sometimes in Panegyrick high,
 Like lofty *Pindar* I can soar,
 And raise a Virgin to the Sky,
 Or sink her to a pocky Whore.

My Blood this Day is very sweet,
 To-morrow of a bitter Juice,
 Like Milk 'tis cry'd about the Street,
 And so apply'd to diff'rent Use.

Most

Most wond'rous is my Magick Power ;
 For with one Colour I can paint ;
 I'll make the Dev'l a Saint this Hour,
 Next make a Devil of a Saint.

Thro' distant Regions I can fly,
 Provide me but with Paper Wings,
 And fairly shew a Reason, why
 There shou'd be Quarrels among Kings.

And after all you'll think it odd,
 When learned Doctors will dispute,
 That I shou'd point the Word of God,
 And shew where they can best confute.

Let Lawyers bawl and strain their Throats,
 'Tis I that must the Lands convey,
 And strip the Clients to their Coats ;
 Nay give their very Souls away.

A N O T H E R.

EVER eating, never cloying,
 All devouring, all destroying,
 Never finding full Repast,
 Till I eat the World at last,

ANO.

A N O T H E R.

WE are little airy Creatures,
 All of diff'rent Voice and Features,
 One of us in Glas is set,
 One of us you'll find in Jet,
 T'other you may see in Tin,
 And the fourth a Box within,
 If the fifth you shou'd pursue,
 It can never fly from you.

A N O T H E R.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
 Brethren of a wond'rous Kind,
 Yet among us all no Brother
 Knows one Tittle of the other;
 We in frequent Councils are,
 And our Marks of Things declare,
 Where, to us unknown, a Clerk
 Sits, and takes them in the Dark.
 He's the Register of All
 In our Ken, both great and small;
 By us forms his Laws, and Rules,
 He's our Master, we his Tools;
 Yet we can, with greatest Ease,
 Turn and wind him where we please.

One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no Watch the rest will keep,
But the Moment that he closes,
Ev'ry Brother else reposes.

If Wine's bought, or Victuals drest
One enjoys them for the Rest.

Pierce us all with wounding Steel,
One for all of us will feel.

Tho' ten thousand Canons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more,
Yet but one of us is found
Who regards the dreadful Sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.

A N O T H E R

FONTINELLA *to* FLORINDA.

WHEN on my Bosom thy bright Eyes,
Florinda, dart their Heav'nly Beams,
I feel not the least Love Surprise,

Yet endless Tears flow down in Streams.
There's nought so beautiful in thee,
But you may find the same in me.

The

348 POEMS *on several* OCCASIONS.

The Lillies of thy Skin compare ;
In me you see them full as white,
The Roses of your Cheeks, I dare
Affirm, can't glow to more Delight.
Then, since I shew as fine a Face,
Can you refuse a soft Embrace.

Ah lovely Nymph, thou'rt in thy Prime!
And so am I whilst thou art here ;
But soon will come the fatal Time,
When all we see shall disappear.
'Tis mine to make a just Reflection,
And yours to follow my Direction.

Then catch Admirers while you may ;
Treat not your Lovers with Disdain ;
For Time with Beauty flies away,
And there is no Return again.
To you the sad Account I bring,
Life's Autumn has no second Spring.

A N O T H E R.

NEVER speaking, still awake,
Pleasing most when most I speak,
The Delight of old and young,
Tho' I speak without a Tongue.

Nought

Nought but one Thing can confound me,
 Many Voices joining round me ;
 Then I fret, and rave and gabble,
 Like the Labourers of *Babel*.
 Now I am a Dog, or Cow,
 I can bark, or I can low,
 I can bleat, or I can sing,
 Like the Warblers of the Spring.
 Let the Love-sick Bard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel Pain ;
 Let the happy Swain rejoice,
 And I join my helping Voice ;
 Both are welcome, Grief or Joy,
 I with either sport and toy.
 Tho' a Lady, I am stout,
 Drums and Trumpets bring me out ;
 Then I clash and roar, and rattle,
 Join in all the Din of Battle.
Jove, with all his loudest Thunder,
 When I'm vex'd, can't keep me under ;
 Yet so tender is my Ear,
 That the lowest Voice I fear ;
 Much I dread the Courtier's Fate,
 When his Merit's out of Date,
 For I hate a silent Breath,
 And a Whisper is my Death.

A N O T H E R.

M^{OST} Things by me do rise and fall,
 And as I please they're great and small;
 Invading Foes, without Resistance,
 With Ease I make to keep their Distance;
 Again, as I'm dispos'd, the Foe
 Will come, tho' not a Foot they go.
 Both Mountains, Woods, and Hills, and Rocks,
 And gaming Goats, and fleecy Flocks,
 And lowing Herds, and piping Swains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the Plains.
 The greatest Whale, that swims the Sea
 Does instantly my Pow'r obey.
 In vain from me the Sailor flies,
 The quickest Ship I can surprize,
 And turn it as I have a Mind,
 And move it against Tyde and Wind.
 Nay, bring me here the tallest Man,
 I'll squeeze him to a little Span,
 Or bring a tender Child and pliant,
 You'll see me stretch him to a Giant;
 Nor shall they in the least complain,
 Because my Magick gives no Pain.

ANO-

A N O T H E R.

WE are little Brethren twain,
 Arbiters of Loss and Gain,
 Many to our Counters run,
 Some are made, and some undone.
 But, Men find it to their Cost,
 Few are made, but Numbers lost.
 Tho' we play them Tricks for ever,
 Yet, they always hope, our Favour.

To Doctor SHERIDAN.

DEAR *Sheridan*! a gentle Pair
 Of *Gallstown* Lads (for such they are)
 Beside a Brace of grave Divines
 Adore the Smoothness of thy Lines;
 Smooth as our *Bason's* Silver Flood,
 'Ere *George* had robb'd it of its Mud;
 Smoother than *Pegasus's* old Shoe,
 'Ere *Vulcan* comes to make him new.
 The Board on which we set our A——s
 Is not so smooth as are thy Verses,
 Compar'd with which (and that's enuff)
 A Smoothing-Ir'n itself is ruff.
 Nor praise I less that Circumcision,
 By modern Poets call'd Elision,

D d 2

Which

352 POEMS on several OCCASIONS.

Which in its proper Stations plac't
 Makes thy Verse smooth, and makes them last.
 Thus, a wise Taylor is not pinching;
 But turns at ev'ry Seam an Inch in,
 Or else, be sure, your Broad-cloth Breeches
 Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold the Stitches.
 Thy Verse, like Bricks, defy the Weather,
 When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
 Thy Words so closely wedg'd and short, are
 Like Walls, more lasting without Mortar;
 By leaving out the needless Vowels
 You save the Charge of Lime and Trowels.
 One Letter still another locks
 Each groov'd, and dove-tail'd like a Box.
 Thy Muse is tuckt up and succinct,
 In Chains thy Syllables are linkt,
 Thy Words together ty'd in small Hanks
 Close as the *Macedonian* Phalanx;
 Or like the Umbo of the *Romans*
 Which fiercest Foes could break by no Means.
 The Critick to his Grief will find
 How firmly these Indentures bind:
 So, in the kindred Painter's Art
 The short'ning is the nicest Part.

Philologers of future Ages
 How will they pore upon thy Pages!
 Nor will they dare to break the Joints,
 But help thee to be read with Points:

Or,

Or, else to shew their learned Labour, you
 May backward be perus'd like *Hebrew*,
 Wherein they need not lose a Bit,
 Or, of thy Harmony or Wit,
 To make a Work compleatly fine,
 Number and Weight and Measure join.
 Then all must grant your Lines are weighty,
 Where thirty weigh as much as eighty.
 All must allow your Numbers more,
 Where twenty Lines exceed fourscore;
 Nor can we think your Measure short
 Where less than forty fill a Quart,
 With *Alexandrian* in the Close
 Long, long, long, long, like *Dan's* long Nose.

A REBUS written by a * LADY, on the
Rev. D---n S-----T. With his
 ANSWER.

CUT the Name of the MAN	} Jo-seph.
who his <i>Mistress</i> deny'd,	
And let the <i>first</i> of it, be only	}
apply'd	
To join with the <i>Prophet</i> who	} Nathan.
DAVID did chide.	

Then

* Mrs Vanhomrigh.

Then say what a *Horse* is that runs very *fast*,
 And that which deserves to be *first* put the *last*;
 Spell all then, and put them together, to find
 The NAME and the VIRTUES of *Him* I de-
 sign'd.

Like the *Patriarch* in *Egypt*, he's vers'd in the
State,

Like the *Prophet* in *Jeury*, he's free with the *Great*.
 Like a *Racer* he flies to succour with Speed,
 When his *Friends* want his Aid, or *Desert* is in
 Need.

The ANSWER.

THE NYMPH who wrote this in an amo-
 rous Fit,

I cannot but Envy the Pride of her *Wit*.
 Which thus she will venture profusely to throw,
 On so mean a *Design*, and a *Subject* so low.
 For mean's her *Design*, and her *Subject* as mean,
 The *First* but a REBUS, the *Last* but a DEAN.
 A *Dean's* but a *Parson*, and what is a *Rebus*?
 A Thing never known to the *Muses* or *Phœbus*:
 The Corruption of Verse, for when all is done,
 It is but a *Paraphrase* made on a *Punn*;

But

But a Genius like her's no Subject can stifle,
It shews and discovers itself through a *Trifle*.
By reading this *Trifle*, I quickly began
To find her a great *Wit*, but the *Dean* a small
Man.

Rich Ladies will furnish their Garrets with Stuff,
Which others for Mantuas wou'd think fine
enuff;

So the *Wit* that is lavishly thrown away here,
Might furnish a Second Rate *Poet* a Year:
Thus much for the *Verse*, we proceed to the
next,

Where the NYMPH has entirely forsaken her
Text:

Her fine Panegyricks are quite out of Season,
And what *She* describes to be *Merit* is *Treason*:
The Changes which Faction has made in the
State,

Have put the *Dean's* Politicks quite out of Date:
Now no one regards what he utters with Free-
dom,

And shou'd he write *Pamphlets*, no Great Man
wou'd read 'em;

And shou'd *Want* or *Desert* stand in need of his
Aid,

This *Racer* wou'd prove but a dull founder'd
Jade.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Doctor S W I F T.

*Dr. SWIFT to Dr. WILLIAM KING, Arch-
bishop of Dublin.*

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

MY LORD,

I HAD the Honour of your Grace's Letter of *September* 16, but I was in no Pain to acknowledge it, nor shall be at any other Time, until I have something that I think worth troubling you; because I know how much an insignificant Letter is worse than none at all. I had likewise your * Memorial, &c. in another Pacquet. I should have been glad the Bishops had been here; although I take Bishops to be the worst Solliciters in the World, except for themselves. They cannot give themselves the little Troubles of Attendance that other Men are content to swallow: Else, I am sure, their two
Lord-

* A Memorial of the Bishops and Clergy of *Ireland*, concerning the First Fruits and Twentieth Parts.

Lordships might have succeeded easier than Men of my Level are likely to do.

As soon as I received the Pacquets from your Grace, I went to wait upon Mr. * *Harley*. I had prepared him before by another Hand where he was very intimate: and got myself represented (which I might justly do) as one extremely ill used by the last Ministry, after some Obligations, because I refused to go certain Lengths they would have me. This happened to be in some Sort Mr. *Harley's* own Case. He had heard very often of me, and received me with the greatest Marks of Kindness and Esteem; as I was whispered he would; and the more upon the ill Usage I had met with. I sat with him two Hours among Company, and two Hours we were alone. Where I told him my Business, and gave him the History of it: Which he heard as I could wish, and declared he would do his utmost to effect it. I told him the Difficulties we met with by Lords Lieutenants and their Secretaries; who would not suffer others to solicit, and neglected it themselves. He fell in with me intirely; and said, neither they nor himself should have the Merit of it, but the Queen, to whom he would shew my Memorial with the first Opportunity, in order, if possible, to have it done in this Interregnum. I said the Honour and Merit, next to the Queen, would be his; that it was

* Lord High Treasurer of *England*, created afterwards Earl of *Oxford*.

was a great Encouragement to the Bishops that he was in the Treasury, whom they knew to be the chief Adviser of the Queen, to grant the same Favour in *England*: That consequently the Honour and Merit were nothing to him, who had done so much greater Things: And that for my Part, I thought he was obliged to the Clergy of *Ireland* for giving him an Opportunity of gratifying the Pleasure he took in doing Good to the Church. He took my Compliment extremely well, and renewed his Promises. Your Grace will please to know, that besides the First Fruits, I told him of the Crown Rents; and shewed the Nature and Value of them; but said; my Opinion was, that the Convocation had not mentioned them in their Petition to the Queen, delivered to Lord **Whar-ton* with the Address, because they thought the Times would not then bear it; but that I looked on myself to have a discretionary Power to solicit it in so favourable a Juncture.

I had two Memorials ready of my own drawing up, as short as possible, shewing the Nature of the Things, and how long it had been depending, &c. One of these Memorials had a Paragraph at the End relating to the Crown Rents. I would have given him the last; but I gave him the other, which he immediately read, and promised to second *Both* with his best Offices to the Queen. As I have placed that Paragraph in my Memorial, it can do no Harm, and may possible do Good.
How-

* Then Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

However, I beg your Grace to say nothing of it, but if it dieth, let it die in Silence: We must take up with what we can get.

I forgot to tell your Grace, that when I said I was empowered, &c. he desired to see my Powers: And then I heartily wished them more ample than they were: And I have since wondered what Scruple a Number of Bishops could have to empower a Clergyman to do the Church and them a Service, without any Imagination of Interest for himself.

Mr. *Harley* has invited me to dine with him To-day: But I shall not put him upon this Discourse so soon. If he begins it himself, I shall add it at the Bottom of this. He says, Mr. Secretary * *St. John* desireth to be acquainted with me, and that he will bring us together. That may be a further Help; although I told him I had no Thoughts of applying to any but himself, wherein he differed from me, and desired I would speak to others, if it were but for Form; and seemed to mean, as if he would avoid the Envy of being thought to do such a Thing alone. But an old Courtier (an intimate Friend) advised me still to let him know, I relied wholly upon his good Inclinations and Credit with the Queen, &c.

I find I am forced to say all this very confusedly, just as it lieth in my Memory, but perhaps it may give your Grace a truer Idea how Matters are, than if I had writ in more Order.

I am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

* Afterwards created Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*.

The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 24, 1710.

Reverend Sir,

I Thank you for yours of the 10th Instant, and send you inclosed a farther Power by my Lord Primate and me. My Lord is not able to come to Town, which obliged me to wait on him at *Johnston*, and hindered the joining of two or three Bishops in it who are yet in Town: But I suppose our signing is sufficient. I went in the Morning to wait on his Grace, and intended when he had signed it, to have applied to other Bishops; but he was abroad taking the Air, and I could not get it until it was late, and thought it better to sign and send it, as it is, than wait for another Post. You may expect by the next a Letter to his Grace of *Canterbury*, and another to the Archbishop of *York*. I apprized them both of the Business. The latter, if I remember right, spoke to her Majesty about it; I am not sure, that her Majesty remembers what I said on the Subject; but am sure she was pleased to seem satisfied with it, and to scruple only the Time. I suppose, not thinking it fit to confer the Favour she designed the Clergy of *Ireland* by the Hands it must then have passed through, but said, that in the Interval of a Change, or Absence

sence of a Chief Governor, it should be done. I hope, now is the proper Time, and that her Majesty will rather follow the Dictates of her own bountiful Inclinations, than the Intrigues of cunning covetous Counsellors.

I thought to have troubled you with a great many Things, but such a Crowd of Visitors have broken in upon me before I could lock my Gates, that I am forced to break off abruptly, recommending you to God's Care.

I am, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

*The * Lord Primate and Archbishop of DUBLIN,
to Dr. SWIFT.*

SIR,

Dublin, Oct. 24, 1710.

WE directed a Letter to the Bishops of *Offory* and *Killaloo* last *August*, desiring and empowering them to solicit the Affair of our First Fruits and Twentieth Parts, with her Majesty; which has depended so long, notwithstanding her Majesty's good Intentions; and several Promises of the Chief Governors here, to lay our Addresses before her Majesty in the best Manner. We were then apprehensive that those Bishops might return from *England* before the Business could be effected, and therefore we desired them to concern you in it; having

* *Dr. Narcissus Marsh.*

having so good Assurance of your Ability, Prudence and Fitness to prosecute such a Matter. We find the Bishops returned before you came to *London*, for which we are very much concerned; and judging this the most proper Time to prosecute it with Success, we entreat you to take the *full Management* of it into your Hands; and do commit the Care of soliciting it to your Diligence and Prudence; desiring you to let us know, from Time to Time, what Progress is made in it. And, if any Thing farther be necessary on our Part, on your Intimation, we shall be ready to do what shall be judged reasonable.

This, with our Prayers, and the good Success of your Endeavours, is all from

SIR, Your, &c.

NARCISSUS ARDMAGH.
WILLIAM DUBLIN.

The Archbishop of DUBLIN to Dr. SWIFT.

SIR, *Dublin, Dec. 16, 1710.*

THIS is to acknowledge the Receipt of yours of the 20th past, which came not to my Hands till *Thursday* last, by Reason of Winds that kept the Pacquets on the other Side.

I find the Matter of our First Fruits, &c. is talked of now. I reckon on nothing certain, till

till her Majesty's Letter comes in Form: And Quære, Why should not you come and bring it with you? It would make you a very welcome Clergyman to *Ireland*, and be the best Means to satisfy Mankind how it was obtained, although I think that will be out of Dispute. I am very well apprized of the Dispatch you gave this Affair, and well pleased, that I judged better of the Person fit to be employed than some of my Brethren. But now it is done, as I hope it is effectually, they will assume as much as their Neighbours; which I shall never contradict.

Things are taking a new Turn here as well as with you, and I am of Opinion, by the Time you come here, few will profess themselves *Whiggs*. The greatest Danger I apprehend, and which terrifies me more than perhaps you will be able to imagine, is the Fury and Indiscretion of some of our own People, who never had any Merit, but by imbroiling Things; they did, and I am afraid will yet do Mischief.

I heartily recommend you to God's Favour,

And am, &c.

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

N. B. *Dr. Swift used his Credit with the Ministry, for the Benefit of the Church of Ireland, so heartily and so effectually at this critical Time, that*

that, he procured a Grant from the Queen for exonerating the Clergy of Ireland from paying Twentieth Parts, dated the Seventh of February, 1710. And another Grant bearing the same Date, to Narcissus Lord Archbishop of Armagh, Sir Constantine Phipps Lord High Chancellor of Ireland, William Lord Archbishop of Dublin, John Lord Archbishop of Tuam, and others, of the First Fruits payable out of all Ecclesiastical Benefices, in Trust to be for ever applied towards purchasing Glebes, and building Residentiary Houses for poor-endowed Vicars.

The Success of which charitable Fund hitherto, may be seen in the printed Pamphlet containing an Account of the First Fruits of Ireland.

The Archbishop to Dr. SWIFT.

London, Suffolk-street,

SIR,

Nov. 22, 1716.

I Read yours of the thirteenth Instant with great Satisfaction. It is not only an Advantage to you and me, that there should be a good Correspondence between us, but also to the Publick; and I assure you I had much ado to perswade People here, that we kept any tolerable Measures with one another; much less, that there was any thing of a good Intelligence: And therefore, you judged right that, it ought not to be said that, in some, many Months, that I had not received any Letter from you.

I do

I do a little admire, that those that should be your fastest Friends, should be so opposite to acknowledge the Service you did *in procuring the Twentieth Parts and First Fruits*: I know no Reason for it, except the Zeal, I shewed to do you *Justice in that Particular*, from the Beginning. But since I only did it, as obliged to bear Testimony to the Truth in a Matter, which I certainly knew, and would have done the same for the *worst Enemy* I had in the World, I see no Reason why you should suffer, because I among others was your Witness. But, be not concerned, Ingratitude is warranted by modern and antient Custom: And it is more Honour for a Man to have it asked, why he had not a *suitable Return* to his *Merits*, than why he was overpaid. *Benefacere et male audire* is the Lot of the best Men. If Calumny or Ingratitude could have put me out of my Way, God knows where I should have wandered by this Time.

I am glad the Business of St. * *Nicholas* is over any Way: My Inclination was Mr. *Wall*; that I might have joined the Vicarage of *Castleknock* to the Prebend of *Malahidart*; which would have made a good Provision for one Man, served the Cures better, and yielded more than to the Incumbent, than it can do now, when

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* The Dean and Chapter of St. *Patrick's* are the Appropriators of that Church, and have the Right of bestowing the Cure on whom they please.

in different Hands. But I could not compass it without using more Power over my Clergy, than I am willing to exert. But as I am thankful to you for your Condescension in that Affair, so I will expect that those, with whom you have complied, should shew their Sense of it, by a mutual Return of the like Compliance, when there shall be Occasion. Such reciprocal kind Offices are the ground of mutual Confidence and Friendship, and the Fewel that keeps them alive: And, I think, nothing can contribute more to our common Ease and the publick Good, than maintaining these between you and me, and with the Clergy.

We have a strong Report, that my Lord *Bolingbroke* will return here, and be pardoned; certainly it must not be for nothing. I hope he can tell no ill Story of you.

I add only my Prayers for you; and am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

And Brother,

WILLIAM DUBLIN.

Dr. SWIFT to the Archbishop of DUBLIN.

MY LORD,

Trim, Dec. 16, 1716.

I Should be sorry to see my Lord *Bolingbroke* following the Trade of an Informer: Because
cause

cause he is a Person for whom I always had, and still continue, a very great Love and Esteem. For, I think, as the rest of Mankind do, that Informers are a detestable Race of People, although they may be sometimes necessary. Besides, I do not see whom his Lordship can inform against, except himself: He was three or four Days at the Court of *France*, while he was Secretary; and it is barely possible he might then have entered into some deep Negotiation with the *Pretender*: Although I would not believe him, if he should swear it. Because *he protested to me*, that he never saw *him but once*; and that was at a great Distance, *in publick at an Opera*. As to any others of the Ministry at that Time, I am confident he cannot accuse them: And that they *will appear as innocent* with relation to the *Pretender*, as any who are now at the Helm. And, as to my self, if I were of any Importance, I should be very easy under *such an Accusation*; much easier, than I am to think your Grace imagineth me in any Danger; or that Lord *Bolingbroke* should have any ill Story to tell of me. He knoweth, and loveth, and thinketh too well of me, to be capable of such an Action. But I am surprized to think your Grace could talk, or act, or correspond with me for some Years past; while you must needs believe me a most false and vile Man; declaring to you on all Occasions *my Abhorrence of the Pretender*; and yet privately engaged with a Ministry to bring him in; and

therefore warning me to look to my self, and prepare my Defence against a false BROTHER, coming over to discover such Secrets as would hang me. Had there been ever the least *Overture* or *Intent* of bringing in the Pretender, during my Acquaintance with the Ministry, I think I must have been very stupid not to have picked out some Discoveries or Suspicions. And, although I am not sure, I should have turned Informer; yet, I am certain I should have dropt some general Cautions; and immediately have retired. When People say; Things were not ripe at the Queen's Death; they say, they know not what. Things were rotten: And had the Ministers any such Thoughts, they should have begun three Years before; and they, who say otherwise, understand nothing of the State of the Kingdom at that Time.

But whether I am mistaken or no in other Men, I beg your Grace to believe, that I am not mistaken in my self. I always professed to be *against the Pretender*; and *am so still*. And this is not to make my Court (which I know is vain) for I own my self full of Doubts, Fears, and Dissatisfactions; which I think on as seldom as I can: Yet, if I were of any Value, the Publick may safely *rely on my Loyalty*; because I look upon the *coming of the Pretender* as a greater Evil, than any we are like to suffer under the worst Whig-Ministry that can be found.

I have

Dr. SWIFT.

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I have not spoke or thought so much of Party these two Years, nor could any Thing have tempted me to it; but the Grief I have in standing so ill in your Grace's Opinion.

I beg your Grace's Blessing,

And am, &c.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord CARTERET.

MY LORD,

I AM obliged to return your Excellency my most humble Thanks for your Favour to Mr. *Sheridan*, because when I recommended him to you, I received a very gracious Answer; and yet I am sensible, that your chief Motive to make some Provision for him, was what became a great and good Person, your distinguishing him as a Man of Learning, and one who deserved Encouragement, on Account of his great Diligence and Success in a most laborious and difficult * Employment.

Since your Excellency hath had an Opportunity, so early in your Government, of gratifying your *English* Dependents by a Bishoprick, and the best † Deanery in the Kingdom, I cannot

* A School-master.

† Downe.

not but hope, that the Clergy of *Ireland* will have their Share in your Patronage. There is hardly a Gentleman in the Nation who hath not a near Alliance with some of that Body; and most of them who have Sons, usually breed one to the Church; although they have been of late Years much discouraged and discontented, by seeing Strangers to the Country almost perpetually taken into the greatest Ecclesiastical Preferments, and too often, under Governors very different from your Excellency, the Choice of Persons was not to be accounted for, either to Prudence or Justice.

The Misfortune of having Bishops perpetually from *England*, as it must needs quench the Spirit of Emulation among us to excel in Learning and the Study of Divinity, so it produceth another great Discouragement, that those Prelates usually draw after them Colonies of Sons, Nephews, Cousins, or old College-Companions, to whom they bestow the best Preferments in their Gift; and, thus the young Men, sent into the Church from the University here, have no better Prospect than to be Curates, or small Country-Vicars, for Life.

It will become so excellent a Governor as you, a little to moderate this great Partiality; wherein, as you will act with Justice and Reason, so you will gain the Thanks and Prayers of the whole Nation, and take away one great Cause of universal Discontent. For, I believe, your Excellency will agree, that there is not another

ther Kingdom in *Europe*, where the Natives (even those descended from the Conquerors) have been treated, as if they were almost unqualified for any Employment either in Church or State.

Your Excellency, when I had the Honour to attend you, was pleased to let me name some Clergymen, who are generally understood by their Brethren to be the most distinguished for their Learning and Piety. I remember the Persons were, Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Ward* of the *North*, Mr. *Ecklyn*, Mr. *Synge* of *Dublin*, and Mr. *Corbet*; they were named by me without any Regard to Friendship, having little Commerce with most of them, but only to the universal Character they bear: This was the Method I always took with my Lord * *Oxford*, at his own Command, who was pleased to believe I would not be swayed by any private Affections, and confessed I never deceived him, for I always dealt openly when I offered any Thing in Behalf of a Friend, which was but seldom, because, in that Case, I made use of the common Method at Court, to solicit by another.

I shall say nothing of the young Men among the Clergy, of whom the three hopefullest are said to be Mr. *Stopford*, Mr. *King*, and Mr. *Dobbs*, all Fellows of the † College, of whom
I am

* Lord High Treasurer to Queen *Anne*.

† The University of *Dublin*.

I am only acquainted with the first; but, these are not likely to be great Expectors under your Excellency's Administration, according to the usual Period of Governors here.

If I have dealt honestly in representing such Persons among the Clergy, as are generally allowed to have most Merit; I think I have done you a Service, and I am sure I have made you a great Compliment, by distinguishing you from most great Men I have known these thirty Years past, whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true Character, nor had any Value for the Best, and consequently dispensed their Favours without the least Regard to Abilities or Virtue. And this Defect I have often found among those from whom I least expected it.

That your Excellency may long live a Blessing and Ornament to your Country, by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the Steps of Honour and Virtue, is the most earnest Wish and Prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Excellency's most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

July 3, 1725.

JONATH. SWIFT.

LET-

*An Answer to Lord PALMERSTON's civil
polite Letter.* [so indorsed]

My Lord,

Jan. 31, 1725.

I Desire you will give your self the last Trouble I shall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any Injury or Injustice done to Mr. * *Curtis*; and if you had read that Passage in my Letter a second Time, you could not possibly have so ill understood me. The Injury and Injustice the young Man received were from those, who claiming a Title to his Chambers took away his Key; reviled and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monstrous Conduct: Whereupon, at his Request, I laid the Case before † you, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very strange, if, on Account of a Trifle, and of a Person, for whom I have no Concern further than as he was once employed by me, on the Character he bears of Piety and Learning, I should charge you with Injury and Injustice to him, when I know

* A Resident Master in *Trinity* College, whom the Dean made one of the four Minor-Canons of *St. Patrick's* Cathedral.

† Lord Viscount *Palmerston* (Nephew to Sir *William Temple*) hath a Right to bestow two handsome Chambers in the University of *Dublin*, upon such Students as he and his Heirs shall think proper, on Account of the Benefactions of this Family towards the College Buildings.

know from himself and Mr. *Reading*, that you were not answerable for either.

As you state the Case of Tenant at Will, I fully agree, that no Law can compel you; but Law was not at all in my Thoughts. Now, my Lord, if what I writ of Injury and Injustice were wholly applied in plain Terms to one or two of the College here, whose Names were below my Remembrance; you will consider how I could deserve an Answer in every Line full of foul Insinuations, open Reproaches, jesting Flirts, and contumelious Terms; and what Title you claim to give me such Treatment. I own my Obligation to Sir * *William Temple*, for recommending me to the late King, although without Success; and for his Choice of me to take Care of his posthumous Writings. But, I hope, you will not charge my being in his Family, as an Obligation; for I was educated to little purpose, if I had chosen his House on any other Motives, than the Benefit of his Conversation and Advice, and the Opportunity of pursuing my Studies. For being born to no Fortune, I was, at his Death, as
much

* After Mr. *Swift* left the University of *Dublin*, Sir *William* (whose Father, Sir *John Temple*, Master of the Rolls in *Ireland*, had been a Friend to the Family) invited our young Author to spend some Time with him at *Moor-park* in *England*, for Sake of his Conversation; where he pursued his Studies through all the *Greek* and *Roman* Historians. Here it was he was introduced by his Friend to King *William*; when his Majesty used to pay frequent Visits to that great Minister, after he had retired from publick Business to his Seat at *Moor-park*.

much to seek it as ever : And, perhaps, you will allow, that I was of some Use to him. This I will venture to say, that in the Time, when I had some little Credit, I did fifty times more for fifty People, from whom I never received the least Service or Assistance ; yet I should not be pleased to hear a Relation of mine reproaching them with Ingratitude ; although many of them well deserve it. For, Thanks to Party, I have met in both Kingdoms with Ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill-informed, you have not been much better, that I declared no Regard to your Family ; for so you express your self : I never had Occasion or Opportunity to make use of any such Words. The last Time I saw you in *London* was the last Intercourse that I remember to have had with your Family. But having always trusted to my own Innocence, I was never inquisitive to know my Accusers. When I mentioned my Loss of Interest with you, I did it with Concern : And I had no Resentment ; because I supposed it to arise only from different Sentiments in publick Matters.

My Lord, if my Letter were polite, it was against my Intention, and I intreat your Pardon for it. If I have Wit, I will keep it to shew when I am angry ; which at present I am not : Because, although nothing can excuse those intemperate Words your Pen hath let fall, yet I shall give Allowance to a hasty Person hurried on by a Mistake beyond all Rules of Decency.

Decency. If a First Minister of State had used me as you have done, he should have heard from me in another Style; because in that Case retaliating would be thought a Mark of Courage. But as your Lordship is not in a Situation to do me Good, nor, I am sure, of a Disposition to do me Mischief; so I should lose the Merit of being Bold, because I incurred no Danger. In this Point alone we are exactly equal: But in Wit and Politeness, I am as ready to yield to you, as in Titles and Estate.

I have found out one Secret; that although you call me a *great Wit*, you do not think me so; otherwise you would have been cautious to have writ me such a Letter.

You conclude with saying, you are ready to ask Pardon where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, because I have not taken the Offence; but whether you will acquit your self, must be left to your Conscience and Honour.

I have formerly upon Occasions been your humble Servant in *Ireland*; and should not refuse to be so still, but you have so useful and excellent a Friend in Mr. *Reading*, that you need no other; and I hope my good Opinion of him will not lessen yours. *I am,*

My Lord,

Your most humble Servant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. * MOORE.

Dear Madam,

ALTHOUGH I see you feldomer than is agreeable to my Inclinations, yet you have no Friend in the World that is more concerned for any Thing that can affect your Mind, your Health, or your Fortune; I have always had the highest Esteem for your Virtue, the greatest Value for your Conversation, and the truest Affection for your Person; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you, for the Loss of so amiable, and (what is more) so favourite a Child. These are the necessary Consequences of too strong Attachments, by which we are grieving our selves with the Death of those we love, as we must one Day grieve those who love us, with the Death of our selves. For Life is a Tragedy, wherein we sit as Spectators a while, and then act our own Part in it. Self-love, as it is the Motive to all our Actions, so it is the sole Cause of our Grief. The dear Person you lament is by no Means an Object of Pity, either in a moral or religious Sense.

* A Daughter of Lord Chancellor *Porter*, first married to — *Devenish*, Esq; and afterwards to the Rev. Dr. *Moore*, one of the Canons of St. *Patrick's*, and Vicar of St. *Katherine's*, *Dublin*. He was Son of the Earl of *Drogheda*.

Sense. Philosophy always taught Men to despise Life, as a most contemptible Thing in it self, and Religion regards it only as a Preparation for a better ; which you are taught to be certain, that so innocent a Person is now in Possession of; so that she is an immense Gainer ; and you, and her Friends, the only Losers. Now, under Misfortunes of this Kind, I know no Consolation more effectual to a reasonable Person, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is lost. She was neither an only Child, nor an only Daughter. You have three Children left, * one of them of an Age to be useful to his Family, and the two others as promising as can be expected from their Age; so that, according to the general Dispensations of God Almighty, you have small Reason to repine upon that Article of Life. And, Religion will tell you, that the true Ways to preserve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your Heart; which is a Weakness that God seldom leaveth long unpunished : Common Observation shewing us, that such favourite Children are either spoiled by their Parent's Indulgence, or soon taken out of the World ; which last is, generally speaking, the lighter Punishment of the two.

God, in his Wisdom, hath been pleased to load our declining Years with many Sufferings, with Diseases, and Decays of Nature, with the
Death

* Charles Devenish, Esq;

Death of many Friends, and the Ingratitude of more: Sometimes with the Loss or Diminution of our Fortunes, when our Infirmities most need them; often with Contempt from the World, and always with Neglect from it; with the Death of our most hopeful or useful Children; with a want of Relish for all worldly Enjoyments; with a general Dislike of Persons and Things: And although all these are very natural Effects of encreasing Years, yet they were intended by the Author of our Being, to wean us gradually from our Fondness of Life, the nearer we approach towards the End of it. And this is the Use you are to make, in Prudence as well as in Conscience, of all the Afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of those which, in the Course of Nature and Providence, you have Reason to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with so many Virtues, add Strength of Mind and Reliance upon his Mercy, in proportion to your present Sufferings, as well as those he may think fit to try you with through the Remainder of your Life.

I fear my present ill Disposition, both of Health and Mind, hath made me but a sorry Comforter: However, it will shew, that no Circumstance of Life can put you out of my Mind, and that I am with the truest Respect, Esteem, and Friendship,

Dear Madam, Your most obedient,

Most humble Servant,

Deanry-House,

Dec. 7, 1727.

JONATH. SWIFT.

From Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I Thank you kindly for your News of the Dean of St. *Patrick's*, for your *Perfius*, for every Thing in your Letter. I will use my warmest Endeavours to serve * Dr. *Whalley*. Besides his own Merit, the Demerit of his Antagonist goes into the Scale, and the Dean tells me he is a Coadjutant of that Fool, † *Smedley*. You *must have seen*, but you *cannot have read*, what he has lately published against our Friend and me. The only Pleasure a bad Writer can give me, he has given, that of being abused with my Betters and my Friends. I am much pleased with most of the Intelligencers, but I am a little piqued at the Author of them, for not once doing me the Honour of a Mention upon so honourable an Occasion as being slandered by the Dunces, together with my Friend the Dean, who is properly the Author of the *Dunciad*: It had never been writ but at his Request, and for his Deafness: For had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my Time so ill? I will not trouble you with Amendments to so imperfect an Edition

* An eminent Clergyman in the Diocese of *Armagh*.

† Dean of *Fernes*.

dition as is now published; you will soon see a better, with a full and true Commentary, setting all Mistakes right, and branding none but our own Cattle. Some very good Epigrams on the Gentlemen of the Dunciad have been sent me from *Oxford*, and others of the *London* Authors; if I had an Amanuensis (which is a Thing neither I, nor my common Trifles are worth) you should have them with this. If your University or Town have produced any on this Subject, pray send them me, or keep them at least together, for another Day they may all meet.

I have writ to the Dean just now by Mr. *Elrington*, who charges himself with this, and have inserted a Hint or two of his libelling the Lady of the Family; in as innocent a manner, as he does it, he will hardly suspect I had any Information of it.

Although I am a very ill Correspondent, I shall at all Times be glad to have the Favour of a Line from you. My Eyesight is bad, my Head often in Pain, my Time strangely taken up. Were I my own Master (which I thank God I yet am, in all Points but one, where Humanity only constrains me) I would infallibly see *Ireland* before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, although warm, Designs will ever take Effect,

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus!

I am (wherever I am) the Dean's, and the Dean's Friends, and consequently faithfully,

SIR,

Your affectionate Servant,

A. POPE.

From Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your Letter. What you mention of a particular Friend of the Dean's being upon the Brink of another World, gives me great Pain; for it makes me, in Tenderneſs to him, wiſh him with you; and at the ſame Time I fear he is not in a Condition to make the Journey. Although (to eaſe you as far as I can) his Phyſician and Friend Dr. *Arbutnot* affures me he will ſoon be well. At preſent he is very deaf, and more uneaſy than I hoped that Complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy Way, which has put you into a greater Fright, than (with God's Will) we may have any Reaſon for. He talks of returning to *Ireland* in three Weeks, if he recovers ſufficiently; if not, he will ſtay here this Winter. Upon Pretence of ſome ve-
ry

ry unavoidable Occasions, he went to *London* four Days since, where I see him as often as he will let me. I was extreamly concerned at his Opiniatrety in leaving me; but he shall not get rid of the Friend, although he may of his House. I have suggested to him the Remedy you mention: And I will not leave him a Day, until I see him better. I wish you could see us in *England* without manifest Inconvenience to yourself; although I heartily hope and believe, that our Friend will do well. I sincerely honour you for your Warmth of Affection where it is so justly merited; and am, both for his Sake and your own, with great Esteem,

SIR,

Your truly-affectionate

and obedient Servant,

*Twickenham,
Sept. 6.*

A. POPE.

P. S. I have often desired the Dean to make known to you my Sense of the good Opinion you have exprest of me in your Letters. I am pleased to have an Opportunity of thanking you under my Hand, and I desire you to continue it to one who is no Way ungrateful.

*From Dr. SWIFT to Dr. * SHERIDAN.*

SIR, Dec. 14, 1719, 9 at Nighth.

IT is impossible to know by your Letter whether the Wine is to be bottled To-morrow, or no.

For my part, it was by meer Chance I came to sit with the Ladies this Night.

And, if they had not told me there was a Letter from you, and your Man *Alexander* had not gone, and come back from the Deanry, and the Boy here had not been sent to let *Alexander* know I was here, I should have missed the Letter outright.

Truly

* Dr. *Sheridan* was an eminent School-master, whom the Dean is supposed thus to describe under the Character of *Lilly*.

Lilly is a Person very excellent in his Art; perfectly skilled in the Writings and Languages of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*. He hath much Invention; often writes humorous Verses that are diverting enough, but is defective in Judgment. He is honest, generous, friendly, and good-natured, but without one Grain of Discretion: And, with all, so heedless, unattentive, shattered and absent, that you cannot depend a Minute on his Promise or Engagement. He is somewhat too careless in Expences. How subject he was to be deceived, appears from the following Certificate under the Doctor's own Hand, dated Oct. 22, 1731.

Dr. Sheridan, forced to promise and allowed, that he hath been thirty Times deceived in affirming his Servants and Agents to be honest; does now, the one and thirtieth Time, positively assert, that his present Agent at Quilca, Wooly by Name, is the most honest, diligent, and skilful Fellow in Ireland.

Signed at Dr. Grattan's House.

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be sending for Corks to stop your Bottles, with a Vengeance.

Make a Page of your own Age, and send your Man *Alexander* to buy Corks, for *Saunders* already hath got above ten Jaunts.

Mrs. *Dingley* and Mrs. *Johnson* say, truly they don't care for your Wife's Company, although they like your Wine; but they had rather have it at their own House, to drink in quiet.

However, they own it is very civil in Mr. *Sheridan*, to make the Offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wish *Alexander* safe at St. *Catherine's* To-night, with all my Heart and Soul, upon my Word and Honour.

But I think it base in you to send a poor Fellow out so late at this Time of Year, when one would not turn out a Dog that one valued; I appeal to your Friend Mr. *Conna*.

I would present my humble Service to my Lady *Mountcashell*: but, truly, I thought she would have made Advances to have been acquainted with me, as she pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you see plainly my Paper is ended.

P. S. *I wish when you prated,*

Your Letter you'd dated,

Much Plague it created,

I scolded and rated;

My

386 LETTERS to and from

*My Soul it much grated,
For your Man, I long waited.
I think you are fated,
Like a Bear to be baited :
Your Man is belated,
The Case, I have stated,
And me you have cheated.
My Stable's unslated,
Come back t'us well freighted ;
I remember my late-head
And wish you Translated,
For teasing me.*

2 P. S. Mrs. Dingley
*Desires me singly
Her Service to present you,
Hopes that will content you ;
But Johnson Madam
Is grown a Sad Dame,
For want of your Converse,
And cannot send one Verse.*

3 P. S. You keep such a twattling
*With you and your bottling,
But I see the Sum Total,
We shall ne'er have one Bottle ;
The long and the short,
We shall not have a Quart.*

[VIDA,
[Rule 34

I wish

*I wish you would sign't,
 That we may have a Pint.
 For all your colloquing,
 I'd be glad of a Knogging :
 But I doubt 'tis a Sham,
 You won't give us a Dram.
 'Tis of Shine, a Mouth Moon-full,
 You won't part with a Spoon-full,
 And I must be nimble,
 If I can fill my Thimble,
 You see I won't stop,
 Till I come to a Drop ;
 But I doubt the Oraculum,
 Is a poor Supernaculum ;
 Tho' perhaps you may tell it
 For a Grace, if we smell it.*

STELLA.

To the same.

Dub. Dec. 22, 1722.

WHAT care we whether you swim or
 sink? Is this a Time to talk of Boats,
 or a Time to sail in them, when I am shud-
 dering? or a Time to build Boat-Houses, or
 pay for Carriage? No; but towards Summer,
 I promise hereby under my Hand to subscribe
 a (Guinea *) Shilling for one; or, if you please
 me

* The Word *Guinea* is struck thro' with a Pen in the Copy.

me, what is blotted out, or something thereabouts, and the Ladies shall subscribe three *Thirteens betwixt them, and Mrs. *Brent* a Penny, and *Robert* and *Archy* Half-pence a-piece, and the Old Man and Woman a Farthing each: In short, I will be your Collector, and we will send it down full of Wine, a Fortnight before we go at *Whitsuntide*. You will make eight thousand Blunders in your Planting; and who can help it? for I could not be with you. My Horses eat Hay, and I hold my Visitation on *January* 7. just in the midst of *Christmas*. Mrs. *Brent* is angry, and sweareth as much as a Fanatick can do, that she will subscribe Sixpence to your Boat.——Well, I shall be a Country-man when you are not; we are now at Mr. *Fad's*, with *Dan* and *Sam*; and I steal out, while they are at Cards, like a Lover writing to his Mistress.——We have no News in our Town. The Ladies have left us To-day, and I promised them that you would carry your Club to *Arsellagh*, when you are weary of one another. You express your Happiness with Grief in one Hand and Sorrow in the other. What Fowl have you but the Weep? what Hares, but Mrs. *Macfeden's* gray Hairs? What Pease but your own? Your Mutton and your Weather are both very bad, and so is your Weather-Mutton. Wild-Fowl is what we like.——How will this Letter get to you?——A Fortnight good from this Morning. You will find † *Quilca* not the Thing it was last *August*;

no-

* An *English* Shilling passeth for Thirteen Pence in *Ireland*.

† Dr. *Sheridan's* Seat in the County of *Cavan*.

nobody to relish the Lake ; nobody to ride over the Downs ; no Trout to be caught ; no dining over a Well ; no Night Heroics, no Morning Epics ; no stolen Hour when the Wife is gone ; no Creature to call you Names. Poor miserable Master *Sheridan* ! No blind Harpers ! no Journies to *Rantavan* !——Answer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new Plays and new Libels, and nothing valuable is old but *Stella*, whose Bones she recommends to you, * *Dan* desireth to know whether you saw the Advertisement of your being robbed——and so I conclude,

Yours, &c.

To the same.

Clonfert, Aug. 3, 1723.

NO, I cannot possibly be with you so soon, there are too many Rivers, Bogs, and Mountains between ; besides, when I leave this, I shall make one or two short Visits in my way to *Dublin*, and hope to be in Town by the End of this Month ; although it will be a bad Time, in the Hurry of your busy P——t. Your Dream is wrong, for this Bishop is not able to lift a Cat upon my Shoulders ; but, if you are for a Curacy of Twenty-five Pounds a Year, and ride five Miles every Sunday to preach to six Beggars, have at you : And yet this is no ill Country, and the † Bishop hath made, in four Months,

* The Rev. Mr. *Daniel Jackson*, Vicar of *Ballyboy* in the King's County.

† Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*, then Bishop of *Clonfert*, who with great Pains and Expence made a Road through a deep Red Bog from *Clonfert* to the *Shannon* Side.

Months, twelve Miles of Ditches from his House to the *Shannon*. If you talk of improving, how are you this Moment? Do you love or hate *Quilca* the most of all Places? Are you in or out of Humour with the World, your Friends, your Wife, and your School? Are the Ladies in Town or in the Country? If I knew I would write to them, and how are they in Health? *Quilca* (let me see) (you see I can (if I please) make Parentheses as well as Others) is about a hundred Miles from *Clonfert*; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rode. With Love and Service, and so adieu.

Yours, &c.

To the same.

Jan. 25, 1725.

I Have a Packet of Letters, which I intended to send by *Molly*, who hath been stopt three Days by the bad Weather; but now I will send them by Post To-morrow, to *Kells*, and inclosed to Mr. * *Tickell* there is one to you, and one to *James Stopfort*.

I can do no Work in this terrible Weather; which hath put us all seventy times out of Patience.——I have been deaf nine Days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray desire Mr. * *Stanton* and Mr. † *Worrall* to

• *Thomas Tickell*, Esq; a very ingenious Poet, Secretary to the Lords Justices of *Ireland*.

† *Dr. Stanton*, a Master in Chancery.

§ *Rev. Mr. John Worrall*, the Dean's Vicar.

to continue giving themselves some Trouble with Mr. *Prat* ; but let it succeed or not, I hope I shall be easy.

Mrs. *Johnson* swears it will rain till *Michaelmas*. She is so pleased with her Pick-ax, that she wears it fastened to her Girdle on her left Side, in Balance with her Watch. The Lake is strangely overflown, and we are desperate about Turf, being forced to buy it three Miles off: And Mrs. *Johnson* (God help her) giveth you many a Curse. Your Mason is come, but cannot yet work about your Garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great Wall. For the rest, *vide* the Letter that you will have on Monday, if Mr. *Tickell* useth you well.

The News of this Country is, that the Maid you sent down, *John Farelly's* Sister, is married; but the Portion and Settlement are yet a Secret. The Cows here never give Milk on *Midsummer-Eve*.

You would wonder what carking and caring there is among us for small Beer, and lean Mutton, and starved Lamb, and stopping Gaps, and driving Cattle from the Corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dinglyed.

The Lady's Room smoaks; the Rain dropeth from the Skies into the Kitchen; our Servants eat and drink like the Devil, and pray for Rain, which entertains them at Cards and Sleep; which are much lighter than Spades, Sledges, and Crows. Their Maxim is,

Eat

*Eat like a Turk,
Sleep like a Dormouse;
Be last at Work,
At Victuals foremost.*

Which is all at present, hoping you and your good Family are well, as we, &c. are all at this present Writing, &c.

Robin has just carried out a Load of Bread and cold Meat for Breakfast; this is their way; but now a Cloud hangeth over them, for fear it should hold up, and the Clouds blow off.

I write on till *Molly* cometh in for the Letter. O, what a Draggel-Tail will she be before she gets to *Dublin*! I wish she may not happen to fall upon her Back by the Way.

I affirm against *Aristotle*, that Cold and Rain congregate Homogenes, for they gather together you and your Crew, at Whist, Punch, and Claret. Happy Weather for Mrs. *Mou*, *Betty* and *Stopforts*, and all true Lovers of Cards and Laziness.

The Blessings of a Country Life,

*Far from our Debtors,
No Dublin Letters,
Not seen by our Betters.*

The Plagues of a Country Life.

*A Companion with News,
A great want of Shoes;*

Eat

*Eat lean Meat, or chuse,
 A Church without Pews.
 Our Horses astray,
 No Straw, Oats, or Hay;
 December in May.
 Our Boys run away,
 All Servants at play,
 Molly sends for the Letter.*

To the same.

Quilca, June, 28. 1725.

YOU run out of your time so merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it; like a young Heir that spends his Fortune faster than it comes in; for your Letter is dated To-morrow, *June 29.* and God knows when it was writ, or what *Saturday* you mean; but I suppose it is the next, and therefore your own Mare and Dr. S— Horse or Mare, or some other Horse or Mare, with your own Mare aforesaid, shall set out on *Wednesday* next, which will be *June 30.* and so they will have two Nights Rest, if you begin your Journey on *Saturday*. You are an unlucky Devil to get a Living the furthest in the * Kingdom from *Quilca*. If it be worth two hundred Pound a Year,

* In the County of *Cork*.

Year, my Lord Lieutenant hath but barely kept his Word, for the other Fifty must go in a Curate and Visitation Charges, and Poxes, Proxies I mean. If you are under the Bishop of *Cork*, he is a capricious Gentleman; but you must flatter him monstrously upon his Learning and his Writings; that you have read his Book against *Toland* a hundred Times, and his Sermons (if he hath printed any) have been always your Model, &c. Be not disappointed if your Living doth not answer the Sum: Get Letters of Recommendation to the Bishop and principal Clergy, and to your Neighbouring Parson or Parsons particularly. I often advised you to get some Knowledge of Tythes and Church-livings. You must learn the Extent of your Parish, the general Quantity of Arable Land and Pasture in your Parish, the common Rate of Tythes for an Acre of the several Sorts of Corn, and of Fleeces and Lambs, and to see whether you have any Glebe; pray act like a Man of this World. I doubt being so far off, you must not let your Living as I do, to the several Farmers, but to one Man: But by all means do not now let it for more than one Year, until you are surely apprized of the real Worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my Advice for once, and be very busy while you are there. It is one good Circumstance that you got such a Living in a convenient Time, and just when Tythes are fit to be let; only Wool and Lambs are due in Spring.

Spring, or perhaps belong to the late Incumbent. You may learn all on the Spot, and your Neighbouring Parsons may be very useful if they please, but do not let them be your Tenants: Advise with Archdeacon *Wall*, but do not follow him in all Things. Take care of the principal 'Squire or 'Squires, they will all tell you the worst of your Living; so will the Proctors and Tythe-Jobbers; but you will pick out Truth from among them. Pray shew yourself a Man of Abilities. After all I am but a weak Brother myself; perhaps some Clergy in *Dublin*, who know that Country, will further inform you. Mr. *Townsend* of *Cork* will do you any good Offices on my Account, without any Letter.—Take the Oaths heartily to the Powers that be, and remember that Party was not made for depending Puppies. I forgot one principal Thing, to take care of going regularly thro' all the Forms of Oaths and Inductions, for the least wrong Step will put you to the Trouble of repassing your Patent, or voiding your Living.—

To the same.

Quilca, June, 29. 1725.

I Writ to you yesterday, and said as many Things as I could then think on, and gave it a Boy of *Kells* who brought me yours. It is
strange

strange that I and *Stella* and Mrs. *Macfadin*, should light on the same Thought, to advise you to make a great Appearance of Temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. *Johnson* and I go further, and say, you must needs observe all grave Forms, for the want of which both you and I have suffered. On supposal that you are under the * Bishop of *Cork*, I send you a Letter inclos'd to him, which I desire you will seal. Mrs. *Johnson* put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any Health in his Company, for you know his † weak side in that Matter. I hope, Mr. *Tickel* hath not complimented you with what Fees are due to him for your Patent; I wish you would say to him (if he refuses them) that I told you it was Mr. *Addison's* Maxim to excuse nobody; for here, says he, I may have forty Friends, whose Fees may be Two Guineas a Piece; then I lose Eighty Guineas, and my Friends save but Two a Piece.

I must tell you, *Dan Jackson* ruined his Living by hudling over the first Year, and then hoping to mend it the next: Therefore pray take all the Care you can to enquire into the Value, and set it at the best Rate to substantial People.

I know

* The celebrated Dr. *Peter Brown*, formerly Provost of the University of *Dublin*.

† He wrote a Pamphlet against Drinking to the Memory of the Dead.

I know not whether you are under the Bishop of *Cork*, or no; if not, you may burn the Letter.

I must desire that you will not think of enlarging your Expences, no not for some Years to come, much less at present; but rather retrench them. You might have lain desolate till Antichrist came, for any thing you could have got from those you used to treat; neither let me hear of one Rag of better Cloaths for your Wife or Brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is positively * *Stella's* Advice as well as mine. She says, now you need not be ashamed to be thought poor.

We compute you cannot be less than thirty Days absent; and pray do not employ your Time in lolling a Bed until Noon to read *Homer*, but mind your Business effectually; and we think you ought to have no Breaking-up this *August*; but affect to adhere to your School closer than ever; because you will find that your Ill-willers will give out, you are now going to quit your School, since you have got Preferment, &c.

Pray send me a large Bundle of Exercises, good as well as bad, for I want something to read.

I would have you carry down three or four Sermons, and preach every Sunday at your own Church, and be very devout.

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G g

I sent

* *Mrs. Johnson.*

I sent you in my last, a Bill of Twenty Pound on Mr. *Worral*, I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the Pamphlet with *Worral*, and gave him Directions, unless you have settled it already some other way. You know it must come out just when the Parliament meets.

Keep these Letters where I advise you about your Living, till you have taken Advice.

Keep very regular Hours for the sake of your Health and Credit; and wherever you lie a Night within twenty Miles of your Livings, before call the Family that Evening to Prayers.

I desire you will wet no Commission with your old Crew, nor with any but those who befriend you, as Mr. *Tickel*, &c.

To the same.

Quilca, Sept. 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a discarded Courtier, you have reason to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are too young for many Experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the Nature of Man. It is safer for a Man's Interest to blaspheme God than to be of a Party out of Power, or even to be thought so. And since the last was the Case, how could you imagine that all Mouths would not be open, when you were received,

received, and in some manner preferred by the Government, altho' in a poor Way? I tell you there is hardly a Whig in *Ireland*, who would allow a Potato and Butter-milk to a reputed Tory. Neither is there any thing in your Countrymen, upon this Article, more than what is common in all other Nations, only *quoad magis & minus*. Too much Advertency is not your Talent, or else you had fled from that *Text as from a Rock. For as *Don Quixot* said to *Sancho*, what Business had you to speak of a Halter, in a Family where one of it was hanged? And your Innocence is a Protection that wise Men are ashamed to rely on, further than with God. It is indeed against Common Sense to think that you should chuse such a Time, when you had received a Favour from the Lord Lieutenant, and had reason to expect more, to discover your Disloyalty in the Pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore sit down and be quiet, and mind your Business, as you do, and contract your Friendships, and expect no more from Man than such an Animal is capable of, and you will every day find my Description of *Yahoos* more resembling. You should think and deal with every Man as a Villain, without calling him so, or flying from him, or valuing him less. This is an old true

G g 2

Lesson

* Dr. Sheridan preached a Sermon the First Day of *August*, which was the Anniversary of the Accession of King *George I.* to the Crown, from these Words, *Sufficient unto the Day is the Evil thereof.* MATT. VI. v. 34.

Lesson. You believe every one will acquit you of any Regard to temporal Interest; and how came you to claim an Exception from all Mankind? I believe you value your temporal Interest as much as any body, but you have not the Arts of pursuing it. You are mistaken. Domestick Evils are no more within a Man than others; and he, who cannot bear up against the first, will sink under the second, and in my Conscience I believe this is your Case; for being of a weak Constitution, in an Employment precarious and tiresome, loaden with Children, *cum uxore neque leni neque commoda*, a Man of intent and abstracted Thinking, enslav'd by Mathematicks, and Complaint of the World, this new Weight of Party Malice hath struck you down, like a Feather on a Horse's Back already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the Apostle's Expression, and say, *I will strive to learn in whatever State, &c.*

I will bear none of your Visions; you shall live at *Quilca* but three Fortnights and a Month in the Year; perhaps not so much. You shall make no Entertainments but what are necessary to your Interests; for your true Friends would rather see you over a Piece of Mutton and a Bottle once a Quarter; you shall be merry at the Expence of others; you shall take care of your Health, and go early to bed, and not read late at Night; and laugh with all Men, without trusting any, and then a Fig for the Contrivers

Contrivers of your Ruin, who now have no further Thoughts than to stop your Progress, which perhaps they may not compass, unless I am deceiv'd more than usual. All this you will do *si mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your Sermon, which is a Project abounding with Objections unanswerable, and with which I could fill this Letter. You say nothing of having preached before the Lord Lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you speak nothing but generals. You think all the World hath now nothing to do but to pull Mr. *Sheridan* down, whereas it is nothing but a Slap in your turn, and away. Lord *Oxford* said once to me, on an occasion: These Fools, because they hear a Noise about their Ears of their own making, think the whole World is full of it.—When I come to Town we will change all this Scene, and act like Men of the World. Grow rich, and you will have no Enemies. Go sometimes to the Castle, keep fast Mr. *Tickel* and * *Balaguer*; frequent those on the right Side, Friends to the present Powers; drop those who are loud on the wrong Party, because they know they can suffer nothing by it.

G g 3

To

* Private Secretary to his Excellency the Lord *Carteret*, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

To the same.

Quilca, Sept. 19, 1725.

WE have prevailed with *Neal*, in spite of his Harvest, to carry up Miss with your Directions; and it is high time, for she was run almost wild, though we have something civilized her since she came among us. You are too short in Circumstances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you seen my Lord? Who forbid you to preach? Are you no longer Chaplain? Do you never go to the Castle? Are you certain of the Accuser, that it is *T—*? Do you think my Lord acts thus because he feareth it would breed ill Humour if he should openly favour one who is looked on as of a different Party? I think that is too mean for him. I do not disapprove your Letter, but I think it a wrong Method; pray read over the inclosed twice, and if you do not dislike it, let it be sent (not by a Servant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. *Tickell*. There the Case is stated as well as I could do it in Generals, for want of knowing Particulars. When I come to Town I shall see the Lord Lieutenant, and be as free with him as possible. In the mean time, I believe it may keep cold; however, advise with Mr. *Tickell* and Mr. *Balaguer*. I should fancy, that the
Bishop

Bishop of * *Limerick* could easily satisfy his Excellency, and that my Lord Lieutenant believeth no more of your Guilt than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to satisfy the Noise of Party at this Juncture, that he acteth as he doth; and if so (as I am confident it is) the Effect will cease with the Cause. But without doubt, T--- and others have dinned the Words Tory and Jacobite into his Excellency's Ears, and therefore your Text, &c. was only made use of as an Opportunity.

Upon the whole Matter you are no Loser, but at least have got something. Therefore be not like him who hanged himself, because going into a Gaming-House and winning Ten thousand Pounds, he lost Five thousand of it, and came away with only half his Winnings. When my Lord is in *London*, we may clear a Way to him to do you another Job, and you are young enough to wait.

We set out to *Dublin* on *Monday* the 5th of *October*, and hope to sup at the Deanry the next Night, where you will come to us, if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad Bailiff towards the End of my Service. Your Hay is well brought in, and better stacked than usual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having some Sport soon, I hope it is no Sport that will vex me.

G g 4

Pray

* Dr. Burscough.

Pray do not forget to seal the inclosed before you send it.

I send you back your Letter to the Lord Lieutenant.

To the same.

Quilca, Sept. 25, 1725.

YOUR Confusion hindered you from giving any rational Account of your Distress, until this last Letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado, we have now a tolerable Understanding how Things stand. We had a Paper sent inclosed, subscribed by Mr. *Ford*, as we suppose; it is in Print, and we all approve it, and this I suppose is the Sport I was to expect. I do think it agreed that All Animals fight with the Weapons natural to them, (which is a new and wise Remark out of my own Head) and the Devil take that Animal who will not offend his Enemy, when he is provoked, with his proper Weapon; and although your old dull Horse little values the Blows I give him with the Butt-end of my Stick, yet I strike on and make him wince in spight of his Dulness; and he shall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do so too to the Beast who hath kicked against you, and try how far his Insensibility will protect him, and you shall have
Help

Help, and he will be vexed, for so I found your Horse this Day, although he would not move the faster. I will kill that Flea or Louse which biteth me, although I get no Honour by it.

Laudari ab iis quos omnes laudant, is a Maxim, and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the Offer of your Mare, and how a Pox could we come without her? They pulled off her's and your Horse's Shoes for fear of being rode, and then they rode them without Shoes, and so I was forced to shoe them again. All the Fellows here would be T—'s if they were but Privy-Counsellors. You will never be at ease for your Friend's Horses or your own, till you have walled in a Park of twenty Acres, which I would have done next Spring.

You say not a Word of the Letter I sent you for Mr. *Tickell*, whether you sent it him or no; and yet it was very material that I should know it. The two Devils of Inadvertency and Forgetfulness have got fast hold on you. I think you need not quit his and *Balaguer's* Company for the Reasons I mentioned in that Letter, because they are above Suspitions, as *Whiggissimi* and *Unsuspectissimi*. When the Lord Lieutenant goeth for *England*, I have a Method to set you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to Town, if I do not *Sheridan* it, I mean forget it.

I did a *Sheridanism*; I told you I had sent your Letter inclosed, which you intended to Lord *Carteret*, and yet I have it safe here.

To the same.

Good Doctor,

London, July 8, 1726.

I Have had two Months of great Uneasiness at the ill Account of Mrs. Johnson's Health, and, as it is usual, feared the Worst that was possible, and doubted all the good Accounts that were sent me. I pray God her Danger may warn her to be less wilful, and more ready to fall into those Measures that her Friends and Physicians advise her to. I had a Letter two Days ago from Archdeacon Walls, dated six Days before yours, wherein he giveth me a better Account than you do, and therefore I apprehend she hath not mended since; and yet he says he *can honestly tell me she is now much better*. Pray thank the Archdeacon, and tell him you are to have a Share in this Letter; and therefore I will save him the Trouble of another. Tell him also, that I never asked for my 1000 *l.* which he hears I have got, although I mentioned it to the Princess the last Time I saw her, but I bid her tell * *W—le* I scorned to ask him for it; but blot out this Passage, and mention it to no one, except the Ladies; because I know Mrs. *J—n* would be pleased with it, and I will

* Sir Robert Walpole, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, created Earl of Orford in 1742, died February 1744, in the 71st Year of his Age.

will not write to them until I hear from them; therefore this Letter is theirs as well as yours. The Archdeacon further says, that Mrs. *Johnson* hath not tasted Claret for several Months, but once at his House. This I dislike. I cannot tell who is the fourth of your Friends, unless it be yourself: I am sorry for your new laborious Studies, but the best of it is, they will not be your own another Day. I thank you for your new Style, and most useful Quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the Grace of the House, you will never get the Grace of the Town, but die plain *Sheridan*, or *Tom* at most, because it is a Syllable shorter than Doctor. However, I will give it you at Length in the Superscription, and People will so wonder how the News could come and return so quick to and from *England*, especially if the Wind be fair when the Packet goeth over; and let me warn you to be very careful in sending for your Letters two Days after your Commencement. You lost one Post by my being out of Town; for I came hither To-day, and shall stay three or four upon some Business, and then go back to Mr. *Pope's*, and there continue until *August*, and then come to Town until I begin my Journey to *Ireland*, which I propose the Middle of *August*. My old Servant *Archy* is here ruined and starving, and hath pursued me and wrote a Letter, but I have refused to see him. Our Friend at the Castle writ to me two Months ago, to have a sight of those
Papers,

Papers, &c. of which I brought away a Copy. I have answered him, that whatever Papers I have, are conveyed from one Place to another through nine or ten Hands, and that I have the Key. If he should mention any thing of Papers in general either to you or the Ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the same Story, and laugh at my Humour in it, &c. My Service to Dr. *Delany*, Dr. *Helfham*, the *Grattans*, and *Jacksons*. There is not so despised a Creature here as your Friend with the soft Verses on Children. I heartily pity him.——This is the first time I was ever weary of *England*, and longed to be in *Ireland*; but it is because go I must; for I do not love *Ireland* better, nor *England*, as *England*, worse; in short, you all live in a wretched, dirty Dog-hole and Prison, but it is a Place good enough to die in. I can tell you one Thing, that I have had the fairest Offer made me of a Settlement here that one can imagine, which if I were ten Years younger, I would gladly accept, within twelve Miles of *London*, and in the midst of my Friends. But I am too old for new Schemes, and especially such as would bridle me in my Freedoms and Liberalities. But so it is, that I must be forced to get home partly by Stealth and partly by Force. I have indeed one * Temptation for this Winter.

* Lord *Bolingbroke* invited the Dean to spend a Winter with him at his House in *France*, on the Banks of the *Loire*.

Winter, much stronger, which is of a fine House and Garden, and Park, and Wine-Cellar in *France*, to pass away the Winter in, and if Mrs. *J——n* were not so out of Order, I would certainly accept of it; and I wish she would go to *Montpellier* at the same Time. You see I am grown visionary, and therefore it is Time to have done. Adieu.

To the same.

July 27, 1726.

I Have yours just now of the 19th, and the Account you give me is nothing but what I have some Time expected with the utmost Agonies; and there is one Aggravation of Constraint, that where I am, I am forced to put on an easy Countenance. It was at this Time the best Office your Friendship could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all the last Year, as I believe you remember, that she should go to *Montpellier*, or *Bath*, or *Tunbridge*. I entreated, if there was no Amendment, they might both come to *London*. But there was a Fatality, although I indeed think her Stamina could not last much longer, when I saw she could take no Nourishment. I look upon this as the greatest Event that can ever happen to me, but all my Preparations will not suffice to make me bear it like a Philosopher, nor altogether like a Christian. There hath been the most intimate Friendship between us from her Childhood,

Childhood, and the greatest Merit on her Side, that ever was in one human Creature towards another.——Nay, if I were now near her I would not see her, I could not behave myself tolerably, and should redouble her Sorrow.— Judge in what a Temper of Mind I write this. The very time I am writing, I conclude the fairest Soul in the World hath left its Body.— Confusion! that I am this Moment called down to a Visitor, when I am in the Country, and not in my Power to deny myself.——I have passed a very constrained Hour, and now return to say I know not what: I have been long weary of the World, and shall for my small Remainder of Years be weary of Life, having for ever lost that Conversation which could only make it tolerable.——I fear while you are reading this, you will be shedding Tears at her Funeral; she loved you well, and a great Share of the little Merit I have with you, is owing to her Sollicitations.

I writ to you about a Week ago.

To the same.

London, May 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private Hand, for my Writing is too much known, and my Letters often stopt and opened. I had yours
of

the 4th Inst. and it is the only one I have received out of *Ireland* since I left you. I hardly thought our Friend would be in Danger by a Cold; I am of Opinion she should be generally in the Country, and only now and then visit the Town:——We are here in a strange Situation; a firm, settled Resolution to assault the present Administration, and break it, if possible. It is certain, that *Walpole* is peevish and disconcerted, stoops to the vilest Offices of hiring Scoundrels to write *Billingsgate* of the lowest and most prostitute Kind, and hath none but Beasts and Blockheads for his Pen-men, whom he pays in ready Guineas very liberally. I am in high Displeasure with him and his Partisans; a great Man, who was very kind to me last Year, doth not take the least Notice of me at the P——'s Court, and there hath not been one of them to see me. I am advised by all my Friends not to go to *France*, (as I intended for two Months) for fear of their Vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here.—I reckon there will be a warm Winter, wherein my Comfort is, I shall have no Concern. I desire you will read this Letter to none but our two Friends, and Mr. P——; his Cousin with the Red Ribbon enquired very kindly after him.—I hear no News about your Bishops, farther than that the Lord Lieutenant stickles to have them of *Ireland*, which *W——le* always is averse from, but doth not think it worth his Trouble to exert his Credit on such Trifles.

The

The Dispute about a War or no War still continueth, and the major Part inclineth to the latter, although ten Thousand Men are ordered for *Holland*. But this will bring such an Addition to our Debts, that it will give great Advantages against those in Power, in the next Sessions. *W——le* laughs at all this, but not so heartily as he used. I have at last seen the * Princess twice this Week by her own Commands; she retaineth her old Civility, and I my old Freedom; she chargeth me without, Ceremony, to be Author of a bad † Book, although I told her how angry the Ministry were; but she assureth me that both she and the || Prince were very well pleased with every Particular; but I disowned the whole Affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, since she liked the Book, to suppose what Author she pleased.——You will wonder to find me say so much of Politicks, but I keep very bad Company, who are full of nothing else.——Pray be very careful of your Charge, or I shall order my Lodgers the Bulk of their Glasses, and the Number of their Bottles.——I stole this Time to write to you, having very little to spare. I go as soon as possible to the Country, and shall rarely see this Town.

My Service to all Friends.

I desire you will send me six Setts of the
Edition

* *Caroline* Princess of *Wales*, afterwards Queen Consort to King *George II.*

† *Gulliver's Travels.*

|| Afterwards King *George II.*

Dr. SWIFT.

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Edition of the Drapiers, by the first Convenience of an Friend or Acquaintance that comes hither.

To the same.

London, June 24, 1727.

I Have received your last, with the inclosed Print. I desire you will let Dr. D—y know that I transcribed the Substance of his Letter, and the Translation of what was Registered, and added a whole State of the Case, and gave it Mrs.* *Howard* to give to the † Prince from me, and to desire that, as Chancellor, he would do what he thought most fit. I forgot to ask Mrs. *Howard* what was done in it, the next Time I saw her, and the Day I came to Town had the News of the || King's Death, of which I sent Particulars the very same Day to our Friend; since then we have been all in a Hurry, with Millions of Schemes. I deferred kissing the King and Queen's Hands till the third Day, when my Friends at Court chid me for deferring it so long. I have been, and am, so extreamly busy, that altho' I begin this Letter, I cannot finish it until next Post; for now it is

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the

* Afterwards Countess of *Suffolk*.

† His Royal Highness, *George*, Prince of *Wales*, Chancellor of the University of *Dublin*.

|| King *George* I.

I

the last Moment it can go, and I have much more to say. I was just ready to go to *France*, when the News of the King's Death arrived, and I came to Town in order to begin my Journey. But I was desired to delay it, and I then determined it a second: When upon some new Incidents, I was with great Vehemence dissuaded from it by certain Persons whom I could not disobey. Thus Things stand with me. My Stomach is pretty good, but for some Days my Head hath not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange World, and our Friend would reproach me for my Share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the Country. I am thinking of a Chancellor for the University, and have pitched upon one, but whether he will like it, or my Word be of any Use, I know not. The Talk is now for a moderating Scheme, wherein no-body shall be used the Worse or Better for being called Whig or Tory, and the King hath received both with great Equality; shewing Civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a Dozen that we should go in a Line to kiss the King and Queen's Hands. We have now done with Repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if Things do not mend it is not our Faults: We have made our Offers: If otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the Ministry will be changed, but

but the others will have a soft Fall; though the King must be excessive Generous if he for gives the Treatment of some People. I writ long ago my Thoughts to my Viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the * A.B. goes on to proceed to *sub pœna contemptus*, &c. I would have an Appeal at proper Time, which I suppose must be to Delegates, or the Crown, I know not which. However, I will spend a hundred or two Pounds, rather than be enslaved, or betray a Right which I do not value Three-pence, but my Successors may. My Service to all Friends; and so thinking I have said enough, I bid you farewell heartily, and long to eat of your Fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath cost me five Shillings in Victuals since I came hither, and ten Pounds to Servants where I have dined. I suppose my † Agent in *Sheep-street* taketh care and enquireth about my new Agent.

To the same.

Twickenham, July 1, 1727.

I Had yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was so constant a Writer. I have writ six Times to our
 H h 2 Friends,

* Dr. William King.

† Rev. Mr. John Worrall.

Friends, and as many to you. Mr. *Pope* is reading your *Persius*; he is frequently sick, and so at this Time; he hath read it, but you must wait until next Letter for his Judgment. He would know whether it is designed for an elegant Translation, or only to shew the Meaning; I reckon it an Explanation of a difficult Author, not only for Learners, but for those also who are not expert in Latin, because he is a very dark Author: I would not have your Book printed entire, until I treat with my Bookseller here for your Advantage. There is a Word (*Concavius*) which you have not explained, nor the Reason of it. Where you are ignorant, you should confess you are ignorant. I writ to *Stella* the Day we heard the King was dead, and the Circumstances of it. I hold you a Guinea I shall forget something. *Worrall* writ to me lately. In Answer, I desire that when the A. Bp. comes to a Determination, that an Appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him until my Return, which will be at *Michaelmas*. I have left *London*, and stay here a Week, and then I shall go thither again; just to see the Queen, and so come back hither. Here are a thousand Schemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embrace but coldly, because I like none of them. I have been this ten Days inclining to my old Disease of Giddiness, a little Tottering; our Friend understandeth it, but I grow cautious,
and

LETTERS to and from
Dr. SWIFT.

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and am something better: Cyder and Champagne and Fruit have been the Cause. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Doctor *Delany's* Paper to the King when he was Prince; he and his Secretary are discontented with the * Provost, but they find he hath Law on his Side. The King's Death hath broke that Measure. I proposed the † Prince of *Wales* to be Chancellor, and I believe so it will go. Pray copy out the Verses I writ to *Stella* on her collecting my Verses, and send them to me, for we want some to make our Poetical Miscellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what should be added. Direct them, and all other double Papers to Lord *Bathurst* in *St. James's Square, London*. I was in a Fright about your Verses on *Stella's* Sickness, but glad when they were a Month old.

Desire our Friends to let me know what I should buy for them here, of any Kind. I had just now a long Letter from Mrs. *Dingley*, and another from Mr. *Synge*. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great Thanks, and will leave the Visiting Affair to his Discretion. But all the Lawyers in *Europe* shall never persuade me that it is in the A. Bp's Power to take or refuse my Proxy, when I have the King's Leave of Absence. If he be violent, I will

H h 3

appeal,

* Rev. Dr. *Baldwin*.

† His Royal Highness *Frederick* Prince of *Wales*, eldest Son of *K. George II.*

appeal, and die two or three Hundred Pounds poorer, to defend the Rights of the Dean, Pray ask Mr. *Synge* whether his Fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like Sellary, either with or without Oil, &c. I design to pass my Time wholly in the Country, having some Business to do, and settle, before I leave *England* for the last Time, I will send you Mr. *Pope's* Criticisms, and my own, on your Work. Pray forget nothing of what I desire you. Pray God bless you all. If the King had lived but ten Days longer, I should be now at *Paris*. Simpleton! the *Drapiers* should have been sent unbound, but it is no great Matter; two or three would have been enough. I see Mrs. *Fad* but seldom; I never trouble them but when I am sent for; she expects me soon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I desire it may be told that I never go to Court, which I mention because of a Passage in Mrs. * *Dingley's* Letter; she speaketh mighty good Things of your Kindness. I do not want that Poem to *Stella*, to print it entire, but some Passages out of it, if they deserve it, to lengthen the Volume. Read all this Letter without Hesitation, and I will give you a Pot of Ale. I intend to be with you at *Michaelmas*; barr Impossibilities.

To

* An *English* Lady, a Friend of the Dean's.

To the same.

Twickenham, Aug. 12, 1727.

I Am cleverly caught, if ever Gentleman was cleverly caught; for three Days after I came to Town with * Lord Oxford from *Cambridgeshire*, which was ten Days ago, my old Deafness seized me, and hath continued ever since with great Encrease; so that I am now Deaf as ever you knew me, and yet a little less, I think, than I was Yesterday; but which is worse, about four Days ago my Giddiness seized me, and I was so very ill, that Yesterday I took a hearty Vomit, and although I now totter, yet I think I am a Thought better; but what will be the Event, I know not; one thing I know, that these deaf Fits use to continue five or six Weeks, and I am resolved if it continueth, or my Giddiness, some Days longer, I will leave this Place, and remove to *Greenwich*, or somewhere near *London*, and take my Cousin *Lancelot* to be my Nurse. Our Friends know her; it is the same with *Pat Rolt*. I am very uneasy here, because so

H h 4

many

* Son of the late Rt. Hon. *Robert Harley*, Lord High Treasurer of *England*, created Earl of *Oxford* and Earl of *Martimer*, by Queen *Anne*.

many of our Acquaintance come to see us, and I cannot be seen; besides, Mr. *Pope* is too sickly and complaisant; therefore I resolve to go somewhere else. This is a little unlucky, my Head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think best. The King and Queen come in two Days to our † Neighbourhood; and there I shall be expected, and cannot go; which, however, is none of my Grievances, for I had rather be absent, and have now too good an Excuse. I believe this Giddiness is the Disorder that will at last get the better of me; but I had rather it should not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than Yesterday.—Since my Dinner my Giddiness is much better, and my Deafness a Hair's Breadth not so bad. It is just as usual, worst in the Morning and at Evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midst of Peaches, Figs, Nectarins, and Mulberries, I touch not a Bit. I hope I shall however set out in the middle of *September*, as I designed.—This is a long Letter for an ill Head: So adieu. My Service to our two Friends and all others.

To

† *Richmond.*

To the same.

Twickenham, Aug. 29, 1727.

I Have had your Letter of the 19th, and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the most fatal News that can ever come to me, unless I were to be put to Death for some ignominious Crime. I continue very ill with my Giddiness and Deafness, of which I had two Days Intermiſſion, but ſince worſe, and I ſhall be perfectly content if God ſhall pleaſe to call me away at this Time. Here is a triple Cord of Friendſhip broke, which hath laſted thirty Years, twenty four of which in *Ireland*. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no Particulars, but the Event in general: My Weakneſs, my Age, my Friendſhip will bear no more. I have mentioned the Caſe, as well as I knew it, to a Phyſician who is my Friend; and I find his Methods were the ſame, Air, and Exerciſe, and at laſt Aſſes-Milk. I will tell you ſincerely, that if I were younger, and in Health, or in Hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my Mind by all Methods, in order to paſs my Life in quiet; but I now want only three Months of Sixty. I am ſtrongly viſited with a Diſeaſe that will at laſt cut me off; if I ſhould this Time eſcape; if not, I have but a poor

poor Remainder, and that is below any wise Man's valuing. I do not intend to return to *Ireland* so soon as I purposed; I would not be there in the very midst of Grief. I desire you will speak to Mr. *Worral*, to get a new Licence about the beginning of *October*, when my old one, (as he will see by the Date) shall expire; but if that fatal Accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my present Condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this Place, and go with my old Cousin for a Nurse about five Miles from *London*, on the other Side towards the Sea; and, if I recover, I will either pass this Winter near *Salisbury-Plain*, or in *France*; and therefore I desire Mr. *Worral* may make this Licence run like the former [To *Great-Britain* or elsewhere for Recovery of his Health].

This Stroke was unexpected, and my Fears last Year were ten Times greater,

To the same.

London, Sept. 2, 1727.

I Had yours of the 19th of *August*, which I answered the 29th, from *Twickenham*. I came to Town on the last Day of *August*, being impatient of staying there longer, where so much Company came to us, while I was so giddy and deaf. I am now got to my Cousin

Lancelot's

Lancelot's House, where I desire all Letters may be directed to me; I am still in the same Condition, or rather worse, for I walk like a drunken Man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable Health, I would go this Moment to *Ireland*; yet, I think I would not, considering the News I daily expect to hear from you. I have just received yours of *August* 24; I kept it an Hour in my Pocket, with all the Suspense of a Man who expected to hear the worst News that Fortune could give him; and at the same Time was not able to hold up my Head. These are the Perquisites of living long: The last Act of Life is always a Tragedy at best; but it is a bitter Aggravation to have one's Friend go before one. I desired in my last that you would not enlarge upon that Event; but tell me the bare Fact. I long knew that our dear Friend had not the *Stamina vita*; but my Friendship could not arm me against this Accident, although I foresaw it. I have said enough in my last Letter, which now, I suppose, is with you. I know not whether it be an Addition to my Grief or no, that I am now extremely ill; for it would have been a Reproach to me to be in perfect Health, when such a Friend is desperate. I do profess, upon my Salvation, that the distressed and desperate Condition of our Friend maketh Life so indifferent to me, who by Course of Nature have so little left, that I do not think it worth the Time to struggle; yet I should think, according

cording to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this present Disorder. I brought both those * Friends over, that we might be happy together as long as God should please; the Knot is broken, and the remaining Person, you know, hath ill answered the End; and the other, who is now to be lost, was all that is valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great Hypocrite. What have I to do in the World? I was never in such Agonies as when I received your Letter, and had it in my Pocket.

I am able to hold up my sorry Head no longer.
I am, &c.

That ingenious Lady, for whom the Author expresseth so much Concern in the two foregoing Letters, was Stella; so often celebrated in the Author's Poems, for her fine Person, Wit, and many Virtues. Her Physician told her when she was near dying, that she was at the Bottom of the Hill, and they must endeavour to get her up again. But she plainly saw the Approaches of Death, and readily replied, That she found she would be out of Breath before she got up to the Top. She died in a few Months after the Date of these Letters, on the 28th of January 1727.

Dr.

* Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Dingley; both Relations to Sir William Temple, at whose House the Author became acquainted with them, after he left the University of Dublin.—Their Fortunes being not very considerable, they chose to spend their Days in Ireland.

Dr. Swift, after his Return to Ireland in the Beginning of October, having visited her frequently during her Sickness, not only as a Friend, but a Clergyman; he used the following Prayers on that Occasion; which are here printed from his own Hand-Writing.

The first he wrote Oct. 17, 1727.

MOST merciful Father, accept our humblest Prayers in Behalf of this thy languishing Servant: Forgive the Sins, the Frailties and Infirmities of her Life past. Accept the good Deeds she hath done, in such a Manner, that at whatever Time Thou shalt please to call her, she may be received into Everlasting Habitations. Give her Grace to continue sincerely thankful to Thee for the many Favours thou hast bestowed upon her: The Ability and Inclination and Practice to do Good, and those Virtues, which have procured the Esteem and Love of her Friends, and a most unspotted Name in the World. Oh God, thou dispensest thy Blessings and thy Punishments, as it becometh infinite Justice and Mercy; and since it was thy Pleasure to afflict her with a long, constant, weakly State of Health, make her truly sensible, that it was for very wise Ends, and was largely made up to her in other Blessings, more valuable and less common. Continue to her, O Lord, that Firmness and Constancy of Mind, wherewith thou hast most graciously endowed her,

her, together with that Contempt of worldly Things and Vanities, that she hath shewn in the whole Conduct of her Life. O All-powerful Being, the least Motion of whose Will can create or destroy a World; pity us the mournful Friends of thy distressed Servant, who sink under the Weight of her present Condition, and the Fear of losing the most valuable of our Friends: Restore her to us, O Lord, if it be thy gracious Will, or inspire us with Constancy and Resignation, to support ourselves under so heavy an Affliction. Restore her, O Lord, for the Sake of those Poor, who by losing her will be desolate, and those Sick, who will not only want her Bounty, but her Care and Tending; or else, in thy Mercy, raise up some other in her Place with equal Disposition and better Abilities. Lessen, O Lord, we beseech thee, her bodily Pains, or give her a double Strength of Mind to support them. And if thou wilt soon take her to thyself, turn our Thoughts rather upon that Felicity, which we hope she shall enjoy; than upon that unspeakable Loss we shall endure. Let her Memory be ever dear unto us; and the Example of her many Virtues, as far as human Infirmary will admit, our constant Imitation. Accept, O Lord, these Prayers poured from the very Bottom of our Hearts, in thy Mercy, and for the Merits of our Blessed Saviour. *Amen.*

The second Prayer was written *Nov. 6, 1727.*

O Merciful Father, who never afflictest thy Children, but for their own Good, and with Justice, over which thy Mercy always prevaiileth, either to turn them to Repentance, or to punish them in the present Life, in order to reward them in a better; take Pity, we beseech thee, upon this thy poor afflicted Servant, languishing so long and so grievously under the Weight of thy Hand. Give her Strength, O Lord, to support her Weakness; and Patience to endure her Pains, without repining at thy Correction. Forgive every rash and inconsiderate Expression, which her Anguish may at any Time force from her Tongue, while her Heart continueth in an entire Submission to thy Will. Suppress in her, O Lord, all eager Desires of Life, and lessen her Fears of Death, by inspiring into her an humble, yet assured, Hope of thy Mercy. Give her a sincere Repentance for all her Transgressions and Omissions, and a firm Resolution to pass the Remainder of her Life in endeavouring to her utmost to observe all thy Precepts. We beseech thee likewise to compose her Thoughts; and preserve to her the Use of her Memory and Reason during the Course of her Sickness. Give her a true Conception of the Vanity, Folly, and Insignificancy of all human Things; and strengthen her so as to beget in her a sincere Love of thee in the
Midst

Midst of her Sufferings. Accept and impute all her good Deeds, and forgive her all those Offences against thee, which she hath sincerely repented of, or through the Frailty of Memory hath forgot. And now, O Lord, we turn to thee in Behalf of ourselves, and the rest of her sorrowful Friends. Let not our Grief afflict her Mind, and thereby have an ill Effect on her present Distempers. Forgive the Sorrow and Weakness of those among us, who sink under the Grief and Terror of losing so dear and useful a Friend. Accept and pardon our most earnest Prayers and Wishes for her longer Continuance in this evil World, to do what thou art pleased to call thy Service, and is only her bounden Duty; that she may be still a Comfort to us, and to all others who will want the Benefit of her Conversation, her Advice, her good Offices, or her Charity. And since thou hast promised, that where two or three are gathered together in thy Name, thou wilt be in the midst of them, to grant their Request; O gracious Lord, grant to us who are here met in thy Name, that those Requests, which in the utmost Sincerity and Earnestness of our Hearts we have now made in Behalf of this thy distressed Servant, and of ourselves, may effectually be answered; through the Merits of Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

To the same.

Sept. 18, 1728.

MY Continuance here is owing partly to Indolence, and partly to my Hatred of *Dublin*. I am in a middling Way, between Healthy and Sick, hardly ever without a little Giddiness or Deafness, and sometimes both: So much for that. As to what you call my Lesson, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the World deserveth so much Trouble from you or me. I think the Sufferings of the Country, for Want of Silver, deserveth a Paper, since the Remedy is so easy, and those in Power so negligent. I had some other Subjects in my Thoughts; but truly I am taken up so much with long Lampoons on a Person who owneth you for a Back, that I have no Time for any Thing else; and if I do not produce one, every now and then of about two Hundred Lines, I am chid for my Idleness, and threatened with you. I desire you will step to the Deanry, speak to † *Mrs. Brent*, bid her open the middle great Drawer of *Ridgeway's* 'Scrutore in my Closet, and then do you take out from thence, the * History in Folio, marble Cover; and two thin Folios fairly writ. I

Vol. VIII. I i forget

† The Dean's House-Keeper.

* The History of the Peace of *Utrecht*.

forget the Titles, but you have read them; one is an Account of the Proceedings of Lord Oxford's Ministry, and the other to the same Purpose. There are foul Copies of both in the same Drawer: but do you take out the Fair-ones, not in my Hand; Let them be packed up, and brought hither by the Bearer. My Lady is perpetually quarrelling with Sir Arthur and me, and shews every Creaturc the * *Libels* I have writ against her.

Mr. *Worral* sent me the Particulars of the Havock made in † *Naboth's Vineyard*.

To the same.

Dublin, March 27, 1733.

I Received your Letter with some Pleasure, and a good deal of Concern. The Condition you are in requires the greatest haste hit her, although your School did not; and when you arrive, I will force Dr. § *Helsbam* to see and direct you; your Scheme of Riding and Country-Air you find hath not answered, and therefore you

* See *Hamilton's Bawn*, a celebrated Poem for Wit and Humour, in Vol. II. of the Author's Works.

† A Field not far from the Deanry-House, which Dr. *Swift* inclosed at a great Expence, with a fine Stone Wall, lined with Brick, against which he planted Vines and some of the best chosen Fruit-Trees, for the Benefit of the Dean of *St. Patrick's* for the Time being.

§ A very eminent Physician of great Learning.

you have nothing to trust to but the Assistance of a friendly, skilful Doctor. For whether they can do any good or no, it is all we have for it; and you cannot afford to die at present, because the Publick, and all your Family have occasion for it. Besides, I do not like the * Place you are in, from your Account, since you say People are dying there so fast. You cannot afford to lose daily Blood; but I suppose you are no more regular than you have been in your whole Life. I like the Article very much, which you propose in your Will; and if that taketh Place forty Years hence, and God for the Sins of Men should continue that Life so long, I would have it be still inserted; unless you could make it a little sharper. I own you have too much Reason to complain of some Friends, who next to yourself have done you most Hurt, whom still I esteem, and frequent, although I confess I cannot heartily forgive. Yet certainly the Case was not merely personal Malice to you, (although it had the same Effects) but a kind of I know not what Job, which one of them hath often heartily repented; however it came to be patched up. I am confident your Collection of *Bons mots*, and *Contes à rire* will be much the best extant; but you are apt to be terribly sanguine about the Profits of publishing: However, it shall have all the

I i 2

Pushing

* The Free-School of *Cavan*, in the Gift of the Crown; where Dr. *Sheridan* hath been since succeeded by Mr. *James Moore*.

Pushing I can give. I have been much out of order with a Spice of my Giddiness, which began before you left us: I am better of late Days, but not right yet, although I take daily Drops and Bitters. I must do the best I can, but shall never be more a Night-Walker. You hear they have in *England* passed the Excise on Tobacco, and by their Votes it appears they intend it on more Articles. And care is taken by some special Friends here to have it the same Way here. We are Slaves already. And from my Youth upwards, the great wise Men, whom I used to be among, taught me, that a general Excise (which they now by Degrees intend) is the most direct and infallible Way to Slavery. Pray G— send it them in his Justice, for they well deserve it. All your Friends and the Town are just as you left it. I humdrum it on, either on Horseback, or dining and sitting the Evening at Home, endeavouring to write, but write nothing, merely out of Indolence, and Want of Spirits. No Soul hath broke his Neck, or is hanged, or married; only * *Cancerina* is dead, and I let her go to her Grave without a Coffin, and without Fees.— So I am going to take my Evening Walk after Five, having not been out of Doors yet. I wish you well and safe home; pray call on me on *Sunday Night*. I am, Yours, &c.

I am not so FRANK a Writer as you.

* One of those poor People to whom the Dean used to give Money when he met them in his Walks. Some of them he named thus for Distinction Sake, and partly for Humour; *Cancerina*, *Stumpa-nympha*, *Pull-ago-wna*, *Friterilla*, *Flora*, *Stumpantha*.

To the same.

Sept. 30, 1735.

Yesterday was the Going-out of the last Lord Mayor, and To-day the Coming-in of the New, who is Alderman *Grattan*. The * Duke was at both Dinners, but I thought it enough to go To-day, and I came away before Six with very little Meat or Drink. The — meeteth in a Week, and I determine to leave the Town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the Air of such Animals; but whither to go, or how far my Health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my Mind misgiveth me, that you are neither in Humour or Capacity to receive me as a Guest. I had your Law-letter. Those Things require serious Consideration: In order to bring them to a due Perfection, a wise Man will prepare a large Fund of Idioms; which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent Hand; and, except our *Latino Anglicus*, is the most necessary as well as ornamental Part of human Learning. But then we must take special Care of infusing the most useful Precepts for the Direction of human Life, particularly for instructing Princes and great Ministers, distributing
our

* Duke of *Dorset*, Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

our Praises and Censures with the utmost Impartiality and Justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my *inferior Abilities* for such a Performance. I begin with *Lady*; and because the judicious Mr. *Locke* says it is necessary to settle Terms before we write upon any Subject, I describe a certain Female of your Acquaintance, whose Name shall be *Dorothy*. It is in the following Manner: *Dolis Astra per, Astra mel, A sus, A quoque et; Atra pes, An id Lar, Alas i bo nes, A præ ter, At at Lar, Avi si ter, Age ipsi, Astro lar, An empti pate, Aræ Lar, Aram Lar, An et, Ades e ver, Ast rumpet, Ad en, Agam Lar, Agrum Lar, Ac ros pus, Afflat error, Ape e per, As noti nos, Ara ver, Abuc stare, Asso fis ter, Avi per, Ad rive Lar, Age Lar, Apud Lar, Afis Lar, Afis ter, A far ter, As bi ter, Anus Lar, A mus Lar, Arat Lar, Aminximus, A prata pace, Agallo per, A five,* Most learned Sir, I entreat you will please to observe (since I must speak in the vulgar Language) that in the above forty-three Denominations for Females, many of them end with the domestick Deity *Lar*, to shew that Women were chiefly created for Family Affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other Author hath made the same Remark. I have likewise begun a Treatise of Geography, (the *Anglo-Anglarians* call it erroneously *Jog Ralph I*) *Mei qua te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an Dy et Ali captis qui te as bigas it, Barba dos is more populus. An tego*

tego is a des arti here. I have a third Treatise to direct young Ladies in Reading. *Ama dis de Gallis a fine his tori, an Dy et Belli anis is ab et ter.* *Summas eurus Valent in an Dorso ne Isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure.* I canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel i, Ac at, Arat, Amasti, fanda Lædi; Imæ ad amo usto o; Alædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. *Præis mi cum pari sono dius or no?*

I believe some evil Spirit hath got Possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any Power with the Duke of *Dorset*, or with any one Bishop or Man of Power. I did but glance a single Word to the Duke about as proper a Thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other Discourse. You say, one Word of my Mouth would do, &c. I believe the Rhime of my Word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one who disliketh all present Persons and Proceedings? Another writeth to desire that I would prevail on the * A. Bp. of *Dublin* to give him the best Prebend of *St. Patrick's*. Let † Bishop *Clayton* allow the Resignation, since Mr. *Donellan* is provided for. I mentioned to the Duke that *Donellan* should be Dean of *Cork*, on purpose to forward the Resignation of old *Caulfield*, but it would not do, although *Caulfield* seemeth to have some Hopes, and it is B. *Clayton's* Fault if he doth not yield, &c. The

* Dr. *John Hoadly*.

† Dr. *Clayton*, Bishop of *Cork*.

The two following Letters which were wrote by the Dean and Mrs. Whiteway in different Paragraphs, are partly ironical, as the Reader may perceive.

To the same.

I Have been very ill for these two Months past with Giddiness and Deafness, which lashed me till about ten Days ago, when I gradually recovered, but still am weak and indolent, not thinking any Thing worth my Thoughts; and although (I forget what I was going to say, so it serveth for nothing) I am well enough to ride, yet I will not be at the Pains. Some of your eight Rules I follow, some I reject, some I cannot compass, I mean merry Fellows.

Every Syllable that is worth Reading, in this Letter, you are to suppose I writ it; the Dean only took the Hints from me, but he has put them so ill together, that I am forced to tell you this in my own Justification. Had you been worth Hanging, you would have come to Town this Vacation, and I would have shown you a Poem on the Legion-Club. I do not doubt but that a certain Person will pretend he writ it, because there is a Copy of it in his Hand, lying on his Table; but do not you mind that, for there are some People in the World will say any Thing. I wish you could give some Account of poor Dr. Sheridan; I hear the Reason he did not come to Town this Easter is, that he waited to see a Neighbour of his hanged.

Whatever

Whatever is said in this Page by Goody *Whiteway*, I have not read nor will read; but assure you, if it relateth to me it is all a Lie; for she says you have taught her that Art, and as the World goeth, and she taketh you for a wise Man, she ought to follow your Practice. To be serious, I am sorry you said so little of your own Affairs, and of your Health; and when will you pay me any Money? for, upon my Conscience, you have half starved me.

The Plover Eggs were admirable, and the Worsted for the Dean's Stockings so fine that not one Knitter here can knit them.

We neither of us know what the other hath writ; so one Answer will serve if you write to us both, provided you justly give us both our Share, and each of us will read our own Part. Pray tell us how you breathe, and whether that Disorder is better?

If the Dean should give you any Hint about Money, you need not mind him, for to my Knowledge he borrowed Twenty Pounds a Month ago, to keep himself alive.

I am sorry to tell you that poor Mrs. ——— is to be hanged on *Tuesday* next, for stealing a Piece of *Indian Silk* out of *Bradshaw's* Shop, and did not set the House on fire, as I advised her: I have wrote a very masterly Poem on the *Legion-Club*; which, if the Printer will be condemned to be hanged for it, you will see in a three-penny Book; for it is 240
Lines

Lines. Mrs. *Whiteway* is to have half the Profit and half the Hanging.

The Drapier went this Day to the Tholsel as a Merchant, to sign a Petition to the Government against lowering the Gold, where we hear he made a long Speech, for which he will be reckoned a Jacobite. God send Hanging does not go round.

April 24, 1736.

Yours, &c.

[The Paragraphs in *Italick* were written by Mrs. *Whiteway*, a Cousin-German of Dr. *Swift's*.]

To the same.

MRS. *Whiteway* and I were fretting, raging, storming, and fuming, that you had not sent a Letter since you got to your *Caban*, (for the V consonant was anciently a B) I mean *Cavan*: But, however, we mingled Pity; for we feared you had ran away from School, and left the Key under the Door. We were much disappointed, that the Spring and beginning of Summer had not introduced the Muses, and that your (now) walkable Roads had not roused your Spirits. We are here the happiest People in the Universe; we have a Year and a half before the Club will meet, to be revenged further on the Clergy, who never offended them; and in *England* their Parliament are following

lowing our Steps, only with two or three Steps for our one; It is well you have done with the * Church, but pray take Care to get Money, else in a Year or two more they will forbid all *Greek* and *Latin* Schools, as Popish and Jacobite. I took leave of the Duke and Dutcheſs To-day. He hath prevailed on us to make a Promise to beſtow upon *England* 25000*l.* a Year for ever, by lowering the Gold Coin, againſt the Petition of all the Merchants, Shop-keepers, &c. to a Man (may his own Eſtate be lowered the other forty Parts) for we now loſe by all Gold two and a half *per Cent.* He will be a better (that is to ſay a worſe) Man by 60000*l.* than he was when he came over; and the Nation better (that is to ſay worſe) by above half a Million; beſides the worthy Method he hath taken in Diſpoſal of Employments in Church and State. Here is a curſed long Libel running about in Manuscript, on the *Legion-Club*; it is in Verſe, and the fooliſh Town imputeth it to me. There were not above thirteen abuſed (as it is ſaid) in the Original; but others have added more, which I never ſaw; although I have once read the true one. I have often given my Opinion that an honeſt Man never wiſhed himſelf to be younger. My Sentiment I find ought not to have been univerſal, becauſe to my Sorrow I have lived

* Dr. Sheridan exchanged his Living at *Dunboyne* for the School of *Cavan*.

lived to change. I have seen since the Death of the late † Queen (who had few Equals before her in every Virtue, since Monarchy began) so great a Contempt of Religion, Morality, Liberty, Learning, and common Sense, among us in this Kingdom; a hundred Degrees beyond what I ever met with in any Writer antient or modern. I am very confident, that a compleat History of the foolish, wicked, weak, malicious, ruinous; factious, unaccountable, ridiculous, absurd Proceedings in this Kingdom, would contain twelve large Volumes in Folio, of the smallest Letter in the largest Paper. What has *Fowl-brother* done to provoke you? I either never heard, or have forgot your Provocations; but he was a Fellow I have never been able to endure. If it can be done, I will have it printed; and the Title shall be, *Upon a certain Bookseller (or Printer) in Utopia.* — Mrs. *Whiteway* will be here To-morrow, and she will answer your sincere, open-hearted Letter, very particularly; for which I will now leave Room. So adieu for one Night.

SIR,

I Am most sincerely obliged to you for all the civil Things you have said to me, and of me, to the Dean. I found the good Effect of them this Day; when I waited on him, he received me with great Good-humour, said something had happened since he saw me last that had convinced him of my Merit; that he was sorry he had treated

† Queen Anne.

treated me with so little Distinction, and that hereafter I should not be put upon the foot of an humble Companion, but like a Lady of Wit, and Learning, and Fortune; that if he could prevail on Dr. Sheridan to part with his Wife, he would make her his Friend, his Nurse, and the Manager of his Family. I approved entirely of his Choice, and at the same Time expressed my Fears, that it would be impossible for you to think of living without her; this is all that sticks with me, but considering the Friendship you express to me for the Dean, I hope you will be persuaded to consider his Good rather than your own; and send her up immediately; or else it will put him to the Expence of giving three Shillings and Four-pence for a Wife, and he declares that the badness of Pay of his Tythes, since the Resolutions of the P—— of ——, puts this out of his Power.

I could not guess why you were so angry at Fowl-brother; until Mrs. Whiteway, who you find is now with me, said it was for publishing some Works of yours and mine like a Rogue; which is so usual to their Trade, that I now am weary of being angry with it. I go on to desire that my * Mrs. Donalson will let me know what I owe her, not in Justice but Generosity. If you could find Wine and Victuals, I could be glad to pass some part of the Summer with you, if Health would permit

* An Inn-Keeper at Cavan.

mit me; for I have some Club-Enemies that would be glad to shoot me, and I do not love to be shot; it is a Death I have a particular Averfion from. But I fhall henceforth walk with Servants well armed, and have ordered them to kill my Killers: however, I would have them to be the Beginners. How is your Breathing? As to myself, my Life and Health are not worth a Groat: How fhall we get Wine to your Cabin? I can spare fome. Pray God preserve you.

Dub. May 15, 1736.

I am, &c.

To the same.

Dub. June 5, 1736.

I Am glad you got the Piles, because it is a Mark of Health, and a strong Constitution. I believe what you fay of the *Legion-Club* Poem; for it plainly appears a Work of a *Legion-Club*, for I hear there are fifty different Copies; but what's that to me? And you are in the Right, that they are not treated according to their Merit. You never writ fo regularly in your Life, and therefore when you write to me, always take care to have the *Piles*; I mean any † *Piles*, except thofe of Lime and Stone, and yet *Piles* are not fo bad as the *Stone*. I find you intend to be here (by your Date) in a dozen

† The Author held Punns in Contempt; but would fometimes go into them for Merriment.

zen Days hence. The Room shall be ready for you, although I shall never have you in a Morning, or at Dinner, or in an Evening; at all other Times I shall be pestered with you.—As to your Venison, *vain is one* who expects it. I am *checking* you for your *Chickens*, and could *lamb* you for your *Lambs*. *Addenda quædam*. *My Wife a rattling, My Children tattling. My Money spent is, And due my Rent is. My School decreasing, My Income ceasing. All People tease me, But no Man pays me. My Worship is bit, By that Rogue Nisbit. To take the right Way, Consult Friend Whiteway. Would you get still more? Go flatter *Kilmore. Your Geese are old, Your W— a Scold. You live among ill Folks in a Dunghill, You never have an old Friend at Cavan.*—Mrs. *Whiteway* is ever your Friend: but your old ones have forsaken you, as mine have me. My Head is ever bad; and I have just as much Spirits left as a drowned Mouse. Pray do not give yourself *Airs* of pretending to have *Flies* in Summer, at *Cavan*; and such a *no Summer* as this: I, who am the best *Fly-Catcher* in the Kingdom, have not thought it worth my Time to show my Skill in that Art. I believe nothing of your *Garden Improvements*, for I know you too well. What you say of your *Leanness* is incredible; for when I saw you last you were as broad as long. But if you continue to breathe free, (which nothing but

* Dr. *Josiah Hort*, then Bishop of *Kilmora*.

but Exercise can give) you may be safe with as little Flesh as I, which is none at all.

I had your Letter just before this was sealed; but I cannot answer it now.

To the same.

I Received your two Letters. The first is mingled with *Latin* and *English*, one following the other: Now I scorn that Way, and put both Languages in one. However, for the Sake of Order, I will begin with answering your second Letter before the first, because it deserveth one, on account of your Presents. From Bogs, Rivers, Mountains, Mosses, Quagmires, Heaths, Lakes, Kennels, Ditches, Weeds, &c. &c. &c. &c. — Mrs. *Whiteway* was pleased, although very unjustly, to criticise upon every *Curiosity*; she swears the Paper of Gravel was of your own voiding, as she found by the Smell. That your whole Artichoke Leaf, shows its Mother to be smaller than a Nutmeg; and I confess you were somewhat unwary in exposing it to Censure. Your Raspberry she compared with the Head of a Corking-Pin, and the latter had the Victory. Your Currants were invisible, and we could not distinguish the Red from the Black. Your Purslane passed very well with me, but she

She swore it was House-leek. She denies your *Cavan* Fly to be genuine, but will have it, that for the Credit of your Town you would have it born there, although Mrs. *Donaldson* confesseth it was sent her in a Box of brown Sugar, and died as it entered the Gates. Mrs. *Whiteway* proceeds farther in her Malice, declaring your Nاستartium to be only a P—s-bed; your Beans as brown as herself, and of the same kind with what we fatten Hogs in *Leicestershire*. In one Thing she admireth your Generosity, that for her Sake you would spare a Drop or two of your Canal-Water, which by the spongy Bottom needeth it so much. The only Defect of them all, were, that they wanted Colour, Sight, and Smell; yet as to the last, we both acknowledged them all to exhale a general Fustiness, which however did much resemble that of your *Cavan* Air.

London, July 10, 1736.

To the same.

I Received your Letter which begun with *Lings*. You have thirteen in all, and I have got but a hundred and fixty; a Trifle! find me ten more than mine, and I will give you ten Guineas for the Eleventh. Mine are all down, and only Twelve which are not yet entered in a Letter, which I will send you when

Health permiteth and I have nothing else to do, and that may be a Twelvemonth hence, if my Disorder will let me hold out so long. You were born to be happy, for you take the least Piece of Good-fortune chearfully. I suppose your Arithmetick is, that three Boys a Week, are a hundred and fifty-nine in the Year; and seven Guineas a Week are three hundred and sixty-five *per Annum*. Can you reckon that the County, and the next, and *Dublin*, will provide you with thirty Lads in all, and good Pay, of which a Dozen shall be Lodgers? Does the Cheapness of Things answer your Expectation? Have you sent away your late younger-married Daughter? and will you send away the other? Let me desire you will be very regular in your Accounts; because a very honest Friend of yours and mine, telleth me, that with all your Honesty, it is an uneasy Thing to have any Dealings with you that relate to Accounts, by your frequent Forgetfulness and Confusion: For you have no Notion of Regularity, and I do not wonder at it; considering the scattered, confused Manner in which you have lived. Mrs. *Whiteway* thanketh you for the good Opinion you have of her, and I know she always loved and defended you. I cannot tell when I shall be able to travel. I have three other Engagements on my Hands, but the principal is to see the Bp. of *Ossory*. Yet I dread the lying abroad above five Miles. I am never well. Some sudden Turns are every Day threatening

ening me with a giddy Fit; and my Affairs are terribly embroiled. I have a Scheme of living with you when the *College-Green* Club is to meet; for in these Times I detest the Town, and hearing the Follies, Corruptions, and slavish Practices of those mis-representative Members, and resolve, if I can stir, to pass that whole Time at *Bath* or *Cavan*. I say again, keep very regular Accounts, in large Books and a fair Hand; not like me, who to save Paper confuse every thing. Your Mind is honest, but your Memory a Knave, and therefore the *Scotch* mean the same Thing by *minding*, that we do by *remembering*. Sirrah, said I to a *Scotch* Footman, why did not you go that Errand? Because I did no *mind* it, quo' *Sawny*. A curse on these twenty Soldiers drumming through my Liberty twice a Day, and going to a † Barrack the Government hath placed just under my Nose. I think of a Line in *Virgil Travesty*. *The De--l cut their yelping Weasons*. We expect Lord Orrery and Bishop Rundle next Week.

To the same.

I Will on *Monday* (this is *Saturday*, May 22, as you will read below in the Date) send or talk to Mr. Smith: But I distrust your Sanguinity

K k 2

nity

† Called now the Poddle-Guard; and kept within the Liberties of *St. Patrick's*, to suppress Riots.

nity so much, (by my own desponding Temper) that I know not whether that Affair of your Justice-ship be fixed, but I shall know next Week, and write or act accordingly. I battled in vain with the Duke and his Clan against the lowering of Gold, which is just a kind Settlement upon *England* of 25000 *l.* a Year for ever: Yet some of my Friends differ from me, though all agree that the Absentees will be just so much Gainers. I am excessively glad that your Difficulty of Breathing is over; for what is Life but Breath? I mean not that of our Nostrils, but our Lungs. You must, in Summer, ride every half Holy-day, and go to Church every *Sunday* some Miles off. The People of *England* are copying from us to plague the Clergy, but they intend far to outdo the Original. I wish I were to be born next Century, when we shall be utterly rid of Parsons, of which, God be thanked, you are none at present; and until your Bishop give you a Living, I will leave off, (except this Letter) giving you the Title of *Reverend*. I wish you had sent me the Christian-name of † *Knatchbull*, and I would have writ to him; but I will see him on *Monday*, if he will be visible. The Poem on the *Legion-Club* is so altered and enlarged, as I hear, (for I only saw the Original) and so damnably murdered, that they have added many of the Club to the *True Number*. I hear it is charged to me,

† Secretary to the late Lord Chancellor *Wyndham*.

me, with great Personal Threatnings from the Puppies offended. Some say they will wait for Revenge to their next Meeting. Others say, the Privy-Council will summon the suspected Author. If I could get the true Copy I would send it you. Your * Bishop writeth me Word, that the real Author is manifest by the Work. — Your Loss of Flesh is nothing, if it be made up with Spirit. God help him who hath neither, I mean myself. I believe I shall say with *Horace*, *Non omnis moriar*; for half my Body is already spent.

To the same.

April 9, 1737.

ABOUT a Month ago I received your last Letter, wherein you complain of my long Silence; what will you do when I am so long in answering? I have one Excuse which will serve for all my Friends, I am quite worn out with Disorders of Mind and Body; a long Fit of Deafness, which still continues, hath unqualified me for conversing, or thinking, or reading, or hearing; to all this is added an Apprehension of Giddiness, whereof I have frequently some frightful Touches. Besides, I can hardly write ten Lines without twenty Blunders,

* Dr. Hort.

ders, as you will see by the Number of Scratchings and Blots before this Letter is done : Into the Bargain, I have not one Rag of Memory left ; and my Friends have all forsaken me. As to my taking a Journey to *Cavan*, I am just as capable as of a Voyage to *China*, or of running Races at *Newmarket*. But, to speak in the *Latinitas Grattania* ; *Tu clamas meretrix primus* ; for we have all expected you here at *Easter*, as you were used to do. — Your Muster-Roll of Meat is good, but, of Drink in sup Port able. Yew wann twine. My Stress *Alba via* hath eaten here all your hung Beef, and said it was very good. I am now come to the noli me Tan Jerry, which begg Inns wyth mad Dam — So I will go on by the Strength of my own Wit upon Points of the highest imp or taunts. I have been very curious in considering that fruitful Word *Ling*, which explaineth many fine Qualities in Ladies, such as *grow ling*, *ray ling*, *tip ling*, (seldom) *toy ling*, *mumb ling*, *grumb ling*, *curr ling*, *puss ling*, *bus ling*, *strow ling*, *ramb ling*, *quarry ling*, *tat ling*, *whiff ling*, *dabb ling*, *doub ling*. These are but as ample of an hunn dread mower ; They have all got cold this Winter, big Owing tooth in lick lad ink old wet her, an dare ink you rabble. — Well, I triumph over you. Is corn Urine cap a City ? Pray tell me, does the Land of *Quitca* pay any Rent ? or is any paid by the Tenant ? or is there not any Part of 50^l. to be got ? But before you make Complaints of

ill Payments from your School, I will declare I was never so ill paid as now, even by my richer Debtors. I have finished my Will for the last Time, wherein I left some little Legacy, which you are not to receive until you shall be entirely out of my Debt, and paid all you owe me to my Executors. And I have made very honourable Mention of you in the Will, as the Consideration of my leaving these Legacies to you.

Explain this Proverb, *Salt dry Fish, and the Wedding-gold. Is the Vice of Women both young and old.* Yes, you have it i nam o mento time. The old Huncks S——d hath bury'd his only Son, who was a young Huncks come to Age.

A Satyr on an inconstant Lover.

*You are as faithless as a Carthaginian,
To love at once Kate, Nell, Doll, Martha, Jenny,
Ann.*

A Specimen of Latinitas G——.

*Ego ludam diabolum super duos Baculos cum te.
Voca super me cras,
Profecto Ego dabo tibi tuum ventrem plenum legis.
Sine me solum cum illo. Ego capiam tempus.
Quid pestis velles tu esse apud.
Ego faciam te fumare.*

Duc

Duc uxorem veni super.

Ego dabo tibi pyxidem in aure.

Ego faciam te secare Saltum.

Veni, veni, solvet tuum Scotum, et fac non plura verba.

Id est plus expensi quam veneratio.

Si tu es pro Lege, dabo tibi Legem, tuum ventrem plenum.

Ut Diabolus voluit habere id.

Quid est materia tecum.

Tu habes vetus Proverbium super tuum latus: Nihil est numquam in periculo.

Cape me apud illud, et suspende me.

Ego capio te apud tuum verbum.

Tu venis in farti tempore.

Est formosus corporatus homo in facie.

Esne tu super pro omni die.

Morsus: Esne tu ibi cum tuis Ursis.

Ille est ex super suam servationem.

Tu est carcer avis.

Ego amo mendacem in mea corde, et tu aptas me ad crinem.

Ego dicam tibi quid: Hic est magnus clamor, et parva Lana.

Quid! tu es super tuum altum Equum.

Tu nunquam servasti tuum verbum.

Hic est diabolus et omne agere.

Visne tu esse tam bonus, quam tuum verbum.

Ego faciam porcum vel canem de id.

Ego

Ego servo hoc pro pluvioso die.

Ego possum facere id cum digito maddo.

Profecto Ego habui nullum manum in id.

Esne tu in aure nido.

Tu est Homo extranei renis.

Precor, ambula super.

Ego intro non in tuas querelas.

Ego feci amorem Virgini Honoris.

Quomodo venit id circum, quod tu ludis Stultum

Vos ibi, fac viam pro meo Domino.

Omnes socii apud pedem pilam.

*Feminae & linteum aspiciunt optimè per candelæ
lucem.*

To Dr. HELSHAM.

SIR,

WHEN I left you, I found myself of
the Grape's Juice sick:

I'm so full of Pity, I never abuse Sick;

And the patientest Patient that ever you knew
sick;

Both when I am Purge-sick, and when I am
Spew-sick.

I pitied my Cat, whom I knew by her Mew
sick;

She mended at first, but now she's anew sick.

Captain

454 **LETTERS to and from**

Captain *Butler* made some in the Church black
and blue sick ;

Dean *Cross*, had he preach'd, would have made
us all Pew-sick ;

Are not you, in a Crowd, when you sweat and
you stew, sick ?

Lady *Santry* got out of the * Church when she
grew sick,

And, as fast as she could, to the Deanery flew
sick,

Miss *Morice* was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick ;

For, who would not be in that numerous Crew
sick ?

Such Musick would make a Fanatick or Jew
sick :

Yet, Ladies are seldom at *Ombre*, or *Lue*, sick ;

Nor is old † *Nanny Shales*, where'er she does
brew, sick.

My Footman came home from the Church, of
a Bruise sick,

And look'd like a Rake, who was made in the
Stews sick ;

But you learned Doctors can make whom you
chuse sick.

Poor

* *St. Patrick's Cathedral*, where the Musick on *St. Cæcilia's*
Day was usually performed.

† *Vide Gratian. inter Balchamp et Clonsfogh.*

Poor I myself I was, when I withdrew, sick,
For the Smell of them made me like Garlick
and Rue sick.

And I got thro' the Crowd, tho' not led by a
Clew, sick.

You hop'd to find many (for that was your
Cue) sick;

But, there were not a Dozen (to give 'em their
Due) sick,

And those to be sure, stuck together like Glew,
sick,

So are Ladies in Crowds, when they squeeze
and they screw, sick.

You may find they are all, by their yellow pale
Hue, sick;

So am I, when Tobacco, like Robin, I chew,
sick.

Nov. 23. at Night,

1731.

To Doctor SHERIDAN,

Nov. 23, at Night.

IF I write any more, it will make my poor
Muse sick.

This Night I came home with a very cold
Dew sick,

And

And I wish I may soon be not of an A-gue sick;
 But, I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a
 Shrew sick,
 Who often has made me, by looking ascue,
 sick,

To the same.

SIR,

PRAY discruciate what follows:

The dullest Beast, and Gentleman's Liquor,
 When young is often due to the Vicar.

The dullest Beast, and Swine's Delight
 Make up a Bird very swift of Flight.

The dullest Beast when high in Stature,
 Add another of royal Nature,
 For breeding is a useful Creature. }

The dullest Beast, and a Party distrest,
 When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest Beast, and the Saddle it wears,
 Is good for Partridge, not for Hares.

The dullest Beast and kind Voice of a Cat,
 Will make a Horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of Beasts and of Birds in the Air,
 Is that by which all *Irishmen* swear,

The

The dullest Beast and fam'd College for *Teagues*
Is a Person very unfit for Intrigues.

The dullest Beast and a Cobler's Tool,
With a Boy that is only fit for School,
In Summer is very pleasant and cool. }

The dullest Beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a Limb of Master or Miss.

Of Serpent-Kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor Miss *Dingley* oft hath felt its Bills.

The dullest Beast and Eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the Ground.

The dullest Beast and what covers a House,
Without it a Writer is not worth a Louse.

The dullest Beast, and scandalous Vermin
Of roast or boil'd, to the Hungry is charming.

The dullest Beast, and what's cover'd with
Crust,

There's nobody but a Fool that would trust.

The dullest Beast mending Highways,
Is to a Horse an evil Disease.

The dullest Beast and a Hole in the Ground,
Will dress a Dinner worth five Pound.

The dullest Beast, and what Doctors pretend
The Cook-maid often hath by the End.

The dullest Beast and Fish for Lent
May give you a Blow you'll for ever repent.

The dullest Beast and a shameful Jeer,
Without it a Lady should never appear.

Probatum

Probatur Aliter.

A Long-ear'd Beast, and a Field-house for
Cattle,

Among the Coals does often rattle.

A long-ear'd Beast, a Bird that prates,
The Bridegroom's first Gift to their Mates,
Is by all pious Christians thought,
In Clergymen the greatest Fault.

A long-ear'd Beast, and Woman of Endor,
If your Wife be a Scold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd Beast, and Med'cines Use,
Cooks make their Fowl look tight and spruce.

A long-ear'd Beast and holy Fable,
Strengthens the Shoes of half the Rabble.

A long-ear'd Beast, and Rhenish Wine,
Lies in the Lap of Ladies fine.

A long-ear'd Beast and *Flanders* College,
Is Dr. T—/ to my Knowledge.

A long-ear'd Beast, and Building Knight,
Censorious People do in spight.

A long-ear'd Beast, and Bird of Night,
We Sinners are too apt to flight.

A long-ear'd Beast, and shameful Vermin,
A Judge will eat, tho' clad in Ermin.

A long-ear'd Beast, and *Irish* Cart,
Can leave a Mark and give a Smart.

A long-ear'd Beast, in Mud to lye,
No Bird in Air so swift can fly.

A long-ear'd Beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,
I wish he were in it a dancing a Jig.

A long-ear'd Beast, and Liquor to write,
Is a damnable Smell both Morning and Night.

A long-ear'd Beast, and the Child of a Sheep,
At Whist they will make a desperate Sweep.

A Beast long-ear'd, and till Midnight you stay,
Will cover a House much better than Clay.

A long-ear'd Beast, and the Drink you love best
You call him a Sloven in earnest or jest.

A long-ear'd Beast, and the sixteenth Letter,
I'd not look at all, unless I look't better.

A long-ear'd Beast give me, and Eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one Inch of Ground.

A long-ear'd Beast, another Name for Jeer,
To Ladies Skins there's nothing comes so near.

A long-ear'd Beast, and kind Noise of a Cat,
Is useful in Journies, take Notice of that.

A long-ear'd Beast, and what seasons your
Beef,

On such an Occasion the Law gives Relief.

A long-ear'd Beast, a Thing that Force must
drive in,

Bears up his House, that's of his own contriving.

A LOVE SONG.

APUD in is almi des ire,
 Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re.
 Alo veri findit a gestis,
 His miseri ne ver at restis.

An EPIGRAM.

DIC, heris agro at, an da quarto fine ale,
 Eora ringat ure nos, an da stringat ure tale.

*A Consultation of four Physicians upon a Lord
 that was dying.*

First Doctor.

IS his Honor sic? Præ lætus felis Puls. It
 do es beat veris loto de.

Second Doctor. No notis as qui cassi e ver
 fel tu metri it. Inde edit is as fastas an alarum,
 ora fire bellat nite.

Third Doctor. It is veri hi.

Fourth Doctor. Noto contra dictu in mi
 juge mentitis veri loto de. It is as orto maladi
 sum callet. Here e ver id octo reti resto a par
 lori

ori na mel an coli post ure.

First Doctor. It is a me gri mas I opi ne.

Second Doctor. No docto rite quit fora quin fi. Heris a plane fim tomo fit. Sorites para celsus : Præ re adit.

First Doctor. Nono Doctor I ne ver quo te aqua casu do.

Second Doctor. Sum arso: Mi autoris none.

Third Doctor. No quare lingat præ senti de si re. His honor is sic offa colli casure as i fit here.

Fourth Doctor. It is æther an atro phi ora colli casu sed : Ire membri re ad it in Doctor me ades Esse, here itis.

Third Doctor. I ne ver re ad apage in it, no re ver in tendit.

Second Doctor. Fer ne is offa qui te dife- rent noti o nas i here.

First Doctor. Notis ab ludi fluxit is veri plene.

Second Doctor. I fitis a fluxit me re qui re ac lis ter.

Third Doctor. I a ver his casis venere lalas i disco ver edit in as hanc cor ; an da poli pus in his no se. An di fit be as i cetis, ago no rea me en fue.

First Doctor. It is ad ange rus casas ani.

Fourth Doctor. I mus tellure alitis ago uti humor in his Belli. Hi sto macto is empti.

First Doctor. It me bea pluri si ; avo metis veri pro per fora manat his age.

Second Doctor. Ure par donat presenti des
ire ; his dis eas is a cataride clare it.

Third Doctor. Atlas tume findit as tone in
his quid ni es.

Fourth Doctor. Itis ale pro si fora uti se.
Præ hos his a poti cari ? cantu tellus. Ab lis
ter me bene cessa risum decens. Itis as urem
edi in manicas es.

Third Doctor. I findit isto late tot hinc offa
rem edi ; fori here his Honor is de ad.

Second Doctor. His time is cum.

First Doctor. Is it trudo ut hinc ?

Fourth Doctor. Itis veri certa in. His Paris
his Belli sto ringo ut foris de partu re.

Third Doctor. Næ, i fis Ecce lens is de ad
lætus en dum apri esto præ foris sole. His Ho-
nor has bina cato liquor a de isti here.

First Doctor. Alor dis sum times as tingi as
an usu reris.

Second Doctor. Api stolis alligo time a verbi
mi at en dans fora forti nite.

Third Doctor. O mei ne vera tendo na nil
ordinis fic nes ani more.

Fourth Doctor. Api stolis ne a quin in a nil
ordo fis quâ liti ; sum pes fore times more. It
istos mala fito a Doctor o fis hic.

Second Doctor. Lætus paco fitis time.

First Doctor. Abigo ditis hi time inde editis,
forus alto fallas campe ringo fas fastas arato ut
offa da iri ; fori fera bea tinge veri minutè ;
Bimi solido. His lac quis, an das turdis auffs
sto ut valet is rea di forus.

Second

Second Doctor. Ali feris ab aſt in a do; fori
here ano is at adis ftans.

*A humorous Letter to Dr. Sheridan, on
a Literalia Scheme of Writing.*

$$SIR,$$

AS you are a famous Instructor of Youth in the learned Languages, I can not doubt of your being willing to encourage all *useful Inventions*, that may further improve Knowledge. I have often lamented the unnecessary Loss of Time we suffer in transcribing our Thoughts by dividing our Words into Syllables, and writing the Vowels at length, which so frequently occur; that although they be but Five, yet by occurring so frequently as they do, they double our Labour. Besides the great Loss of Paper, Pens and Ink, which many among the Learned are not so well able to spare.

I confess that in this polite and learned Age of ours, many laudable Attempts have been made for some Remedy against this Evil; partly by abbreviating Words with Apostrophes; and partly by lopping the Polysyllables, leaving only one or two at most; as thus. 'Tis 'n't, 't'n't, won't, can't, Poz, 'pon Rep', Phis with many more of the like kind. But alas,

L 1 2

these

these are poor Expedients, and do not go to the Root of the Disease.

My Scheme is much more useful and extensive, although I confess myself not to be altogether the original Inventor. For I observe, that the ingenious Gentlemen who play at White's Chocolate House, have some imperfect Idea of it; and I have seen some Instances of it, many Years older, but very imperfect. By these Examples, I have these nine Years past been considering the force of Letters in our Alphabet, with Relation to each other; as Schoolmistresses teach young Children to pronounce them in their Horn-books; which is in this Manner, A, Be *or* Bee, See, Dee, E, Ef, Gee, Each *or* Ach, I *or* Eye, Ka *or* Key, El, Em, En, O, Pee *or* Pe, Qu *or* Cue, Are *or* Err, Efs, Tee *or* Tea, U *or* You, W *or* Double You, Ex, Wy, Izzard. Now, this I say, the very gaming Lords at the Chocolate Houses have already some imperfect Notion of, as far as concerns the Vowels. The same Thing also Men of Business are not ignorant of, for thus three Vowels shall stand, with the Sum affixed, for a good Promissary Note, I O U, £ 20.

In short you need only read the Letters as they are pronounced by Boys and Girls when they are taught first to read, as A, Bee, Cee; and six Letters shall thus go as far as Ten. This is only for Dispatch in Writing; of which take the following Specimens. But I have
Materials

Materials for a Treatise to contract Words in Speaking, which as this finds Encouragement, I shall publish hereafter.

A Letter to your Mistress.

D R L n U r a B u t. I f t m u a D t.
 U r m p r n d u r r. O b u r B u t n d l s.
 A t r f a c s u r B u t. U r a j m; a j u l; a
 R u b. I c a b p q r i: I b c h u t k r o' u r i.
 I c q a R m e d. U r e t n: U r x l n c s r c n.
 U r y y. U r a P r s: I c a P r b f o r u. I o b u.
 I d f i r u r p t. O a p u r. U r x p r i n s, u r
 g n r o s t; u r p r s p q t; u r l o q u n s, u r d c
 n c, c n c r i t, f a b l i t a p r. U r a q r i o s t.
 R i t o r n o b l u r L o g. U r B u t d f i s A p l s a
 P n t r. U c I n t r t n u w l. U c K t ' s g l o c.

Another Letter in the Literalia Stile.

B T, u r m t; U d f i l u r K r k s d l i. I
 c u r a g r r. I m p h u. I a q q u. U r
 n m i i a q q u. Q p d d f i u. U r r r r d f. U
 r a r e r m p r s. U t h K t. O g m n i. U a
 t h r. U t h B r s. U r r i. I d f i u. I s k p
 u. I s q q u. I k t q i s u. U a b u t. U r r c.
 U r e t. I c u r q. U a p r o d o s n r d. I c
 d n g r n f u. R m m b r u r l d r c s t r K t o n. I
 c u r g l o c, &c.

Written

Written by the Reverend Dr. SWIFT.

On his own Deafness.

*V*ertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus
amicis;

*Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum,
Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.*

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my Friends a Burthen grown,
No more I hear my Church's Bell,
Than if it rang out for my Knell:
At Thunder now no more I start,
Than at the Rumbling of a Cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a Woman's Clack.

20 JY 63

F I N I S.

A Cantata.

slow
In

fast

Harmony would you Excel, Suit your Words to your Musick well,

Musick well, Musick well, Suit your Words to your Musick well,

Suit your Words to your Musick well.

slow *tr. fast* *fast*

For Pegasus run.....s run.....s every Pace by Gal

slow *tr.*

.....loping high, or Level Pace, or Ambling or.

Sweet Canbury, or with a down a high down derry No, no Victory

Victory he ever got, by Jog..... ling Jog..... ling

Jog..... ling trot No Muse har-

monious Entertains, Rough, Roy string Rustick Roar..... ing

Strains nor shall you twin..... e the Crack..... ling

Crackling Bays by Sneaking Snivelling Round Delays.

Now slowly move your Fiddle stick, Now, tant tant tant tant vi
Now, tant tant tant tant vi quick quick, now trem....
bling Shi..... v'ing Zui..... v'ing Qua..... king, Set.
hoping, hoping, hoping hearts of Lovers aking Fly, fly
above above the Sky Ram.... bling Gam... bling Ram.....
bling Gam... bling

